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**Comment
Of The
Day****Berlin and HK**

WEST BERLIN ought to be like Hongkong in the respect that is, the fewer provocations it offers to its Communist neighbours the better. That surely is common sense for there is no point in unnecessarily antagonising those on whom it is necessary to depend for good neighbourly relations.

And it is a tribute to the control which the local government exercises that despite prejudicial measures which China has in the past taken affecting Hongkong in some way, international incidents have been few and far between, and rarely serious.

YET Berlin seems to be a recurrent cause of friction. The blockade of 1948 was the most serious case, but even since then there has been a number of flare-ups, the occasional provocative indiscretion which has caused the Russians to issue stern effects and warnings to the West, to close borders and canals, patrol air corridors and buzz airliners. The most recent case was the refugee rally.

Part of West Berlin's trouble is that it lives cheek by jowl with East Berlin and the border area is exposed to troublemakers. But this is not the only, or even the main source of tensions.

I seem ludicrous that in a city like West Berlin which cannot be defended without risking a global war, that irresponsible elements are not subject to some form of control. For they play right into the hands of men like Walter Ulbricht whose disappointment with Mr Khrushchev's refusal to precipitate a crisis now takes the form of public flirtation with the reckless policies of Peking.

Berlin could profitably take a leaf out of Hongkong's book. For there is really no reason why the city, for all its isolation in the heart of Communist Germany, cannot enjoy the same quiet and orderly relations that Hongkong by prudence and care, maintains with China.

'Bluebird' hurtles 681 feet through the air CAMPBELL'S 'DICE WITH DEATH'

Injuries only slight after 300 mph crash

Bonneville, Utah, Sept. 16. Britain's speed king Donald Campbell somersaulted three times in a 681-foot "dice with death" at 300 mph here today — and ended up with injuries that were comparatively slight.

His 4,250 horse power car, Bluebird, lost both wheels, however, after bouncing on its side six times over a distance of one and a quarter miles. There seemed little chance that it would run again for many months, engineers said.

Donald Campbell himself was taken to hospital 80 miles away. He walked from the ambulance to the hospital, was treated for face and hand injuries, and said he was "ready to go again" for the world land speed record.

Fair condition

But a medical spokesman said he would probably remain in hospital overnight. He was listed as being "in fair condition."

Britain's 39-year-old racing speedster was making a trial run when his 4,250 bhp gas-turbine engine Bluebird slipped into a triple somersault and hurtled 681 feet through the air.

Experts said Campbell had been saved from more serious injury by the fact that he was strapped, fighter-pilot style, into the foam-rubber-lined cockpit of Bluebird and was wearing a jet pilot's helmet.

With him he had his lucky teddy bear mascot, "Wapote," in the cockpit when the accident occurred.

Decision later

As he walked from the ambulance into the hospital casualty ward, his alternate driver, Peter Carr, said: "Donald's in pretty good shape now. He's out his right ear and face and has a few bruises but I don't think it's too serious."

Mr Carr, said extent of damage to the Bluebird was not known. He said decision as to whether an attempt will

be made to put the car into racing shape for another try depend on further examination and consultation, possibly later today.

Mr Carr agreed that if the weather conditions remain good, the car can be repaired from the 35 tons of spare parts on hand, and if Mr Campbell is up to it, Bluebird II will again be driven for the world speed record this year.

He indicated about three hours after the accident that Mr Campbell was beginning to feel effects of the ordeal and was terribly tired.

Car skids

Associated Press photographer Ed Kolesovsky said the car appeared to skid out of control more than half a mile.

Mechanics were unable to explain the crash. They said the car was in perfect condition when examined after completing the first run.

Observers at the nearest check point said it appeared the powerful car was accelerating at a tremendous rate when it went out of control. If so, it appeared the crash probably was caused by the same forces which resulted in the death of Salt Lake speed driver Abner Graham earlier this year. It was believed he accelerated too fast and lost control of the car.

—Reuters and AP.

Daily Mirror ultimatum to Party Slashing criticism of Labour's defence policy

London, Sept. 16. The mass-circulation left-wing Daily Mirror in a banner-headlined statement today warned that it would withdraw its support from the Labour Party if it comes out next month in favour of Britain alone renouncing the H-bomb.

"Policy on nuclear defence will be the crucial issue of the Party's annual delegate conference at Scarborough in October."

The Daily Mirror, which has a daily circulation around 4,500,000 copies, said it had vigorously supported the Labour movement for many years. "The Mirror is—and will remain—an independent paper of the left," it said, adding:

"The Mirror would not support a Labour Party which stood for pacifism or neutralism."

"The Mirror would not support a Labour Party which advocated that Britain should break with her allies."

"The Mirror would not support a Labour Party which pretended that the terrifying problems of the H-bomb can be solved by running away from them."

ONLY WAY

The paper added: "There is only one way to get rid of the H-bomb menace without subjecting ourselves to Russia. The way is talks, leading to all-round disarmament with controls."

"Until then, the Mirror believes that the West must maintain its defences and its alliances, and the West must retain H-bombs until Russia agrees to give them up," the Mirror said.

"For Britain to renounce H-weapons on her own, while sheltering under the American nuclear umbrella, would be an

act of cowardice and bad faith," the Mirror said.

"Those who enjoy protection must be prepared to share the perils."

"Now, Mr Frank Cousins (Transport Workers Union Secretary) and his supporters challenge this view. They want Labour to reject any policy based on the threat of the use of nuclear weapons."

"What did this mean? the Daily Mirror asked.

"It means a future Labour government would have to order the Americans off their bases in this country—bases granted to them by a Labour government in 1948."

"It means that Britain under a Labour government would have to quit Nato unless the Americans agreed to renounce nuclear weapons, whether Russia gave up hers or not."

WIDE SPLIT

"It means Britain would lose all power to influence Western policy."

The Daily Mirror said "If the Labour Party were to reject Mr Gaiskill outright and to back Cousins, the Labour movement would be split wide open from top to bottom. This might be a breach that could never be healed."

"Labour would have to abandon all hope of power for another generation, it is unthinkable that the nation would elect a party which is divided over Britain's security."

"Certainly the Mirror will never support a party which does not believe in defending Britain."—Reuters.

HK's own underwater rescue team

The first underwater rescue team in the history of Hongkong will go into service before the end of the year.

They will answer calls in cases of swimming accidents, cars slipping into the harbour, people trapped in sinking vessels, flooded ship holds, underwater search for persons or objects.

A group of 20 firemen who volunteered to train as frogmen in their off-duty hours are fast completing their training programme.

The course has been under the supervision of the Station Officer, Mr G. Doore, since July this year.

The 20 volunteers, all good swimmers, had their first drill as frogmen in Victoria Swimming Pool and later at the Port Works Slipway in North Point.

EQUIPMENT

Their equipment includes aqua-lungs, canvas overalls, flippers, cotton gloves and quick release weight belts.

Said Mr Doore, "The frogmen's work is no easy task. They have to do all the work in dirty waters. They are used to going where they cannot see at all."

However, their outfits are such that they cannot go deeper than 16 feet underwater nor can they stay under for very long periods, Mr Doore added.

At present there are only four sets of outfits complete with spares for use in both training course and rescue work.

Irma latest

Tropical depression Irma was estimated to be 420 miles east of Hongkong and was moving west at about eight knots at 7 am today.

However, Irma is a weak tropical depression.

Forecast for today: Winds may become fresh later but temperature will not change much today.

Soviet and Czech embassies in Congo pack up

Leopoldville, Sept. 16. The Soviet foothold in the Congo crumbled away today as pro-Western Colonel Joseph Mobutu pressed forward to consolidate his power.

Documents were burned in the courtyard of the Czech Embassy and men nailed covers on giant wooden crates.

Three carloads of Soviet officials left the two-storey Soviet Embassy building late today.

Cars loaded with suitcases stood in the courtyard. About a dozen employees still sat in the embassy building as Col Mobutu's deadline for their departure drew near.

"We do not know our plans yet," one of them told newsmen who gathered outside.

Later today a Tass correspondent said, "We are all leaving tomorrow." He said the Soviet Embassy has received a formal request to leave the country from President Joseph Kasavubu.

Following the closure order Col. Mobutu warned he would arrest and expel Soviet and Czech embassy personnel unless they get out of the Congo by noon tomorrow.

The colonel, his expression calm but firm, said "If they are not out by noon tomorrow, we will arrest and expel them. Their diplomatic immunity ends then."—AP and UPI.

Lumumba vanishes

Brussels, Sept. 16. Mr Patrice Lumumba, one of the Congo's rival prime ministers, is in flight, according to a message received here from Leopoldville tonight.

Heavily armed columns of Congolese troops searched this city today for Mr Lumumba and the leaders of his badly-shaken government.

But once again Mr Lumumba appeared to have vanished. There was no official indication that motorised patrols hunting for the Premier had succeeded in tracking or arresting him.

—Reuters and AFP.

4,000 homeless, 5 hurt in big fire

An estimated 4,000 people were made homeless in a fire which broke out shortly after 4 o'clock this morning.

The outbreak occurred in the squatter village of Tai Hang Tung which lies in a narrow valley running from the Police Recreation Ground in Boundary Street to Kowloon Tong.

Five people were injured in the fire which destroyed or badly damaged 400 single or two-storey wood and brick huts clustered on the hillside of the valley.

The injured were admitted to Kowloon Hospital for treatment.

On receipt of the alarm, the Fire Brigade despatched seven fire engines and two ambulances.

Firemen fought the raging flames for an hour before they were brought under control.

The blaze was extinguished an hour later.

Registration of the victims by the Social Welfare Department is being carried out by the Salvation Army office in Tai Hang Tung Resettlement Estate.

Boston, Sept. 16. A tugboat, and an oil tanker, collided in Boston harbour today, and the tug sank within two hours.—UPI.

Baudouin's 'complete surprise'

Brussels, Sept. 16. Belgium put flags out tonight to celebrate the engagement of King Baudouin, to Donna Fabiola de Mora y Aragon, beautiful brown-eyed daughter of a Spanish nobleman.

Today's announcement was a complete surprise in both countries — even to Belgian court circles and cabinet ministers. Only the two families knew of the secret romance, which has been kept quiet because of the Congo crisis.

A sister of the King's 32-year-old fiancée said they had been sweethearts since January, and had been introduced by a mutual friend, Donna

Fabiola is a nurse in a military hospital.

"They have exchanged the first presents," the sister, Countess Saltes, said.

"King Baudouin gave Fabiola a ring set with emeralds. Fabiola gave him cuff links with diamonds."

Friends at Zarsuz, said Donna Fabiola was deeply religious. She was a good swimmer, and played tennis and golf. She was fluent in English, French, Italian and German.

Donna Fabiola is understood to share with her fiancée a love of sports cars, and like painting and music — particularly the guitar.

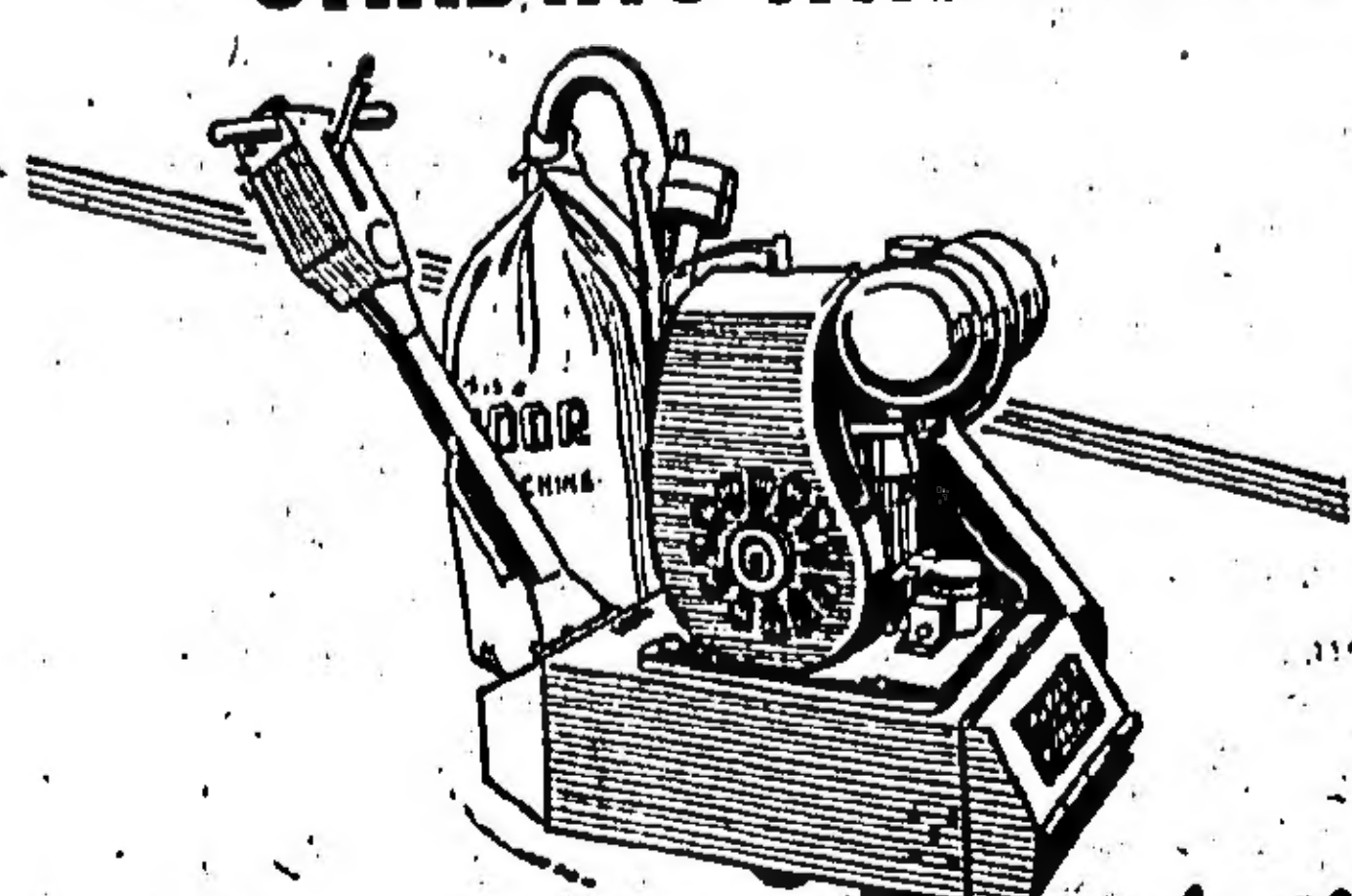
King Baudouin will introduce his fiancée to the world's press at a country estate tomorrow morning.

At a press conference this afternoon, a palace spokesman said the wedding would be in Brussels — the date was not known yet but "royal engagements never last too long."

Belgian cabinet sources said the government had been told that the Mora family took no part in the political events in Spain in the 1930's.

A Government source described the King's engagement as "the choice of his heart." —Reuters.

Nwfloor SANDING MACHINES

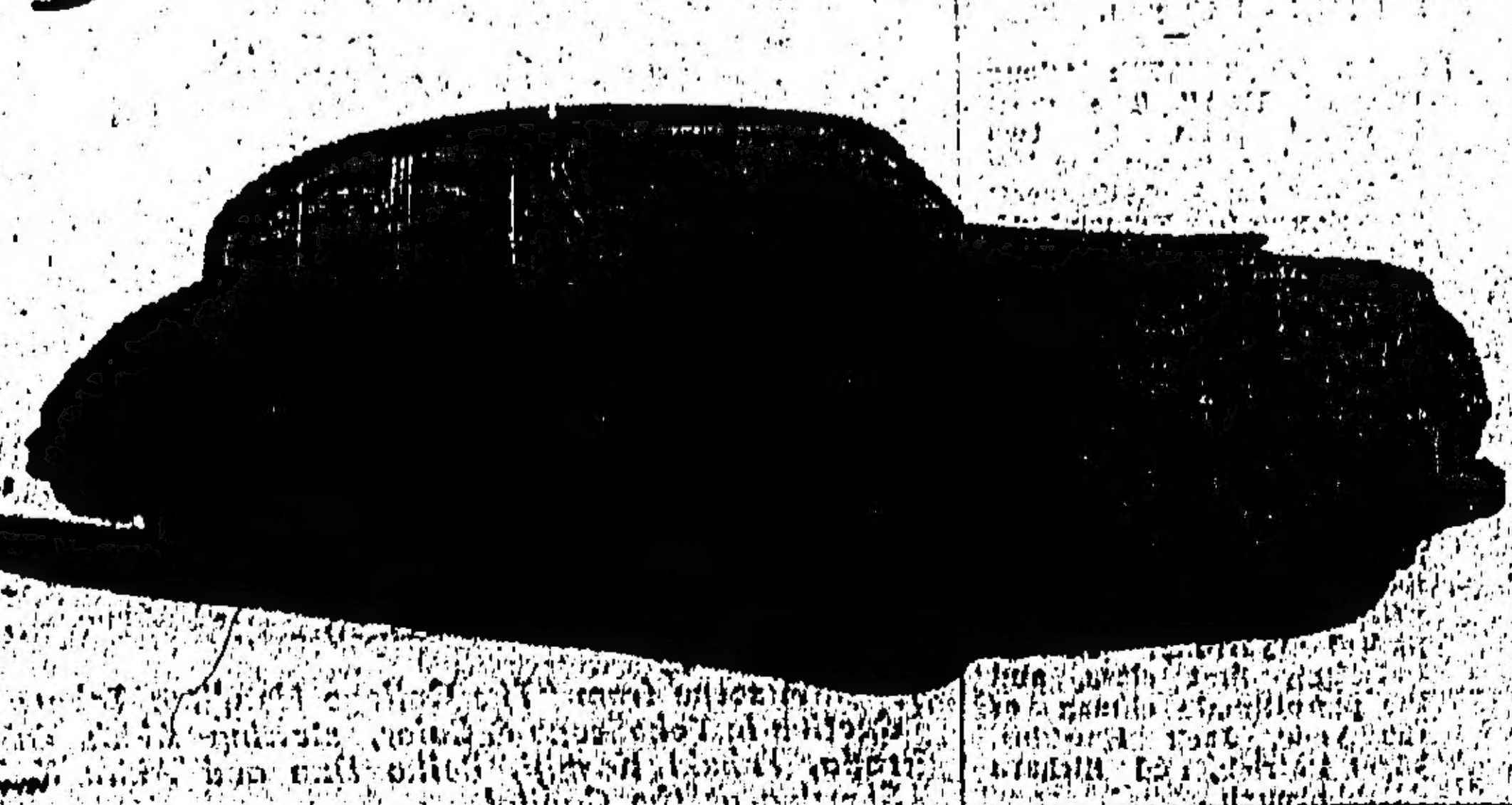


Many models from which to choose

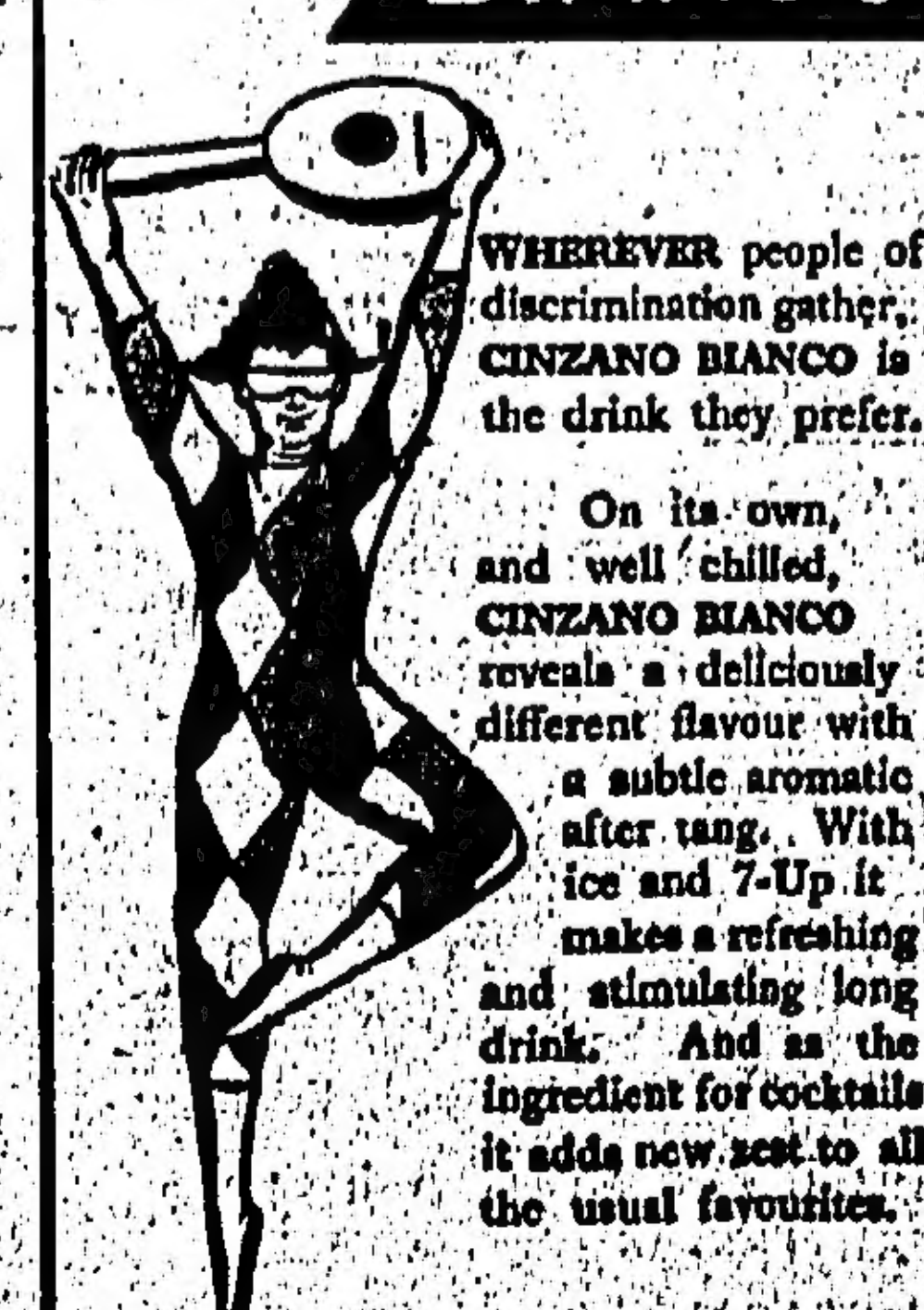
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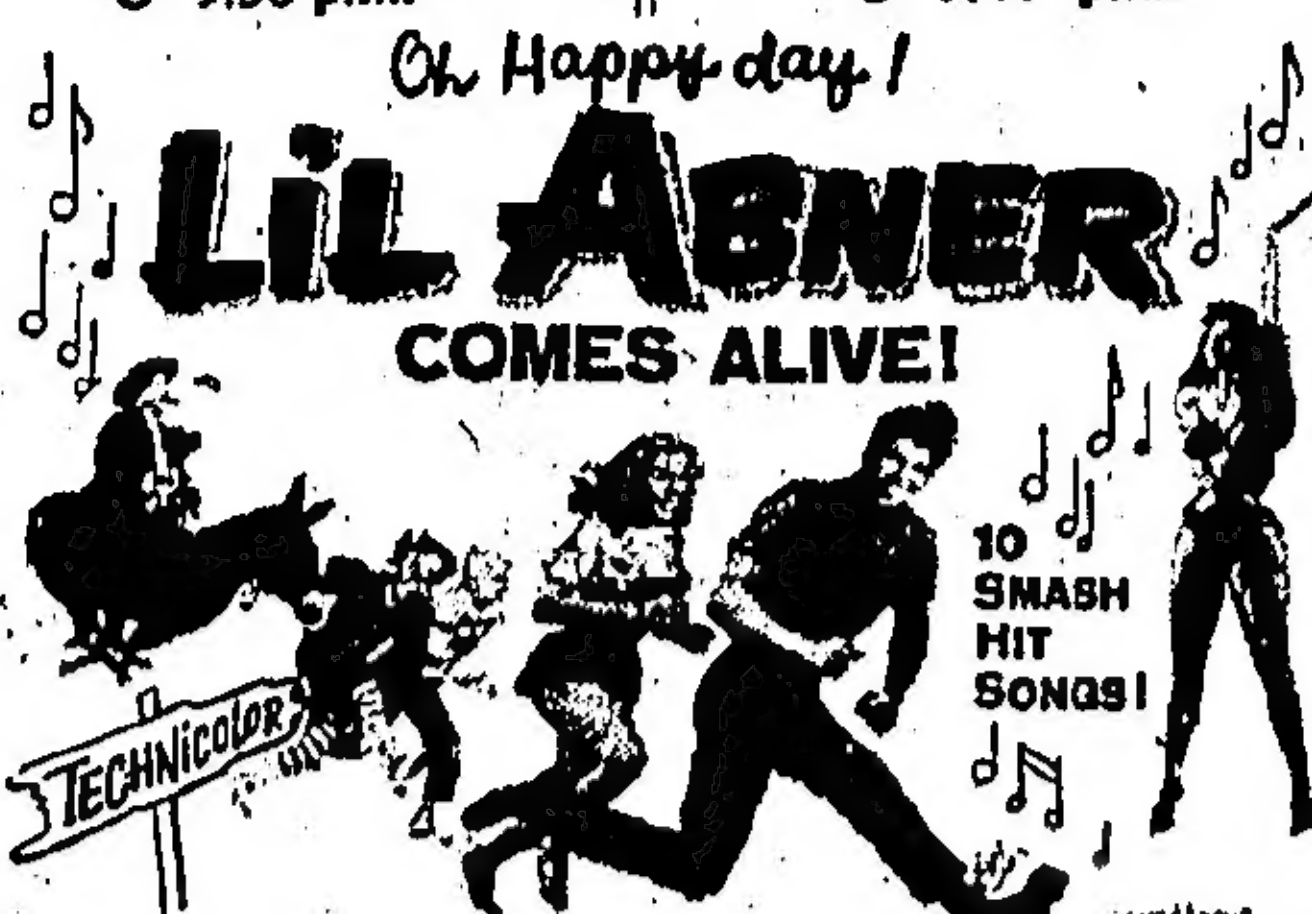
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At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30
& 9.30 p.m. & 9.40 p.m.



PRINCESS: Morning & Matinee Shows To-morrow
11.00 a.m. M-G-M COLOR CARTOONS
12.30 p.m. Gregory Peck in "BRAVADOS"
KING'S: Special Morning Show To-morrow
11.30 a.m. "ANARI" — An Indian Picture

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STATE: 12.30 p.m. JAMES STEWART in "MAN FROM LARAMIE"
ROYAL: 11.00 a.m. Columbia's 3 STORIES COMEDY
12.30 p.m. ALAN FREED in "ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK"

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The most vicious hood in gangland history!



To-morrow Morning Show "M O G A M B O"

Capitol

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

Akira TAKARADA • Fubuki KOSHII
Reiko DAN • Akira KUBO • Izumi YUKIMURA
in
"THE COLLEGE HERO"
In TohoScope & Color English Sub-Titles
To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. U.I. COLOR CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m. "FROM HERE TO ETERNITY"

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FILMS CURRENT & COMING
by ANTHONY FULLER

"LIL ABNER," (King's & Princess) is a crazy musical formed around the characters of the immensely popular American strip, finely photographed in VistaVision and Technicolor.

For over 25 years, Al Capp's comic strip has formed part of the daily relaxation of the people of the States, providing a kind of Hillbilly "Oklahoma" with the daily illustrated fortunes of the folk of Dogpatch.

It is easy to laugh down at this kind of thing but I should not be too ready to do so; for one thing, find yourself in the States with a voluminous newspaper, and you soon find yourself steering your way to the comic section; and secondly, there is a very shrewd comment upon certain aspects of life which is made in with a sly dig via the cartoon, are all the more deadly for that.

The local film fan will not know many or any of the players in this surrealistic fantasy. The leading actors are borrowed from Broadway, and their individual styles add zest to this Rabelaisian script.

The story is very broad, Dogpatch, a rustic backland is about to be atom bombed in the interests of scientific research, and the plot is how Dogpatch wriggles itself off the hook.

The picture spends most of the time in the wilds, but the frequent excursions to Washington give the satire a kind of universal appeal. Peter Palmer is the handsome hunky dory, with a deficiency of romantic appeal. Leslie Parrish makes a cute, Daisy Mae Howard. St. John is the exact Bullmoose; while Stella Stevens probably steals all the scenes in which she appears as Appassionata von Climax, the V.I. vamp.

While not everyone's cup of tea, "Lil Abner" is a funny tale with an attractive and talented cast, expert direction, and provides a visit to the films which is certainly unique.

★ ★ ★

"STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET," (Royal & State) is an "our town"



On the boulevard at Dogpatch. Peter Palmer as Lil Abner, and Leslie Parrish as Daisy Mae. From the film "Lil Abner" (Paramount) showing at the King's & Princess.

CinemaScope and Technicolor melodrama, fashioned on the pattern of "ships that pass in the night" business.

Many of you have read the novel, and will recall that it concerns a brilliant restless architect who is married to a practical wife.

The complications set in when the architect, designing a house for another restless type, an inhibited novelist, takes time off to have an affair with a neighbour's neglected spouse.

The picture does not go on long enough to tidy up all round, but the interplay of the characters is a triple play of intelligence, intrigue, and fascination.

There are tender domestic glances, which give the film a strong feminine appeal; the architects and novelist's inner

conflicts further widen the appeal of the film, while the dialogue is really good.

The film shows you a cross section of America's middle class suburbia, and cunningly disarms you by refusing to draw conclusions and completely turns its back on moralising.

Kim Novak with her good looks and subtle seductiveness enable her to score in the slightly vague character of Maggie.

Kirk Douglas hands in a nice performance as Larry; Ernie Kovacs always a winner, handles the role of Roger; while Barbara Rush turns in a sensitive performance as Eve.

John Bryant is just about adequate to his role as the unimaginative Ken, but Walter Matthau is a thoroughly revolting Felix.

The children in the film are engaging; the stealthy love-making has the bitterness tang, while the fade out, "Are they to be happy evermore?" business gives the film a strong feminine angle.

Lushly staged, impeccably photographed, sensitive direction, and a first rate cast set this film on top.

★ ★ ★

"ROCKETS GALORE," (Lee & Astor) is a stable companion to "Whisky Galore," and if we had had our rights, we should have seen this rocket delivered to all snoring inspectors two years ago.

However, it seems, all the better to have this picture now, and to realise that there is at least one country where they can get a laugh out of rockets.

Followers of the delicious comedy, "Whisky Galore" will find the old crowd back on the job.

The story has the British Government decide to take the Scottish island as a base for top-secret rocket experiments.

Squadron Leader Donald Sinden of the RAF is sent to today as the island is called with the intention of softening up the islanders, and prepare them for the invasion of scientists and all personnel concerned with big bangs and destruction.



A scene from "The College Hero", a Toho production in TohoScope & Color, starring Akira Takarada, Fubuki Koshiji, Reiko Dan and Akira Kubo. Showing at the Capitol.

On the way he meets up with Jeannie Carson, the island schoolmistress, and once she finds out what he is up to, the big bang is doomed to go off like a damp squib.

The islanders rise in revolt, and aided by Noel Purcell, they spot a rare bird, and the rest pays off in simple comedy.

Perhaps the producer and the director were caught up in the solemn encounter of the film, for it could have been funnier than it is, yet in watching it against the misty background of the Scottish isle, there is something rather beautiful there, as the scenes are sketched in the washed pastel shades of Eastman Colour.

It is a film which every foreigner will want to see, for its subtle background and pawky humour are home made.

Jeannie Carson is lovely, Donald Sinden just right in the part, and Noel Purcell, as we now all expect, a picture stealer galore.

★ ★ ★

"THE COLLEGE HERO" (Capitol) is a TohoScope and colour regatta story which tells, after its own fashion, of the Oriental rivalry which matches the Boat Race between Oxford and Cambridge.

This story has the Meikyo University Crew smarting after six successive defeats, and refusing to rest on their oars, the crew once again enter into strenuous practice, meanwhile calling at a tuck shop, graced by three pretty girls.

But, alas, there are complications that could never be equalled in a story of England where no one is wealthy enough to set up a girl in a "bacey shop" at least, not since Ouida stopped writing. However, as must happen in a film of this kind, no matter how dark the night, "come the dawn."

Trifling though the story is, it is well made, directed with skill, and forms quite an attraction to see how the Japanese can make a film of this type, and the manner in which they use the social background.

Akira Takarada leads the cast, and Fubuki Koshiji has the role of his sister, but best known to European film fans is lovely Reiko Dan, who is cast as a bar maid in this effort.

Lee Astor

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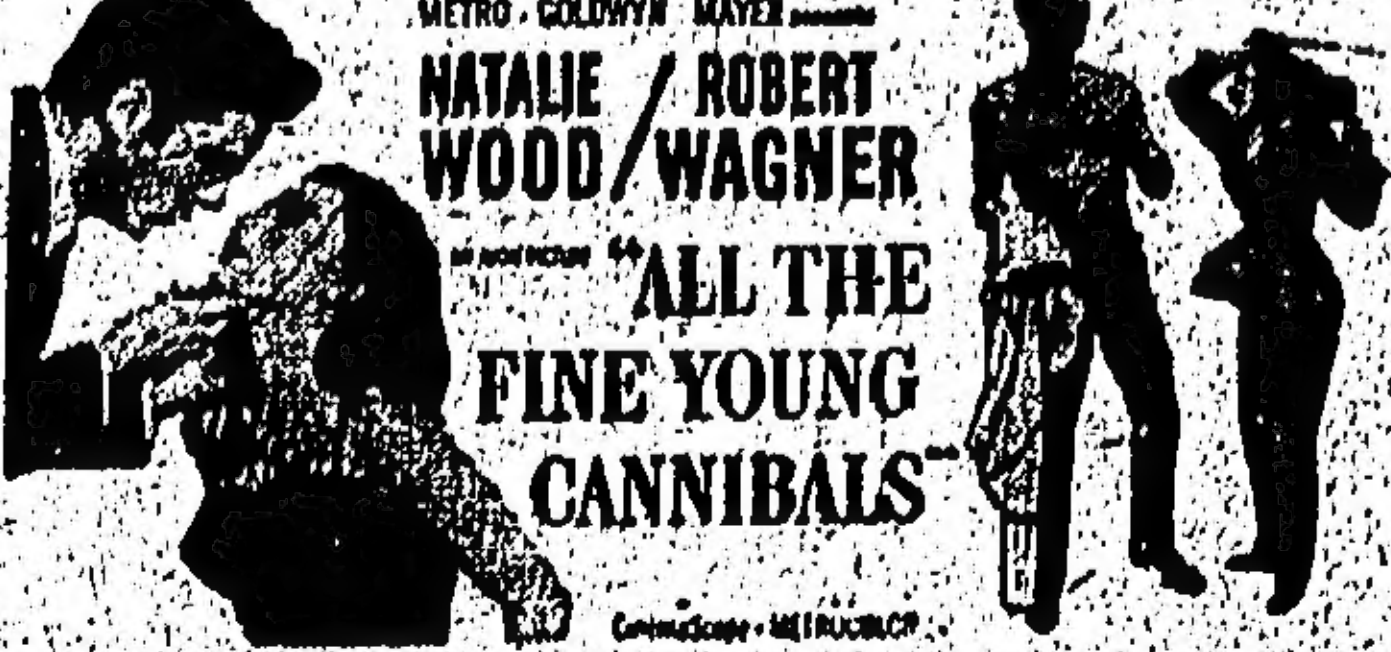
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Gala 11.00 a.m. M.G.M. COLOUR CARTOONS
12.15 p.m. Burt Lancaster • Kirk Douglas in "GUNFIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL"

Hoover 11.00 a.m. Paramount COLOR CARTOONS
12.00 noon Montgomery Clift • Elio Taylor in "A PLACE IN THE SUN"



Soviet fighter and UK transport nearly collide over E. Germany

Berlin, Sept. 16.

A Soviet jet fighter and a Western chartered transport airliner almost collided today over East Germany in the Frankfurt-Berlin air corridor.

UAR closes Jordan border

Beirut, Sept. 16.

The United Arab Republic today announced the closing until further notice of all roads across the border between Syria and Jordan between 7 p.m. and 6 a.m. local time, according to reports reaching here.

This move, announced in a UAR First Army Communiqué, follows persistent rumors of Jordanian troops concentrations on the Syrian border. The communiqué also said entry and exit to and from Jordan would be allowed only on official roads and during the permitted hours. The army would not be responsible for the consequences if the order was disobeyed.—Reuters.

Passengers described the incident as "a near miss." However, the pilot charged the jet "buzzed" him. The Soviet jet almost hit a British-run "Overseas Aviation" twin-engine Viking carrying passengers to West Berlin from Innsbruck, Austria.

The near miss took place as the jet was making a tight turn to land at the Soviet Zerbst Airfield astride the corridor.

The incident showed the dangers that arise from increased Soviet patrol flights in the three 20-mile wide corridors to Berlin.

The transport pilot, Captain James Martin, filed a protest with the four power Berlin Air Safety Centre as soon as he landed at West Berlin's Tempelhof Airfield.

Did not see

The centre controls flights in the corridors to the city. It is one of the few four-power bodies on which the Russians are still represented. The Charter Transport was flying at 4,500 feet when the Soviet jet suddenly veered towards it.

Because of the angle the jet was flying at, it was thought the Soviet pilot had not even seen the Western transport. "British Overseas" flies charter flights into and out of Berlin. It is not a subsidiary of British Overseas Airways. The Russians have recently sent reinforcements to the Zerbst Airfield and other airfields near the corridors. Mayor Willy Brandt today warned the Communists against interfering with the vital air traffic to isolated West Berlin.—UPI.

Soviet expert in Herter's corner

Washington, Sept. 16.

The State Department announced today that Mr. Charles E. Bohlen, has been named Interim Assistant Secretary of State for International Affairs.

Mr. Bohlen, Special Adviser to Secretary of State Christian Herter for Soviet Affairs, will act in the absence of Mr. Francis G. Wilcox, who has been named on the American delegation to the forthcoming UN General Assembly session.

Mr. Bohlen, a former American Ambassador to Moscow, will accompany Herter to New York for the assembly session and officially assume his new duties on September 26.

Official circles indicate that Herter desires to have at his side such a specialist in Soviet affairs in view of the particular importance of the coming session and the role the Soviet Union is expected to play in it.—AP.

Mickey Cohen indicted

Washington, Sept. 16.

The U.S. Justice Department today announced a new income tax indictment against Mayor (Mickey) Cohen of Los Angeles, one-time underworld figure who previously served time for tax evasion.

The indictment charged evasion of personal income taxes for the years 1956 through 1958, an attempt to evade payment of liabilities of more than \$347,000 in connection with the previous conviction, and seven counts of concealing assets from the U.S. Treasury Department.—AP.

UN Suez force \$21 million in arrears

United Nations, Sept. 16.

Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld reported today that the U.N. Emergency Force (UNEF) operation was about \$21 million in arrears because of failure of U.N. members to pay their assessments.

The U.N. Secretary-General warned the forthcoming General Assembly opening next Tuesday it faced a critical situation because of the deficit, and he urged the Assembly to give it urgent attention. He made the statement in his report on the operations of the 5,300-man force set up in 1956 in the aftermath of the Suez crisis to keep the peace along the Israeli-United Arab Republic frontier.

Significant

The report has added significance because the U.N. is also facing the problem of how to pay for the vastly more expensive operation now going on in the Congo.

The Soviet Union and other Communist bloc nations have refused to pay any of their assessments for UNEF. They contend the cost should be assessed against Britain, France and Israel—the countries they say invaded President Nasser's country in 1956.

But other nations have lagged also in making payments, and the Secretary-General's report estimated that about one-third of the assessments dating from 1956 will remain unpaid at the end of this year. The United States has been the principal contributor to the fund. In addition to paying the normal assessment of almost one-third of the total assessments the United States had made additional voluntary contributions.—AP.

Concert postponed

Due to plane delay the concert which was to be given tonight at the Loko Yew Hall by Nikita Khrushchev is postponed.

A bomb —if K speaks

New York, Sept. 16.

The Overseas Press Club which has invited Mr. Nikita Khrushchev, the Soviet Prime Minister, to speak during his United Nations visit, today received an anonymous threat to bomb the building.

A telephone operator at the club reported that a man with a foreign accent rang the switchboard and told her "I hear you're having a visit from Khrushchev. We'll bomb the place."

Uniformed police and plainclothes detectives immediately rushed to the club, which is on East 30th-street, just off Park Avenue, and carried out a complete collar-to-collar search of the building.

Nothing was found. A uniformed patrolman was left on guard outside the entrance to the club.

INVITATION

The bomb threat came less than 24 hours after the club announced that Mr. Khrushchev had accepted in principle an invitation to address members of the club and other correspondents during his visit here.

The invitation and Mr. Khrushchev's reply were transmitted through the Soviet Embassy in Washington. Officials of the club said today Mr. Khrushchev's address would be made in a hotel rather than the club itself on a date to be fixed after the Soviet leader's arrival on Monday.

News of the club's invitation to Mr. Khrushchev has sparked a wave of protests among members. At least one member has resigned and another has threatened to follow suit.—Reuters.

Captured airman writes to wife

Plainfield, N.J., Sept. 16.

The wife of a U.S. airman held by the Soviet Union disclosed today that she had received a letter from her husband for the first time since his capture. "I'm so thrilled to know that he's all right and feeling well," said Mrs. Gail Olmstead. "It's so reassuring."

Mr. Olmstead, 25, of Elmira, New York, was one of two airmen to survive the crash of an American RB47 reconnaissance bomber shot down over the Barents Sea on July 1 by a Russian fighter plane.

The only other survivor of the crash, which killed four American fliers, was Lieut. John McKone of Topeka, Kansas. Mrs. Olmstead said she understood that McKone's wife had also received a letter from her husband.—AP.

OLD WOMAN SURVIVES NIGHT IN NORWEGIAN MOUNTAINS

Oslo, Sept. 16.

Miss Mary Ross, a 69-year-old Scottish spinster from Leith was found safe in the mountains on the west coast of Norway after spending the night in the open.

U.S. security agency faces problem of perversion

Washington, Sept. 16. Rep. Francis E. Walter said today the National Security Agency has "quite a problem" with sexual perversion, and is considering setting up a psychiatric clinic to combat it.

Mr. Walter said an agency official confirmed this during closed hearings of his house committee of un-American activities today on the case of two American code clerks who defected to Russia.

He also reported today that one of the two defectors was once connected with an organization officially listed as subversive.

NSA officials began discussing the possibility of psychiatric help for its employees after the two clerks fled to the Soviet Union, Mr. Walter said.—UPI.

Members of the large rescue party which searched for her through the night, described it as a "miracle" that she was alive.

They found her this morning lying on a rock. Miss Ross had been missing since an excursion from a hotel at Loeen at the bottom of the Fjore of Nordfjord, about 110 miles north east of Bergen.

Together with other guests from the hotel, Miss Ross left Loeen on a trip to Jostedalsgreen, Norway's largest glacier. After walking for a couple of hours, Miss Ross said she was tired and would return to the village where the walk had started from.

When the party returned to the village, Miss Ross was not there. An extensive search was then organized.—Reuters.

Official suspended

Paris, Sept. 16.

Several French Government civil servants have been suspended from their jobs for signing a declaration defending the right of insubordination for soldiers called to service in the Algerian war, it was learned today.

About a dozen employees of various ministries were affected by the measure, it was learned reliably.

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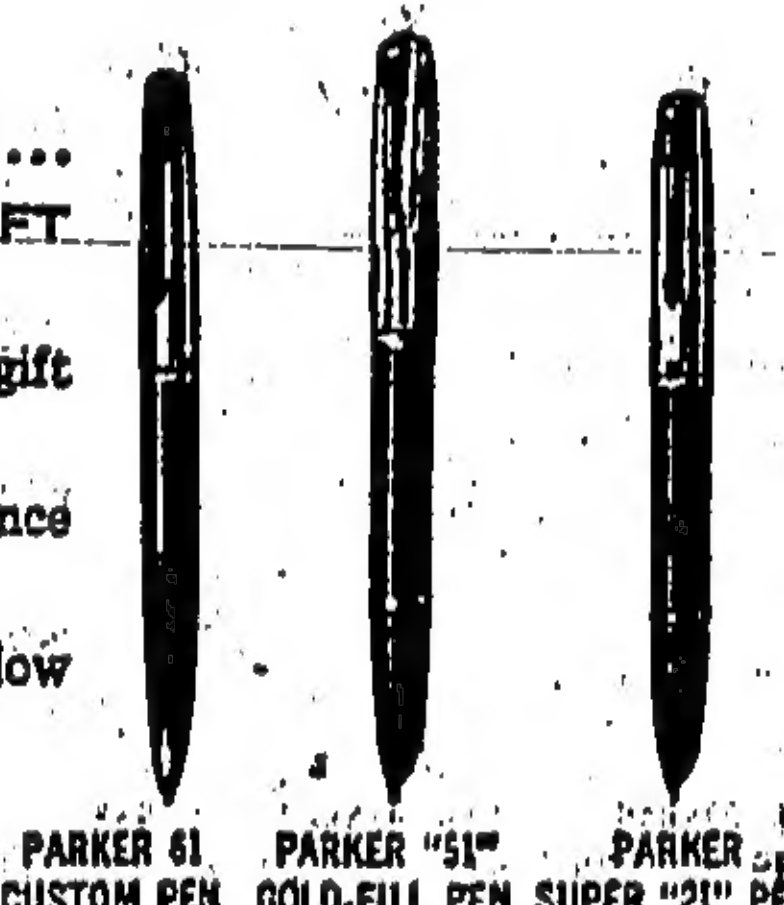
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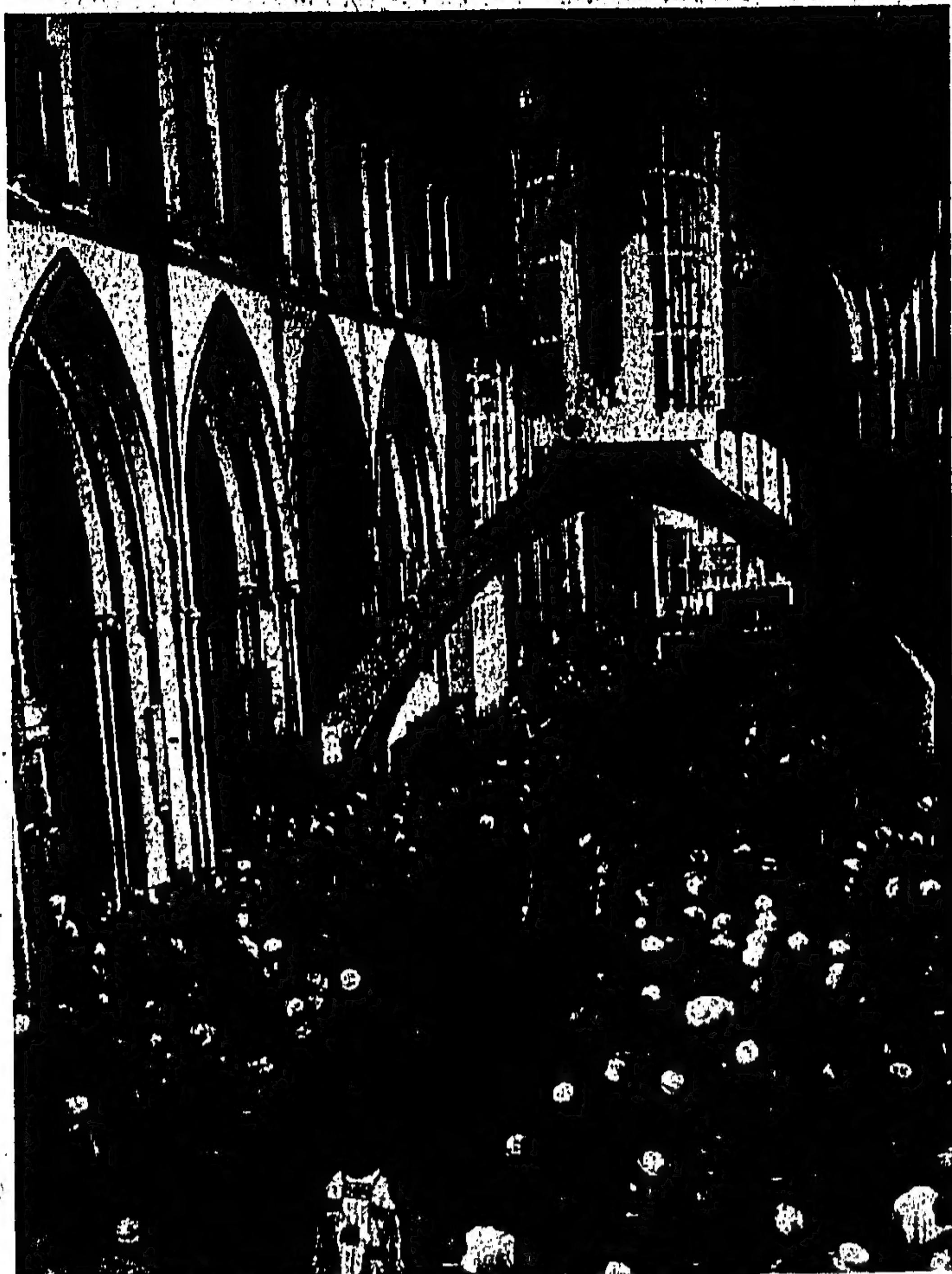
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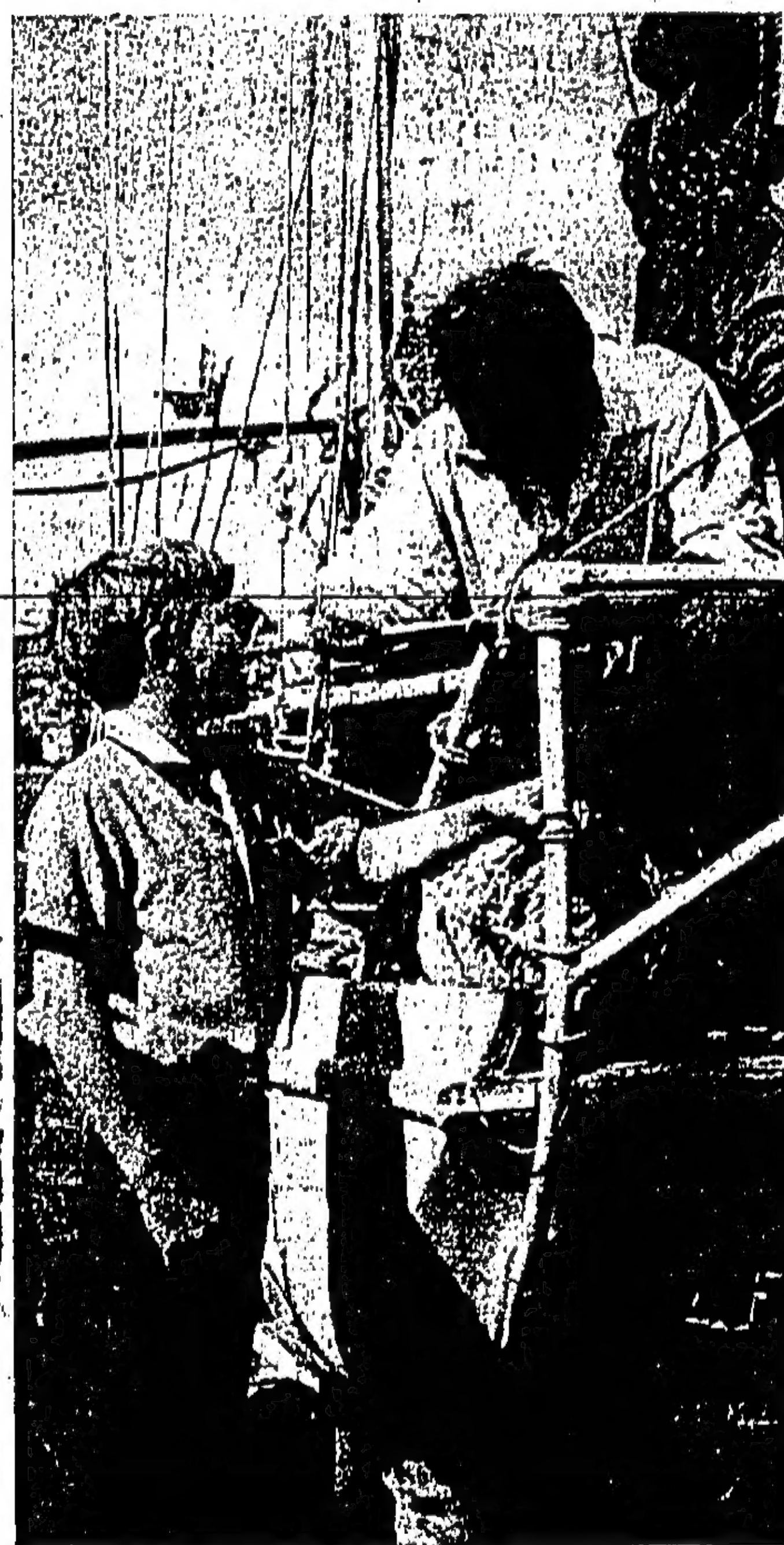


HOMESIDE PICTORIAL

RIGHT: Lining up (and looking slightly embarrassed, like amateurs in a village pageant) are the seven top stars of Hollywood's latest record-breaking epic, the \$25 million "Spartacus", story of a gladiator and slaves' rebellion against early Imperial Rome. And these are the cream skimmed off the top of the \$25 million — from left: Tony Curtis, Kirk Douglas, Jean Simmons, Sir Laurence Olivier, Peter Ustinov, Nina Foch, John Gavin, Charles Laughton.



LEFT: Preaching to a congregation including members of the British Association and civic and university representatives, Dr Glyn Simon, Bishop of Llandaff, said that there is no moral justification for maintaining the standard of living to which the west has become accustomed while two-thirds of the world is below subsistence level. Picture shows the Bishop leaving Llandaff Cathedral after his sermon.



RIGHT: The Hongkong Kaifongs delegation on their visit to the Carlsberg Brewery in Copenhagen last month. The delegation was welcomed by Carlsberg's Export Manager John Christensen (upper row, second from left), who recently visited Hongkong.

★ ★ ★

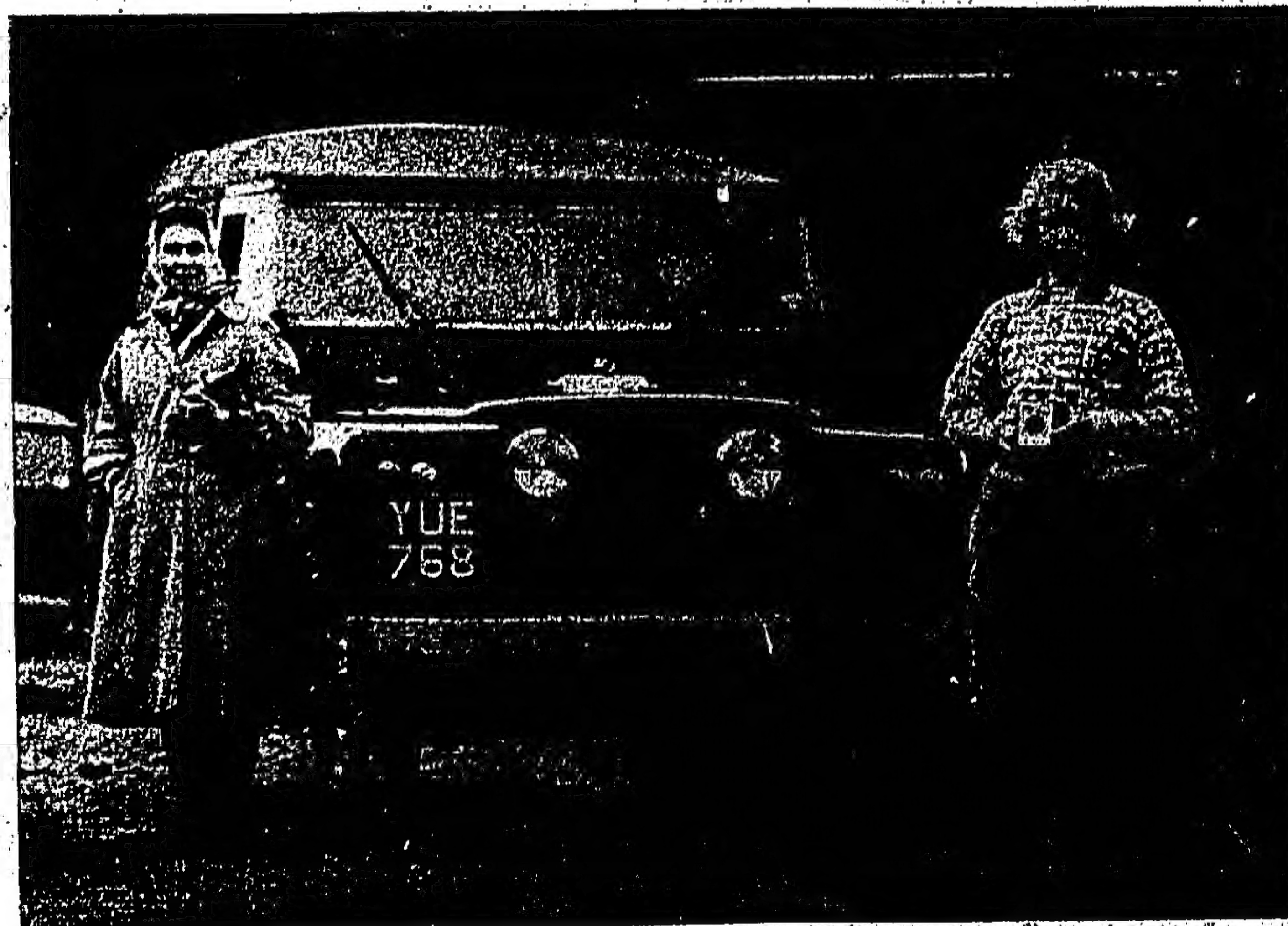
LEFT: The autograph that Michael Rafferty of Nottingham is getting as a special souvenir of his holiday at Cawsand, Devon, is that of Dane Aksel Nymann Pedersen, from Jutland. Pedersen has just sailed his 20-foot ketch Marco Polo into Cawsand after sailing single-handed half-way round the world from New Zealand. His last previous port of call was Kingston, Jamaica; the crossing from there to Britain took 68 days.

★ ★ ★



ABOVE: There's no need for cautious skirmishing as Premier Macmillan, holidaying on the Yorkshire moors, and looking fit and tanned, moves up to the firing line on the Gavin Astor estate on which they are guests. For the target for his guns will be — grouse.

★ ★ ★



LEFT: Route-marching through the mists of Deeside, the men of the famous Black Watch Highland regiment trudged to the top of the 2,500 feet Black Hill, where the Queen Mother was waiting to take the salute at the most informal Royal review ever. Half-way up the hill, the marchers filed past the Queen, Prince Charles, and Princess Anne, all with cameras at the ready after driving the ten miles from their holiday castle of Balmoral. The Queen and Princess Anne are pictured here.

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A Special Saturday China Mail Feature



TODAY TO FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

Page 1

RADIO HONGKONG
860 kcs 370m and FM 91 m/c

RUSSIAN PIANIST TO PLAY OVER RADIO-HONGKONG

NIKITA MAGALOFF—Sunday, 8.45 pm.

The visiting Russian pianist in the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong, playing music by Bach, Scarlatti, Chopin, Ravel, and Liszt.

The composer Prokofiev was one of the first to recognise the young Magaloff's talent, an appreciation which was later confirmed by Ravel when he heard him play in Paris.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE FIRST—Monday, 11 am.

A radio portrait of Elizabeth Tudor, from her unpropitious entry into the world (her legitimacy was doubted by many and her mother was executed before she was three years old), through her frighteningly insecure youth and her incarceration in the sinister Tower of London, to the triumph of her actual reign as Queen of England. Her strength and the source of her greatness was her people's love for her. Accounts and letters from Elizabeth's courtiers, foreign envoys, ladies and gentlemen of her household and others bring this remarkable personality to life for the present day listener.

FROM THE WEEKLIES

Starting last week this crisp digest of editorial opinion in British weekly papers like the Spectator, the Economist, and the New Statesman has been moved to an altogether better listening time—as befits a programme which, though short, keeps the listener abroad up-to-date with the climate of political and other thought in Britain.

THE SQUARE by Marguerite Duras—Monday, 8.30 pm.

Translated from the French and produced by Barbara Bray. Recommended by Samuel Beckett (of "Waiting for Godot" fame) as a play worthy of translation.

Set in a French city, towards evening. It consists of a conversation between forty-year-old traveller and a twenty-three-year-old maid-of-all work who, in the course of their talk, reveal their lives, their aspirations, and their philosophy.

The play is almost timeless, and placeless too, and deliberately imprecise in circumstances.

According to the critic in "The Listener" it is beautifully played in the BBC production by Carol Marsh and Donald Pleasance.

Marguerite Duras is well-known in France as an avant-garde writer, and her work includes the script for Alain Resnais' award-winning film "Hiroshima, Mon Amour", and the novel "The Sea Wall" which was filmed, renamed, in America, "This Angry Age".

THE NEW REGISTRATION SCHEME—Tuesday, 9 pm.

There've been odd mumbblings and grumbings about this new form of registration and there are those in the Colony who doubt its necessity.

So to help explain the why and wherefore of the new Identity cards Radio Hongkong has invited R. A. Bates, the Commissioner of Registration, to come along to the studio and explain the scheme.

In a short talk he'll say why the new scheme is necessary, its advantages over the old one, the information it will contain, and to what extent it is confidential.

NICOLAS ASTRINIDIS—Wednesday, 8.30 pm.

A recital by the young Greek composer and pianist from Radio Hongkong's Concert Hall, including Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, three Preludes by Gershwin, the Goyescas from "The Maid and the Nightingale" by Granados, and one of his own

compositions—his Toccata, Op. 23.

Mr Astrinidis has been here before—as accompanist to Bernard Michell.

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Each week at 9 o'clock on a Friday correspondents from leading news agencies meet round the microphone at Radio Hongkong to discuss the week's news.

The Team:

Vital Sacharenko... Agence France-Presse.
Stan Rich... American Broadcasting Company.
Dick Wilson... Far Eastern Economic Review.
Anthony Lawrence... BBC Far East Correspondent.
Chairman: Timothy Birch.

THE FOOD OF LOVE

—Wednesday, 9.30 pm.

The drums of Africa, the clapping hands and stamping feet of Spain, the mandolins of Sicily, the Irish harp and the Brazilian violin, the bouzouki and the santouri of Greece and the Peloponese islands—and last but not least the little but lusty brass bands and village choirs of Czechoslovakia—these are only a few of the not-so-usual media for eroticism in music which Patricia Penn has come across in her search for "The Food of Love", pure or profane, and played for you these last few weeks.

Some or all of them will continue to combine with the human voice, singing in every recorded language under the sun, on the Wednesday nights to come.

THE JAZZMAKERS—Hongkong's only big swing band—Friday, 8.30 pm. (AM Only)

A big band modelled on the Count Basie—Duke Ellington style, made up almost entirely of jazz musicians serving in the Forces in the Colony.

The 14 man band comprises 5 sax, 5 trumpets, 2 trombones, 1 piano, 1 guitar, 1 bass and, of course, 1 set of drums.

They are led by two of the best-known radio names in jazz in Hongkong, trumpeter Colin Stuart who is associated with modern jazz programmes and trombonist Alan Hare of more traditional inclinations; they have managed to combine their talents in the common interests of this third band of twentieth century music—big band swing.

Today

10.30 am CLOAKING THE DAGGER

10.45 SATURDAY SYMPHONY—Symphony No. 53, in D "The Imperial" (Haydn)—Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orch.; Symphony No. 2 in D Major, Op. 73 (Brahms)—The Philharmonia Orchestra cond. by Otto Klemperer.

11.45 THE SIGN OF FOUR—Part 5: "The Strange Story of Jonathan Small."

12.15 JOURNEY INTO MELODY. 12.41 INTERLUDE FOR MUSIC. 1.00 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.

1.13 WEATHER REPORT. 1.15 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT—Zigeunerweisen ("Gypsy Airs") (Serenade); Serenade Melancolique (Tchaikovsky); Novellen, Op. 26, No. 7 (Schumann); Berceuse in D Flat, Op. 57 (Chopin); Waltz in C Sharp Minor, Op. 64, No. 2 (Chopin).

2.00 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

2.30 WE SING FOR YOU.

3.00 LATIN AMERICANA.

3.30 SO I'LL TELL YOU—Part 4: "Inspection Uninvited."

4.00 RHYTHM IS THEIR BUSINESS—The Eric Delaney Band (final).

4.30 RADIO HONGKONG SHORT STORY COMPETITION—"Elizabeth" by Wilfred Pickering (repeat).

4.45 FIRST MEETING (repeat).

5.00 TIME SIGNAL, DISC JOCKEY.

5.30 YOUTH MAKES MUSIC—The London Junior Orchestra.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.

6.10 INTERLUDE.

6.15 ZITHER AND CIMBALOM.

6.30 MANTOVANI AND HIS ORCHESTRA (new series).

7.00 THE CLITHEROE KID.

7.30 FIRST HEARING—Presented by Derek Hoar.

7.58 WEATHER REPORT.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS & COMMENTARY.

8.15 THIS WEEK.

8.45 BLACK AND WHITE NOTES.

9.00 SPORTSCAST.

9.15 RAY'S A LAUGH.

9.45 BALLADS.

9.58 WEATHER REPORT.

10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.

10.15 IN THE COOL, COOL COOL OF THE EVENING.

10.58 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS REEL.

11.15 SATURDAY NIGHT HOP.

11.57 WEATHER REPORT.

11.59 NEWS HEADLINES FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.

12.00 Midnight TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Sunday

7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, FIRST DAY FAVOURITE.

7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.

7.30 FIRST DAY FAVOURITE—(Cont'd).

7.58 WEATHER REPORT.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL, STRING SONG.

8.58 WEATHER REPORT.

9.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, SPORTS RESULTS.

9.15 PROGRAMME PARADE.

9.30 FORCES FAVOURITE—Presented by Elizabeth Kirkman.

10.30 MID MORNING MUSIC—Quartet No. 3 in C Major, K. Supp. 171 (K. 265b) (Mozart); Fantasia C-dur, Op. 17, (Fantasia in C major, Op. 17) (Schumann).

11.15 CELEBRATION OF MASS FROM ST JOSEPH'S CHURCH—Preacher: Rev. Fr. F. Cronin, S. J.

12.05 pm MARIA CALLAS (SOPRANO).

12.30 LECTURE RECITAL BY CARL DOLMETSCH.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL, GOING TO THE PICTURES.

1.13 WEATHER REPORT.

1.15 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 THE AFTERNOON CONCERT—Symphony No. 4 in A Major Op. 90 "Italian" (F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy).

2.00 THE ARCHERS.

2.05 GOING TO TOWN WITH THE SKIFFLEERS.

3.00 HOME AND HOSPITAL REQUESTS—Presented by Jennifer.

4.00 THE AUSTRALIAN LIGHT MUSIC MAKERS.

4.30 PAUL TEMPLE AND THE SPENCER AFFAIR—Part 8 "A Party of Four" (Final).

5.00 A STAR REMEMBERS—Ade Reeve.

5.30 THIRTY MINUTE THEATRE—(Repeat).

6.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.

6.10 INTERLUDE.

6.15 SERVICE FROM UNIVERSITY CHAPEL, KING'S COLLEGE, ABERDEEN—Preacher: The Rev. Professor A. M. Hunter.

7.00 BOOKSHOP—Night on the Island by M. M. Kay; "Big River, Big Man" by Thomas Duncan; "Just Like a Lady" by Nina Baym; "The Lighted Room" by Jonathan Fales. Reviewed by G. H. Crowe.

7.15 STRICTLY INSTRUMENTAL.

7.30 PEOPLE ARE FUNNY.

7.58 WEATHER REPORT.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.

8.15 MY WORD—A Panel Game.

8.45 FROM THE CONCERT HALL—Piano Recital by Nikita Magaloff.

9.15 SUNDAY CONCERT—Symphony for Band, Op. 46 (Symphony No. 10) (Mikolajewski); Moscow State Band cond. by Ivan Petrov, Idamey (Oriental Fantasy) (Balakirev); State Radio Orchestra cond. by Alexander Gusk; Concertino, Op. 84 for Two Pianos (Shostakovich); Medim and Dmitri Shostakovich (Pianists).

9.58 WEATHER REPORT.

10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.

10.15 THREE POEMS.

10.45 ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL CHOIR.

10.58 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.

11.15 THE EPILOGUE—Conducted by Rev. Fr. J. Moran, S. J.

11.30 SONATA NO. 2 IN A MAJOR FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO—Op. 100 (Brahms); Ruggerio Ricci (Violin) & Julius Katchen (Piano); George Weylas (Weyla's Song) (Mortke) (Wolf); Auf einer Wanderung (On an excursion) (Mortke) (Wolf); Christa Ludwig (Mezzo-soprano) with Gerald Moore at the piano.

11.57 WEATHER REPORT.

11.59 NEWS HEADLINES FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.

12.00 Midnight TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Monday

7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, MORNING PRELUDE.

7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.

7.30 MORNING PRELUDE—(Cont'd).

7.45 WEATHER REPORT.

7.47 MORNING PRELUDE—(Cont'd).

7.58 WEATHER REPORT.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

8.10 PROGRAMME PARADE.

8.20 DIARY FOR TODAY, MONDAY'S MELODIES.

9.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES.

9.02 HOME TILL TEN—with Michael Hall.

10.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL—(Repeat).

10.15 INTRODUCING P. E. R. E. Z. PRADO.

10.30 THE WORLD AROUND US.

11.00 QUEEN ELIZABETH I—A radio portrait based upon contemporary accounts of her life and character.

12.00 Noon, TED HEATH AND HIS MUSIC.

12.30 pm THE MID DAY CONCERT—In the Steppes of Central Asia (Borodin); A Night on the Bare Mountain (Moussorgsky); The Roman Carnival (Berlioz); Hungarian March (Berlioz).

1.00 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.

1.13 WEATHER REPORT.

1.15 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

1.30 RAY'S A LAUGH—(Repeat).

2.00 BBC HANDBAND.

2.30 PIANO RECITAL BY MOIRA LYMPANY—(Scriabin, Schopenberg and Liszt).

3.00 TIME SIGNAL, WE LIVE AND LEARN.

3.30 MODERN TRENDS—by Colin Smart.

4.00 THE HUNGRY SPIDER—(Part 5).

4.30 THE YOUNG IDEA.

5.00 HOMEWARD BOUND—Music for tired workers.

5.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.

6.10 INTERLUDE.

6.15 EDMUNDO ROS AND HIS ORCHESTRA—(Tchaik).

6.45 THE ARCHERS.

7.00 FILM FOCUS.

7.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.

7.45 COCKTAIL TIME.

7.58 WEATHER REPORT.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.

8.15 TODAY—A daily news magazine produced by Michael Page.

8.30 "THE SQUARE" BY MARGUERITE DURAS—Translated from the French and produced by Barbara Bray.

9.30 RECITAL—by Yehudi Menuhin (Violin) and Benjamin Britten (piano).

9.58 WEATHER REPORT.

10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.

10.15 NIGHTCAP—Presented by Ted Thomas.

10.58 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.

11.15 SONATA—A weekly programme in which the 32 piano sonatas of Beethoven will be played. Sonata No. 7 in D major, Op. 10 No. 3; Gera And's (Piano); Sonata No. 4 in C Minor, Op. 13 ("Pathétique"); Arthur Schnabel (Piano).

11.57 WEATHER REPORT.

11.59 NEWS HEADLINES FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.

12.00 Midnight TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

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(Commercial cont'd)

- 9.30 EXTRACTS FROM THE "SOUND OF MUSIC"—By Rodgers & Hammerstein.
 10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 10.15 FRANK CHACKFIELD & HIS ORCHESTRA IN ROME.
 10.30 SATURDAY BAND SHOW—music from the big, small, and the smooth bands.
 11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 11.15 SATURDAY BAND SHOW—Cont.
 12.00 Midnight WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

Sunday

- 9.00 am START THE DAY RIGHT—With David White.
 9.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG, WEATHER REPORT & AIRLINE SCHEDULES FOR THE DAY.
 9.15 THE VOICE OF DAVID WHITEFIELD.
 9.30 SUNDAY VARIETY.
 9.30 MUSIC FOR THE SABBATH.
 10.00 MAJOR ENSEMBLE.
 11.15 MAJOR RIVERS SINGS.
 12.00 Noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS.
 1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT—Sunday Schedule cont.
 2.00 FROM NADE—a programme of light orchestral music and popular classics.
 4.00 WEATHER REPORT.
 4.00 SERVICES SPECIAL.
 5.00 SUNDAY EVENING SERENADE.
 5.30 OPERATIC ARIA RECITAL—by Roberta Peters.
 5.45 FRANK CAMARATA PLAYS.
 6.00 THE BIG BANDS OF BILLY MAY & XAVIER CUGAT.
 6.30 HIGHLIGHTS FROM "CARLESS PARTURE"—starring Dorothy Dickson & Olive Gilbert by Ivor Novello.
 7.00 TO YOU, ALOHA.
 7.30 SUNDAY CONCERT—Of Bacharach's Piano Music. Prelude in B Minor Suite No. 2, No. 3, etc.
 8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 8.15 MAY I HAVE THIS WALTZ?
 8.30 PHILIP'S MUSIC BOX.
 8.30 MUSIC WE LOVE.
 8.30 THEATRE TIME—With Somerset Maugham—The Fool.
 9.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 9.15 THE LATE SHOW—With Bob Williams.

- 11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 11.15 SOFTLY WITH STRINGS.
 12.00 Midnight WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

Monday

- 7.00 am LET'S FACE IT.
 8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG, WEATHER REPORT & AIRLINE SCHEDULES FOR THE DAY.
 8.15 LET'S FACE IT—Cont.
 9.00 HOUSEWIVES CHOICE.
 10.00 BROWNING AROUND.
 10.30 CAVALLARO, COLLINS & CHALLET.
 11.00 THE HI FI HANDS OF BARK SYLVEN.
 11.15 THE DE CASTRO SISTERS SING.
 11.30 MUSIC FROM THE SHOWS.
 12.00 Noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS.
 1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS—Cont.
 2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY—Elgar Dream Of Gerontius Part I with Richard Lewis, Marjorie Thomas & John Cameron.
 2.45 approx. INTERLUDE.
 3.00 FOR THE LADIES—presented by Moyna Townsend.
 4.00 KEYBOARD MEDLEY, TEA TIME MUSIC—By Artists Of The Piano, Accordion & Organ.
 4.30 WEATHER REPORT.
 4.31 CHILDREN'S CORNER.
 5.00 CLASSICAL CONCERT—Including Max Bruch Violin Concerto No. 2 in D Minor Played by Jascha Heifetz Violin.
 5.30 MUSIC FROM BENEATH BLUE SKIES.
 6.00 HONGKONG S T O C K EXCHANGE CLOSING RATES.
 6.04 approx. COMBO TIME.
 6.30 REPEAT OF SATURDAY'S PROGRAMME—"Around The Cracker Barrel With Slim Pickings & Shorty Zilch."
 7.00 WHEN WE WERE YOUNG—some pre-war memories by Mary Bond.
 7.30 THE HI FI CLUB—presented by Nick Kendall.
 8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
 8.30 DIAMOND TIME.
 9.00 MAX JAPPA & THE PALM COURT ORCHESTRA.
 9.15 RADIO REPORT.
 9.30 KENDALL'S CORNER.
 10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 10.15 PIANO PLAYTIME.
 10.30 MONDAY CONCERT OF MUSIC—By Berlioz.

- 11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 11.15 MUSIC TILL MIDNIGHT.
 12.00 Midnight WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

Tuesday

- 7.00 am LET'S FACE IT.
 8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG, WEATHER REPORT & AIRLINE SCHEDULES FOR THE DAY.
 8.15 LET'S FACE IT—Cont.
 9.00 HOUSEWIVES CHOICE.
 10.00 MUSIC FROM THE BALLET.
 10.30 PETER YORKE & HIS ORCHESTRA.
 11.00 DROP ME OFF UP TOWN—music from the Harlem district of New York.
 11.30 REPEAT OF TO YOU, ALOHA—Sunday's programme.
 12.00 Noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS.
 1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS—Cont.
 2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY—Elgar Dream Of Gerontius Part 2 with Richard Lewis, Marjorie Thomas & John Cameron.
 2.45 approx. INTERLUDE.
 3.00 FOR THE LADIES—presented by Moyna Townsend.
 4.00 STRINGS FOR TEA TIME.
 4.30 WEATHER REPORT.
 4.31 CHILDREN'S CORNER.
 5.00 THAT LATIN BEAT.
 5.30 RAY COLIGNON PLAYS FROM OPERETTAS.
 5.45 THE THREE SUNS.
 6.00 HONGKONG S T O C K EXCHANGE CLOSING RATES.
 6.04 approx. BIG BAND BASH.
 6.30 POPULAR CLASSICS—conducted by Sir Adrian Boult.
 7.00 A PREVIEW OF "THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN"—starring Jack Hawkins.
 7.15 MARTINI TIME.
 7.30 THE HI FI CLUB—presented by Nick Kendall.
 8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 8.15 TAKE FORTY-FIVE—With Bob Williams.
 9.00 THE RAY CHARLES SINGERS SING THROUGH THE SEASONS.
 9.15 RADIO REPORT.
 9.30 FRANK O'CONNOR READS HIS STORY—My Oedipus Complex.
 9.55 approx. INTERLUDE.
 10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 10.15 VOICES OF THE SHAM-ROCK.
 10.30 CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT—Including Schumann. Etudes Symphoniques Opus 13, by Robert Casadesu.
 11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 11.15 MUSIC TILL MIDNIGHT.
 12.00 Midnight WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

Wednesday

- 7.00 am RISE AND SHINE WITH KENDALL, THE TIRED TIGER.
 8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG, WEATHER REPORT & AIRLINE SCHEDULES FOR THE DAY.
 8.15 RISE AND SHINE—Cont.
 9.00 HOUSEWIVES CHOICE.
 10.00 CONCERT FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T LIKE CLASSICAL MUSIC.
 10.30 KOSTALANETZ, KAMPFERT & THE MARY KAYE TRIO.
 11.00 THE CROOKED PATH—Some extracts from some J. Arthur Rank Organisation productions, including "The League of Gentlemen" starring Jack Hawkins.
 11.15 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS.
 11.30 HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR OPERAS.
 12.00 Noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS.
 1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS—Cont.
 2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY—Mozart Piano Concerto in E Flat Major KV 271.
 2.45 approx. INTERLUDE.
 3.00 FOR THE LADIES—presented by Moyna Townsend.
 4.00 ONE HUNDRED VIOLINS.
 4.30 WEATHER REPORT.
 4.31 CHILDREN'S CORNER—Fun for the youngsters with Auntie Moyna.
 5.00 TANGO TIME.
 5.15 HEBE'S AL HIBBLER.
 5.30 CLASSICAL CONCERT—Including Respighi's Pines Of Rome.
 6.00 HONGKONG S T O C K EXCHANGE CLOSING RATES.
 6.04 approx. HILDE GUEDEN SINGS—Ben Webster Plays With Art Tatum.
 6.30 ALL STRINGS AND FANCY FREE.
 7.00 CELLO RECITAL—By Pierre Fournier.
 7.15 MARTINI TIME.
 7.30 THE HI FI CLUB—presented by Nick Kendall.
 8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
 8.30 THE NATIONAL HALF HOUR—compiled and presented by John Gunstone.
 9.00 PIANO RECITAL—By Yuri Boukoff.
 9.15 RADIO REPORT.

- 12.00 Noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS.
 1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS—Cont.
 2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY—Szymanowski Birthday Anniversary Concert.
 2.45 approx. INTERLUDE.
 3.00 FOR THE LADIES—presented by Moyna Townsend.
 4.00 TEA DANCE.
 4.30 WEATHER REPORT.
 4.31 CHILDREN'S CORNER.
 5.00 ARTISTS OF DISTINCTION.
 5.30 STRINGS FROM HOLLAND—With Jos Clever, Dolf Van Der Linden & Cor Steyn.
 6.00 ON WINGS OF SONG.
 6.30 JOIN GUNSTONE AT THE JAZZ BAND BALL.
 7.00 "YOURS FOR THE ASKING"—listeners serious music request programme.
 7.30 THE HI FI CLUB—presented by Nick Kendall.
 8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 8.15 CARTER BROWN MYSTERY THEATRE—Breath Bullets, Brother.
 9.15 RADIO REPORT.
 9.30 KENDALL'S CORNER.
 10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 10.15 JAZZ PIANO—Marian McParland.
 10.30 THE SOUND OF STRINGS—The Orchestras Of Max Steiner, Alfred Newman, Mantovani And The Troubadours.
 11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 11.15 LATE NIGHT SYMPHONY—including Delibes "Coppelia".
 12.00 Midnight WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

Thursday

- 7.00 am LET'S FACE IT.
 8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG, WEATHER REPORT & AIRLINE SCHEDULES FOR THE DAY.
 8.15 LET'S FACE IT—Cont.
 9.00 HOUSEWIVES CHOICE.
 10.00 ANDRE KOSTALANETZ PLAYS MUSIC FROM "THE FLOWER DRUM SONG"—By Rodgers & Hammerstein II.
 10.30 BOBBY HACKETT—in A Mellow Mood, Lena Horne & Give The Lady What We Want.
 11.00 ON THE SERIOUS SIDE.
 11.30 SALUTE TO THE SMOOTH BANDS.
 12.00 Noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS.
 1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS—Cont.
 2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY—Mozart Piano Concerto in E Flat Major KV 271.
 2.45 approx. INTERLUDE.
 3.00 FOR THE LADIES—presented by Moyna Townsend.
 4.00 ONE HUNDRED VIOLINS.
 4.30 WEATHER REPORT.
 4.31 CHILDREN'S CORNER—Fun for the youngsters with Auntie Moyna.
 5.00 TANGO TIME.
 5.15 HEBE'S AL HIBBLER.
 5.30 CLASSICAL CONCERT—Including Respighi's Pines Of Rome.
 6.00 HONGKONG S T O C K EXCHANGE CLOSING RATES.
 6.04 approx. HILDE GUEDEN SINGS—Ben Webster Plays With Art Tatum.
 6.30 ALL STRINGS AND FANCY FREE.
 7.00 CELLO RECITAL—By Pierre Fournier.
 7.15 MARTINI TIME.
 7.30 THE HI FI CLUB—presented by Nick Kendall.
 8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
 8.30 THE NATIONAL HALF HOUR—compiled and presented by John Gunstone.
 9.00 PIANO RECITAL—By Yuri Boukoff.
 9.15 RADIO REPORT.
 9.30 LA RONDE CONTINENTALE—With Lydia S. Clair.
 10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 10.15 POETRY READINGS—By Robert Speight.
 10.30 OPERA HIGHLIGHTS FROM VERDI'S OTELLO ACTS 3 & 4.
 11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 11.15 MUSIC TILL MIDNIGHT.
 12.00 Midnight WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

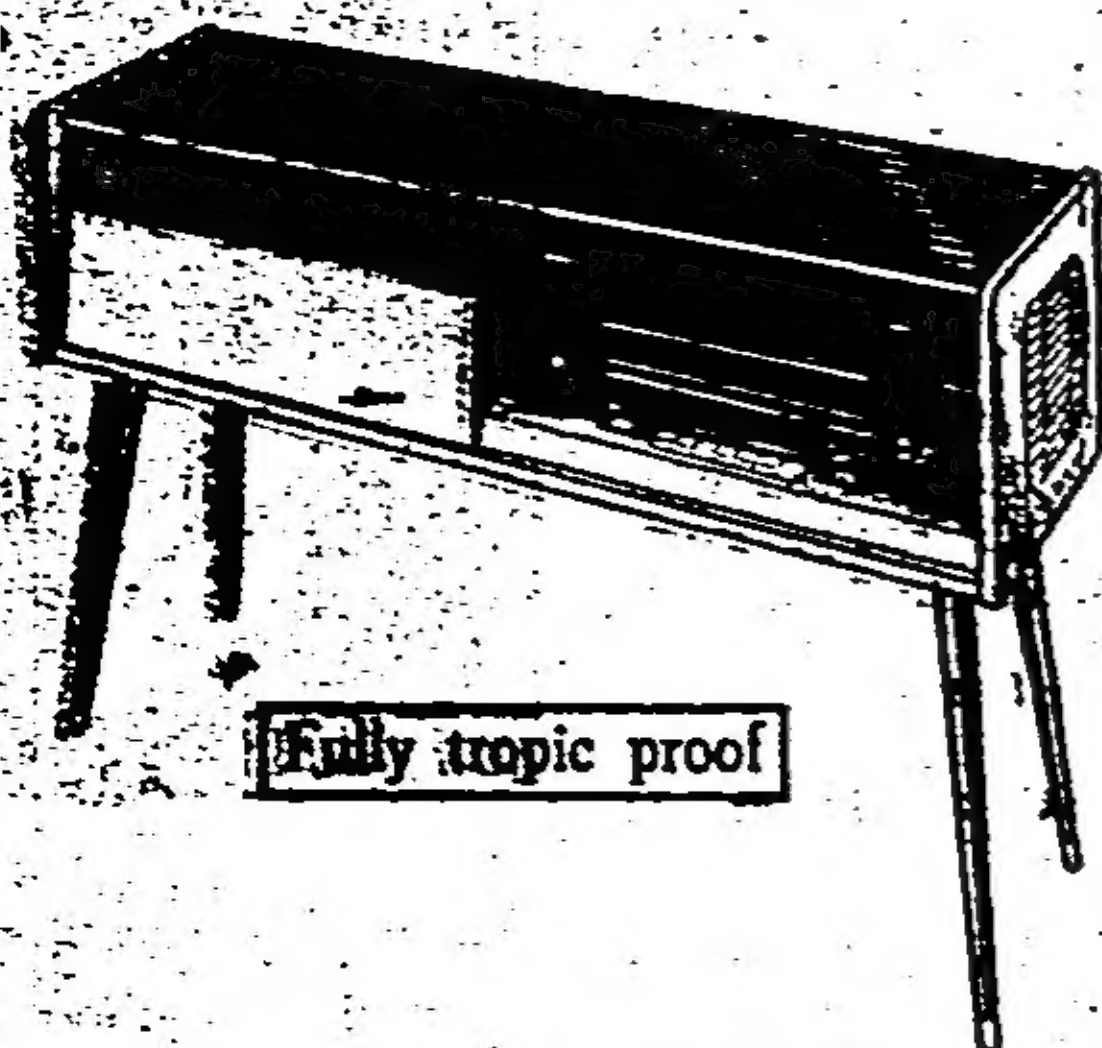
Friday

- 7.00 am LET'S FACE IT.
 8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG, WEATHER REPORT & AIRLINE SCHEDULES FOR THE DAY.
 8.15 LET'S FACE IT—Cont.
 9.00 HOUSEWIVES CHOICE.
 10.00 STANLEY BLACK WITH THE KINGSWAY PROMENADE ORCH.—Playing The Music Of Jerome Kern.
 10.30 TO START YOUR FEET TAPPING—The Music Of Nelson Riddle, Ray Conniff & Joe Fingers Carr with Pete Wee Hunt.
 11.00 MUSIC FOR THE MILLIONS.
 11.30 MUSIC AROUND THE WORLD.
 12.00 Noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS.
 1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS—Cont.
 2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY—Hindemith Symphonica Serena Played By The Philharmonia Orchestra Conducted By The Composer.
 2.45 approx. INTERLUDE.
 3.00 FOR THE LADIES—presented by Moyna Townsend.
 4.00 CAVALCADE OF STRINGS.
 4.30 WEATHER REPORT.
 4.31 CHILDREN'S CORNER.
 5.00 THE MELLOW DEE.
 5.15 "LITTLE JAZZ"—the trumpet of Roy Eldridge.
 5.30 MEMORIES OF ROME—By The Di Mara Sisters.
 5.45 DISNEYLAND BAND CONCERT.
 6.00 HONGKONG S T O C K EXCHANGE CLOSING RATES.
 6.04 approx. POPULAR CLASSICS—conducted by Carmen Dragon.
 6.30 BATTLE OF THE BANDS—In One Corner The Benny Goodman Quartet seconded by Bob Williams and In The Other The Gerry Mulligan Quartet seconded by Nick Demuth.
 7.00 THE LONG WAY HOME—(repeat).
 7.30 THE HI FI CLUB—presented by Nick Kendall.
 8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 8.15 PIANO PLAYTIME.
 8.30 "ON THE BURMA ROAD"—The Third In The Series Of Talks By Col. F. T. Harrington, I.M.S.
 8.45 approx. IT'S SO PEACEFUL IN THE COUNTRY—some light music in a rural mood.
 9.00 TIME OUT WITH FRANCES.
 9.15 RADIO REPORT.
 9.30 BRIC-A-BRAC—presented by Mary Bond.
 10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 10.15 ONCE UPON A TURN TABLE—presented by John Wallace.
 11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
 11.15 LATE NIGHT SYMPHONY CONCERT—including Gile's Concerto For Voice & Orchestra. Valentina Maksimova. Celestina Soprano With Edward Grikurov conducting the Leningrad Sym. Orch. Variations For Balalaika & Orchestra by Novikov Played by The Plavitsky And Andreyev Orchestras of Folk Instruments.
 12.00 Midnight WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 17

- 8.00 pm THE NEWS, Commentary.
 8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
 8.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
 8.45 FROM THE FROMENADE CONCERTS.
 9.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
 10.00 THE NEWS, News About Britain, The World Today.
 10.30 THE M.P. AND HIS WORK.
 10.45 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
 11.00 Big Ben RADIO NEWSREEL.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 18

- 8.00 pm THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.
 8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
 8.30 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
 9.00 TREVOR MARTIN AND MARJORIE WESTBURY IN "Dr Bradley Remembers".
 9.30 MUSIC WITH A BEAT.
 10.00 THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
 10.15 THREE LONDON WEEKLIES, 1: The Spectator.
 10.30 INTERNATIONAL P.R.E.S.S. CONFERENCE.
 10.45 "FLOTTAM" (B. C. HERNIM).
 11.00 Big Ben RADIO NEWSREEL.

MONDAY, SEPT. 19

- 8.00 pm THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.
 8.15 REVIEW OF THE SPORTING PRESS.
 8.30 MASTERPIECES OF THE PAST.

- 9.00 JOHNNY PEARSON IN, Music For Sweethearts.
 9.30 COMPOSER OF THE WEEK, Weber (on records).
 9.45 MAINLY FOR WOMEN.
 10.00 THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
 10.15 ASIAN CLUB.
 10.45 THE DAVID WOLFSTHAL PLAYERS.
 11.00 Big Ben RADIO NEWSREEL.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 20

- 8.00 pm THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.
 8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
 8.30 ULSTER MAGAZINE.
 9.00 SIDNEY SAX WITH THE HARBORERS.
 9.15 A CENTURY OF LIGHT MUSIC—Played by the BBC Concert Orchestra.
 10.00 THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN, THE WORLD TODAY.
 10.30 LETTER FROM AMERICA—By Alastair Cooke.
 10.45 LOVE SONGS OF MANY LANDS.
 11.00 Big Ben RADIO NEWSREEL.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 21

- 8.00 pm THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.
 8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
 8.30 CY GRANT IN "GRIFFIN KIDNAPERS".
 10.00 THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN, THE WORLD TODAY.

- 10.30 POVERTY TO PLENTY—The Task for our Generation, 12: Challenge to Communism.
 10.45 SONG AND DANCE—On gramophone records.
 11.00 Big Ben RADIO NEWSREEL.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 22

- 8.00 pm THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.
 8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
 8.30 WELSH MAGAZINE.
 9.00 COMPOSER OF THE WEEK, Weber (on records).
 9.15 PARADE OF THE POES.
 10.00 THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN, THE WORLD TODAY.
 10.30 NEWS IDEAS.
 10.45 FOR THE VERY YOUNG.
 11.00 Big Ben RADIO NEWSREEL.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 23

- 8.00 pm THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.
 8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
 8.30 GREAT WORDS OF THE BIBLE.
 8.45 A BOX AT THE OPERA.
 8.15 DANCE MUSIC—On gramophone records.
 9.30 MERCHANT NAVY PROGRAMME.
 10.00 THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN, THE WORLD TODAY.
 10.30 LIFE AND LETTERS.
 10.45 RECITAL.
 11.00 Big Ben RADIO NEWSREEL.

Radio HK (cont'd)

Tuesday

- 7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, BRIGHT AND EARLY.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.30 BRIGHT AND EARLY—(Cont'd).
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
7.55 BRIGHT AND EARLY—(Cont'd).
8.00 WEATHER REPORT.
8.10 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.20 PROGRAMME PARADE.
8.30 DIARY FOR TODAY, TUESDAY'S TUNES.
8.40 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES.
8.50 HOME TILL TEN — with Timothy Birth.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL—(Repeat).
9.10 WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK.
9.20 THE WORLD AROUND US.
9.30 YOUR RADIO CONCERT HALL.
9.40 FM NOT ENGLISH.
9.50 MUSIC FROM THE BALLET—Carnaval, Op. 9 (Schumann); Prelude (Orch. Arensky); Reconciliation, Pantomime et Columbine, Agno-A. Ballet for Twelve Dancers (Stravinsky).
10.00 MID DAY PRAYERS—By Rev. John Foster.
10.10 APERITIF.
10.20 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.
10.30 WEATHER REPORT.
10.40 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
10.50 VERA LYNN SHOW.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, WOMAN'S WORLD.
11.10 ARTISTRY IN RHYTHM.
11.20 TIME SIGNAL, WE LIVE AND LEARN—A Pattern of Lozenges.
11.30 HBC CONCERT HALL—Henry Wood Promenade Concert (Mozart, Walton, and Kodaly).
11.40 THE YOUNG IDEA.
11.50 HOMEWARD BOUND—Music for tired workers.
12.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
12.10 INTERLUDE.
12.20 THAT'S THE QUESTION, PRODUCED BY DEREK HOGG.
12.30 THE ARCHERS.
12.40 LUCKY DIP—Presented by Mary.
12.50 WEATHER REPORT.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.
1.10 TODAY.
1.20 MUSIC MAGAZINE—Presented by Aileen Dekker.
1.30 THE NEW REGISTRATION SCHEME—A talk by R. A. Bates, Commissioner of Registration.
1.40 SONG CYCLE, "THE DIARY OF A MAN WHO DISAPPEARED" (JANACEK).
1.50 WEATHER REPORT.
2.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
2.10 STRING ALONG WITH BILL.
2.20 WEATHER REPORT.
2.30 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.
2.40 CHORALE — Mass in G (Schubert); Yvonne Cienfuegos (Soc); Raymond Keat (Bar); Walter Carriger (Tenor); & String Ensemble: The Robert Shaw Chorale cond. by Robert Shaw; Concerto for Organ and Orchestra in G Minor Op. 4 No. 1 (G. F. Handel); E. Power Biggs (organ) with London Philharmonic Orch. cond. by Sir Adrian Boult.
2.50 WEATHER REPORT.
3.00 NEWS HEADLINES FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
3.10 Midnight TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Wednesday

- 7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, RISING NOTES.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.30 RISING NOTES (cont'd).
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
7.55 RISING NOTES (cont'd).
8.00 WEATHER REPORT.
8.10 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.20 PROGRAMME PARADE.
8.30 DIARY FOR TODAY, MID WEEK MELODIES.
8.40 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES.
8.50 HOME TILL TEN — With David Dunkerley.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (Repeat).
9.10 CRAZY OTTO AT THE PIANO.
9.20 THE WORLD AROUND US.
9.30 HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE OPERA — "La Bohème" (Puccini) — Soloists with the Orchestra & Chorus of the Accademia Di Santa Cecilia. Rome conducted by Tullio Serafin; Donna Diana (Bazzocchi)—Albert Wolff conducting The Paris Conservatoire Orch.
9.40 TAKEN ON TICK—A play for radio by G. C. Brown, with Joan Newell, Cyril Shaps and Jon Rollason.
9.50 SHADES OF GRAY.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.10 WEATHER REPORT.
1.20 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
1.30 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS—"Guys and Dolls" (Frank Decker).
1.40 TIME SIGNAL, VIRTUOSO — Prelude Gavotte, Chaconne, Loure (J. S. Bach—Transcribed Segovia); Minuet in D (Sore), Sarabanda (Rodrigo)—Andrés Segovia (Guitar).
1.50 HAMMOND ORGAN.
2.00 TIME SIGNAL, WE LIVE AND LEARN.
2.10 C. F. MACGREGOR SHOW.
2.20 FOOTLIGHT FAVOURITES.
2.30 THE YOUNG IDEA—Presented by Mary.
2.40 TIME SIGNAL, HOMEWARD BOUND.
2.50 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS FROM

- RADIO AUSTRALIA.
6.10 INTERLUDE.
6.15 EVENING STAR.
6.30 SPEAKING GENERALLY — British Council programme.
6.45 THE ARCHERS.
7.00 TIME FOR JAZZ—With Robin Day.
7.30 LETTER FROM AMERICA — By Alastair Cooke.
7.45 CY W A L T E R PLAYS RICHARD RODGERS.
7.55 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.
8.15 TODAY — A daily news magazine produced by Michael Page.
8.30 FROM THE CONCERT HALL—Piano Recital by Nicolas Astrinidis.
9.00 RADIO HONGKONG SHORT STORY COMPETITION — "Mr Poppethwaite" by Joan Turville. Read by Elizabeth Kirkman.
9.15 SOME TALK OF ALEXANDER.
9.30 THE FOOD OF LOVE — Patricia Penn introduces some of the music prompted by romantic love the world over.
9.55 WEATHER REPORT.
10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
10.15 MY WORD (Repeat).
10.25 FRED HARTLEY AT THE PIANO.
10.35 WEATHER REPORT.
10.40 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.50 AROUND THE WORLD IN MUSIC.
11.05 WALTZ TIME.
11.15 WEATHER REPORT.
11.25 NEWS HEADLINES FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
11.30 Midnight TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—God Save The Queen.

Thursday

- 7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, MORNING MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.30 MORNING MUSIC—(Cont'd).
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
7.55 MORNING MUSIC—(Cont'd).
8.00 WEATHER REPORT.
8.10 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.20 PROGRAMME PARADE.
8.30 DIARY FOR TODAY, RHYTHM RENDEZVOUS.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES.
9.10 HOME TILL TEN — with Michael Bulmer.
9.20 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL—(Repeat).
9.30 THE GOLDEN TRUMPET—Eddie Calvert.
9.40 THE WORLD AROUND US.
9.50 LIFE WITH THE LYONS—"Hold that Man".
10.00 MORNING CONCERT—Impressions Brailhane (Respighi); The Philharmonia Orchestra cond. by Alvaro Calbera; Nights in the Gardens of Spain (Faña); Clifford Curzon (Piano) with The New Symphony Orch. of London cond. by Enrique Jordá.
10.10 MID DAY PRAYERS—Conducted by Rev. Fr. Joseph Foley, S. J.
10.20 RANDBOX.
10.30 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.
10.40 WEATHER REPORT.
10.50 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
11.00 SING IT AGAIN—(Repeat).
11.10 TIME SIGNAL, WOMAN'S WORLD.
11.20 ENCORE.
11.30 TIME SIGNAL, WE LIVE AND LEARN.
11.40 FILM FOCUS—(Repeat).
11.50 THE YOUNG IDEA.
12.00 TIME SIGNAL, HOMEWARD BOUND — Music for tired workers.
12.10 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
12.20 INTERLUDE.
12.30 PORTUGUESE HALF HOUR—Presented by Don Carlos.
12.40 THE ARCHERS.
12.50 HONGKONG HIT PARADE—Presented by Ted Thomas.
1.00 WEATHER REPORT.
1.10 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.
1.20 TODAY.
1.30 THIRTY-MINUTE THEATRE — "The Silent Brothers" by Arnold Bennett.
1.40 MUSIC LOVERS' HOUR—Introduced by Irene Yuen; Sonata in F Major, K. 280 (Mozart); Walter Gieseking (Piano); Symphony in C Major ("The Great") (Schubert); Boston Symphony Orchestra cond. by Charles Munch.
1.50 WEATHER REPORT.
2.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
2.10 PEOPLE ARE FUNNY—(Repeat).
2.20 COOL AND QUIET.
2.30 WEATHER REPORT.
2.40 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.
2.50 POEMS BY DYLAN THOMAS — Introduced by Patric Dickinson, Part 2.
3.00 SOFT LIGHTS AND SWEET MUSIC.
3.10 WEATHER REPORT.
3.20 NEWS HEADLINES FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
3.30 Midnight TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Friday

- 7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, MORNING MELODY.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.30 MORNING MELODY—(Cont'd).
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
7.55 MORNING MELODY—(Cont'd).
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.10 WEATHER REPORT.
8.20 PROGRAMME PARADE.
8.30 DIARY FOR TODAY, FRIDAY'S FAVOURITES.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES, BEHIND THE HEADLINES.
9.10 HOME TILL TEN — with Barbara Lawrence.

- 10.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL—(Repeat).
10.15 GEORGE FRYER IN PARIS.
10.30 THE WORLD AROUND US.
11.00 NETHERLANDS CHAMBER MUSIC.
11.30 SHOW BUSINESS—"The Buccaneer" (Sandy Wilson).
12.00 Noon CONCERTO — Moto Perpetuo, Op. 11 (Paganini); Serenade No. 2 in A Major, Op. 16 (Brahms); The Philadelphia Orch. cond. by Eugene Ormandy; Concerto No. 1 in E Minor, Op. 11 (Chopin); Arthur Rubinstein (Piano) with Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra.
1.00 pm TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.10 WEATHER REPORT.
1.20 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
1.30 LETTER FROM AMERICA — by Alastair Cooke.
1.40 COUNTRY CEILL.
1.50 LONDON CALLING.
2.00 SMALL SWING.
2.10 TIME SIGNAL, WE LIVE AND LEARN.
2.20 MUSIC AT TEA TIME.
2.30 GOING PLACES—with Mike Bakwin.
2.40 THE YOUNG IDEA—by Mavis.
2.50 TIME SIGNAL, HOMEWARD BOUND.
3.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
3.10 INTERLUDE.
3.20 TED HEATH AND HIS MUSIC.
3.30 THE ARCHERS.
3.40 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE — Po Leung Kuk.

REDIFFUSION

'THE TIME AND THE PLACE' AND 'NIGHT IN HARBOUR'

On Tuesday at 9.35 p.m. Rediffusion presents "The Time And The Place", a play by Philip Levene.

"The Time And The Place" is a light hearted adventure towards matrimony which begins at a wedding reception, where Arthur, a waiter who hankers after a steward's job at sea, is chivvied by his family for not being married at nearly thirty. He comes across a newspaper ad, announcing "introductions confidentially arranged," and by these means eventually meets a girl, Jennie.

A romantic attachment develops, but runs into difficulties, and indeed to a break between Arthur and his Jennie "picked up in a lottery." However that is not the end of the story, which has a cheerfully satisfying surprise finish when Arthur and Jennie meet again at the right "Time and Place."

CBC Theatre presents "Night in Harbour" a drama by Joseph Schull, on Monday at 9.30 pm.

"A Night in Harbour" was written out of the author's experiences with the Canadian Navy during the last war.

Two former naval officers, who had served on the same ship, meet after the war in a veterans' club. They recall the experiences that gave the war meaning; and their minds go back to a night when their corvette lay in a Canadian port.

To their ship comes the widow of a close friend, who has lost his life in a convoy operation. The woman mistrusts the official account of his death and is desperately trying to penetrate the secrecy surrounding it. The truth, when she does learn it, is not what she had expected, and gives her faith that his sacrifice did have a meaning for humanity.

Starting from this Sunday, "Rumpus Time" will be broadcast at 5.30 pm and John Grant's programme about "Places and People," formerly heard on Saturdays has been scheduled at 7.30 pm.

Studio Audience and Air-Partners are reminded that Mike Ellery will be in Studio "A" for "Treasure Chest Quiz" at 8.30 pm instead of 9.00 pm.

Soccer fans are invited to switch on their Rediffusion sets tonight at 9.40 pm for a commentary by Pat Lyttle on the Charity Match between the Chinese Football Association Eleven and the Far East Air Force Eleven, broadcast from the South China Athletic Stadium.

Today

- 11.30 am TEST ROOM EIGHT—(Repeat).
12.00 Noon THE BILL SNYDER QUINTET.
12.15 pm JOURNEY INTO MELODY.
12.45 PIANO PLAYTIME.
1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.
2.00 SATURDAY TELEPHONE REQUESTS—Presented By Ron Ross.
3.00 WEEKEND POT POURRI.
3.30 CRIME FIGHTERS.
4.00 MUSIC FROM THE MOVIES.
4.30 TEA DANCE.
5.00 HILL BULLY HAYRIDE.

- 7.15 TRIBUTE TO VALOUR.
7.45 BENE LERAS SINGS.
7.55 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.
8.15 TODAY—A daily news magazine produced by Michael Page.
8.30 THE JAZZMAKERS—Leaders: Colin Stuart and Alan Hare; Introduced by Ted Thomas.
9.00 THAT'S THE QUESTION—A quiz programme devised by Michael Bulmer and produced by Derek Hogg; Panel: Ruth Wicks, Peter Rogers, Pat Garty, and Michael Bulmer; Chairman: Derek Hogg.
9.30 PARIS STAR TIME—The French Broadcasting System in North America.
9.55 WEATHER REPORT.
10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
10.15 FRIDAY FROM — Overture "1812", Op. 49 (Tchaikovsky); London Symphony Orch. cond. by Herman Scherchen; Violin Concerto No. 3 in G. K. 216 (Mozart); Isaac Stern (Violin) with Columbia Chamber Orch. cond. by Isaac Stern.
10.55 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 PERSONAL CHOICE — by T. S. Elliot.
11.30 DANCE PARADE.
11.57 WEATHER REPORT.
11.59 NEWS HEADLINES FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
12.00 Midnight TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

- 5.30 DELTA CITY JAZZ.
6.00 THE MUSIC SHOP.
6.30 EDMUNDO ROS AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
7.00 PLACES AND PEOPLE.
7.30 THIRTY TO ONE—Presenting the Musical Choice of the Wong Family of Diamond Villa, Hammer Hill Road, Kowloon.
8.00 B.B.C. NEWS.
8.05 WEATHER FORECAST.
8.11 ENTERTAINMENT ROUND UP.
8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
8.30 TED HEATH AND HIS MUSIC.
9.00 HIT PARADE.
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
9.35 B.B.C. JAZZ CLUB.
10.05 NOME DE PLUME.
10.30 REDIFFUSION'S DANCE PARTY—Popular Dance Music.
11.00 STOP PRESS—News Headlines.
11.05 DANCE PARTY—Continued.
12.00 Midnight "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"—Close Down.

Sunday

- 1.00 am SUNDAY SERENADE.
7.30 THE SUNSHINE BOYS.
7.45 KEYBOARD RHYTHM.
8.00 HOLIDAY MUSICALS.
8.30 HAWAIIAN MUSIC.
9.00 NEWS, SPORTS RESULTS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
9.15 THE STRINGS IN RHYTHM—A Programme of Light Music.
9.35 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
10.30 MARCHING AND WALTZING.
11.00 MOVIE MAGAZINE—(Repeat)—With Prizes To Be Won.
11.30 VICTOR SILVESTER AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
12.00 Noon GUILTY PARTY.
12.30 pm BOX OFFICE DRAW.
1.15 WEATHER REPORT, NEWS AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 FAMILY FORUM—Presented by Tony Myatt.
2.30 SUNDAY CONCERT.
3.30 YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT — Mike Ellery Answers Your Requests.
4.30 I HEAR A RHAPSODY.
5.00 TEA DANCE.
5.30 RUMPUS TIME—Host: Ron Ross.
6.00 NEWS FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
6.15 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
6.30 EVENSONG—Church Service.
7.00 MUSIC FOR YOUNG PEOPLE — Presented by Fr. T. F. Ryan, S.J.

- 7.30 PLACES AND PEOPLE—Presented by John Grant.
8.00 B.B.C. NEWS.
8.05 WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND INTERLUDE.
8.15 STRING SERENADE.
8.30 TREASURE CHEST QUIZ—With Over \$750 In Prizes—Compere: Mike Ellery.
9.00 MELODIES AND MEMORIES.
9.30 INTERVIEW WITH JACK HAWKINS, STAR OF "THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN".
9.35 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
9.40 GOON SHOW—"Ned's Atomic Dustbin".
10.10 SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY — Light Music.
10.30 MUSIC IN MINIATURE—A Quiet Half-Hour for Serious Music Lovers.
11.00 STOP PRESS—News Headlines.
11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND—Light Music.
12.00 Midnight "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"—Close Down.

Monday

- 7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 MUSICAL CLOCK—Continued.
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 TOP OF THE MORNING—Presented by Mike Ellery.
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
9.02 TOP OF THE MORNING—Continued.
10.00 REMEMBER THESE? — Melodies For Reminiscing.

- 10.30 SECOND SPRING—True Life Story of Christine Harding.
10.45 THE KINGSTON TRIO.
11.00 COFFEE BREAK.
11.30 RECITAL.
11.45 BAROMETER RISING.
12.15 pm LOCAL GOLD RATE—Accent On The Accordion.
12.30 THE MIDDAY CONCERT.
1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 TED HEATH AND HIS MUSIC.
2.00 MELODY TIME.
2.00 DOROTHY CARLESS SHOW.
4.00 TEA DANCE.
4.45 OPERATION MOON SATELLITE.
5.00 CHILDREN'S CORNER—Presented by Auntie Mary.
5.30 LAWRENCE WELK AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
6.00 MONDAY REQUESTS.
6.30 WALTZ TIME.
6.45 THE ARCHERS.
7.00 VOICE OF SPORT.
7.15 THE LIBERACE SHOW.
7.45 HERE COMES O'MALLEY.
8.00 B.B.C. NEWS.
8.05 WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND INTERLUDE.
8.15 THIRTY TO ONE—Presenting the Musical Choice of the Wang Family of 18, Dragon Terrace, 1st Floor, Hongkong.
8.45 TALK — "Encounters With Animals".
9.00 OFF THE RECORD—Latest Releases Reviewed by Ron Ross.
9.30 INTERVIEW WITH NIGEL PATRICK, STAR OF "THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN".
9.35 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
9.40 C.B.C. PLAYHOUSE PRESENTS—"Night In Harbour".
10.10 JUKE BOX.
11.00 STOP PRESS—News Headlines.
11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND.
12.00 Midnight "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"—Close Down.

Tuesday

- 7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK—With Time Checks.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 MUSICAL CLOCK—Continued.
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 TOP OF THE MORNING.
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
9.02 TOP OF THE MORNING—Continued.
10.00 ANNOUNCER'S CHOICE.
10.30 SECOND SPRING—True Life Story of Christine Harding.
10.45 DEAN MARTIN.
11.00 COFFEE BREAK.
11.30 RECITAL.
11.45 PROGRESSIVE JAZZ—Presented by Tony Myatt.
12.15 pm MARKET REPORT—Harmonica Highlights.
12.30 APERITIF.
1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 VERA LYNN SHOW.
2.00 MELODY TIME.
4.00 FELIX KING ORCHESTRA.
4.15 TEA DANCE.
4.45 OPERATION MOON SATELLITE.
5.00 CHILDREN'S CORNER—Presented by Auntie Mary.
5.30 SERENATA — Sweet Music Played by Reginald Leopold with the Sidney Torch Strings.
6.00 TUESDAY REQUESTS—Presented by Tony Myatt.
6.30 SMALL AND SWEET.
6.45 THE ARCHERS.
7.00 MUSIC IN MINIATURE.
7.30 RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET.
7.45 HERE COMES O'MALLEY.
8.00 B.B.C. NEWS.
8.05 WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND INTERLUDE.
8.15 A PREVIEW OF "THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN"—starring Jack Hawkins and Nigel Patrick.
8.30 MOVIE MAGAZINE.
9.00 STARS ON WINGS—Compere: Neville Powley.
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
9.35 THIRTY MINUTE THEATRE—"The Time And The Place" by Philip Levene.
10.05 LATE DATE—With Ron Ross.
11.00 STOP PRESS.
11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND.
12.00 Midnight "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"—Close Down.

Wednesday

- 7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK—With Time Checks.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 MUSICAL CLOCK—Continued.
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 TOP OF THE MORNING—Presented by Mike Ellery.
8.30 A PREVIEW OF "THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN"—Starring Jack Hawkins and Nigel Patrick.
8.45 TOP OF THE MORNING—Part 2.
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
9.02 TOP OF THE MORNING—Continued.
10.00 THE CLEBANOFF STRINGS.
10.30 SECOND SPRING—True Life Story of Christine Harding.
10.45 PERRY COMO.
11.00 COFFEE BREAK.
11.30 RECITAL.
11.45 EDMUNDO ROS ORCHESTRA —(Repeat).
12.15 pm MARKET REPORT, TWO GUITARS.
12.30 RAGTIME PIANO.
12.45 CANADIAN SHOW CASE.
1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS.—A TALE TO TELL—"Tales From The Western Pacific".
4.15 TEA DANCE.
4.45 OPERATION MOON SATELLITE.
5.00 CHILDREN'S CORNER—Presented by Auntie Mary.
6.00 WEDNESDAY REQUESTS — Presented by Ron Ross.
6.30 THE BILL DAVIS FOUR.
6.45 THE ARCHERS.
7.00 PRESENTING ALAN JONES.
7.20 SCIENCE SURVEY.

((Rediffusion cont'd))

7.30 JAZZ AT THE PHILHAR-
MONIC
7.45 HERE COMES O'MALLEY.
8.00 B.B.C. NEWS.
8.05 WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND IN-
TERLUDE.
8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
8.30 DIAMOND MUSIC SHOW—Host:
Ron Ross.
9.00 HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR.
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND
ANNIVERSARIES.
9.35 HONGKONG CALLING
HOLLYWOOD—Presented by
Danny Messina of the Philip-
pines.
10.05 SWEET WITH A BEAT—
Presented by Tony Myatt.
11.00 STOP PRESS.
11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND.
12.00 Midnight "GOD SAVE THE
QUEEN"—Close Down.

Thursday

7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK—With
Time Checks.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 MUSICAL CLOCK—Continued.
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER
FORECAST.
8.10 TOP OF THE MORNING—
Presented by Ron Ross.
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
9.02 TOP OF THE MORNING—
Continued.
10.00 ANNOUNCER'S CHOICE.
10.30 SECOND SPRING—True Life
Story of Christine Harding.
10.45 FRANK SINATRA.
11.00 COFFEE BREAK.
11.30 RECITAL.
11.45 TREASURE CHEST QUIZ—
Compere: Mike Ellery (Re-
peat).
12.15 pm MARKET REPORT—
George Wright at the Ham-
mond Organ.
12.30 HANDBOX.
1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER
FORECAST.
1.30 SING IT AGAIN.
2.00 MELODY TIME.
4.00 LAWRENCE WELK AND HIS
ORCHESTRA.
4.15 TEA DANCE.
4.45 OPERATION MOON SATEL-
LITE.
5.00 CHILDREN'S CORNER—
Presented by Auntie Mary.
5.30 SONGS OF THE ISLANDS—
Hawaiian Music.
6.00 THURSDAY REQUESTS—Pre-
sented by Tony Myatt.
6.30 POLKA PARTY.
6.45 THE ARCHERS.
7.00 VOICE OF SPORT.
7.15 YOUR HONGKONG HIT
PARADE—An Accurate Tabu-
lation of the Top Tunes in
Hongkong with a Snow-balling
Cash Prize of \$100.
7.45 HERE COMES O'MALLEY.
8.00 B.B.C. NEWS.
8.05 WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND IN-
TERLUDE.
8.15 MUSIC TIME—A Programme
of Classical Music—Prepared

and Presented by Charles
Harvey.
9.00 FILM TIME—From Pinewood
Studios in London.
9.15 HONGKONG BYLINE—News,
Views and Interviews.
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND
ANNIVERSARIES.
9.35 KAP O'KANE.
10.00 STRIKE UP THE BAND—
Presented by Disc Jockey
Gary Stewart, of Rediffusion
K.L.
11.00 STOP PRESS.
11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND.
12.00 Midnight "GOD SAVE THE
QUEEN"—Close Down.

Friday

7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 MUSICAL CLOCK—Continued.
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER
FORECAST.
8.10 TOP OF THE MORNING—
Presented by Mike Ellery.
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
9.02 TOP OF THE MORNING—
Continued.
10.00 STARS ON WING—(Repeat)
SECOND SPRING—True Life
Story of Christine Harding.
10.45 NAT KING COLE.
11.00 COFFEE BREAK.
11.30 RECITAL.
11.45 DENNIS WILSON AT THE
PIANO.
12.15 MARKET REPORT.
12.00 Noon CONCERT.
1.00 pm DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER
REPORT.
1.30 LETTER FROM AMERICA.
1.45 COUNTRY CEIL.
2.15 MELODY TIME.
4.00 EDMUNDO ROS AND HIS
LATIN AMERICAN ORCHE-
STRA.
4.15 TEA DANCE.
4.45 OPERATION MOON SATEL-
LITE.
5.00 CHILDREN'S CORNER—
Presented by Auntie Mary.
5.30 THE PALAIS ROYALE
ORCHESTRA AND SINGERS—
A Programme of Show Tunes.
6.00 FRIDAY REQUESTS—Present-
ed by Ron Ross.
6.30 CALYPSO QUARTER.
6.45 THE ARCHERS.
7.00 REMEMBER?—Reminiscing
Through the Years.
7.30 MEET THE BAND—Featuring
the Malcolm Lockyer Band.
7.45 HERE COMES O'MALLEY.
8.00 B.B.C. NEWS.
8.05 WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND IN-
TERLUDE.
8.15 ALBERT PRATZ ORCHESTRA
—Canadian Show Case.
8.30 DIAMOND MUSIC SHOW—
Host: Ron Ross.
9.00 THE NAVY LARK.
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND
ANNIVERSARIES.
9.35 THE MELBA STORY.
10.05 LATE DATE—With Ron Ross.
11.00 STOP PRESS.
11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND.
12.00 Midnight "GOD SAVE THE
QUEEN"—Close Down.

8.45 "THE ROY ROGERS SHOW"
—With Dale Evans & Pat
Brady.
9.30 CARTOONS.
9.35 "SEA HUNT"—Starring Lloyd
Bridges.
10.00 CLOSE DOWN.
10.30 NEWS IN CHINESE AND
WEATHER REPORT.
10.35 "MUSIC IN MINIATURE"—
Introduced by Charles Har-
vey.
11.00 "MEN INTO SPACE."
11.25 "LOVE THAT BOB."
11.50 NEWS IN BRIEF.
12.25 "THE INVISIBLE MAN."
12.30 SUNDAY SHOWTIME—"The
Spanish Gardener" starring
Dirk Bogarde.
11.00 LATE NIGHT FINAL—Close
Down.

Monday

5.00 pm CHILDREN'S HOUR—
The Adventures Of Twizzle.
5.15 CARTOONS.
5.30 "THE CISCO KID."
5.55 CARTOONS.
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
7.30 NEWS IN CHINESE AND
WEATHER REPORT.
7.35 "THE ADVENTURES OF
ROBIN HOOD"—Starring
Richard Greene.
8.00 "MARKHAM"—Starring Ray
Milland.
8.25 "DOCUMENTARY"—"People
of The Peace."
8.50 NEWS IN BRIEF.
8.55 MOVIE MAGAZINE—Current
And Forthcoming Film Re-
viewed by Ron Ross.
9.20 "LOCK UP"—Starring Mac-
Donald Carey.
9.45 CANTONESE FEATURE.
11.15 LATE NIGHT FINAL—Close
Down.

Tuesday

5.00 pm "TIME FOR TOTS"—
Introduced by Angela Bood.
5.15 "THE ADVENTURES OF
WILLIAM TELL."
5.40 "JOE PALOOKA."
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
7.30 NEWS IN CHINESE AND
WEATHER REPORT.
7.35 "THE SONG PARADE"—
Produced By John Bow.
8.00 "HIGHWAY PATROL."
8.25 "TOPPER."
8.50 NEWS IN BRIEF.
8.55 "THE MAN AND THE
CHALLENGE"—Starring
George Nader.
9.20 "THIS MAN DAWSON"—
Starring Keith Andes.
9.45 "SUSPICION"—Starring
Joseph Cotton And George
Peppard in "Eye of Truth."
10.35 "THE GOLDBERGS."
11.00 LATE NIGHT FINAL—Close
Down.

Wednesday

5.00 pm CHINESE CHILDREN'S
TALENT SHOW.
5.15 CARTOONS.
5.30 "FURY."
5.55 CARTOON.
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
7.30 NEWS IN CHINESE AND
WEATHER REPORT.
7.35 "THIS IS YOUR MUSIC."
8.00 BRITISH TELEVISION NEWS.
8.10 "THE JACK BENNY PRO-
GRAMME."
8.35 BEVERLY GARLAND IN
"DECOY."
9.00 NEWS IN BRIEF.
9.05 "THE MUSIC MAKERS."
9.20 "PARIS PRECINCT."
9.45 CANTONESE FEATURE.
11.15 LATE NIGHT FINAL—Close
Down.

Today

2.00 pm CANTONESE FEATURE.
3.55 COUNTERPOINT PRESENTS
"TENNESSEE'S PARTNER."
4.20 FAMOUS FIGHTS.
4.35 "MY HERO."
5.00 CHILDREN'S HOUR—"The
Lone Ranger."
5.25 CARTOONS.
5.30 "CALVIN'S CORNER"—A
programme for the children.
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
7.30 NEWS IN CHINESE AND
WEATHER REPORT.
7.35 "ON S A F A R I"—With
Armand and Michaela Denis.
8.00 "RUMPUS TIME"—Featuring
Ron Ross with the Berry
Vanessa Group.
8.30 "BOLD VENTURE"—Starring
Dane Clark.
8.55 NEWS IN BRIEF.
9.00 ANN SOTHERN AS "SUSIE"
—A most unusual but love-
able secretary in "Platt's
Plan."
9.25 "THE FOUR JUST MEN"—
Starring Vittorio de Sica in
"The Night Of The Precious
Stones" with Brenda de
Banzie.
9.50 "LARAMIE"—With Hoagy
Carmichael, Robert Fuller
and John Smith.
10.45 "M" SQUAD—With Lee
Marvin.
11.10 LATE NIGHT FINAL—Close
Down.

Sunday

2.00 pm CANTONESE FEATURE.
3.30 "LIFE WITH ELIZABETH"—
Starring Betty White and Del
Moore.
3.35 TV READERS DIGEST.
4.20 MUSICAL JAMBOREE.
4.45 "THE AIR FORCE STORY"—
Chapter 26 (Cold War).

COMMERCIAL RADIO 1530 kcs 196 mtrs
'MY OEDIPUS COMPLEX':
SOME SERIOUS MUSIC

The impact of a father returning from the war, practically
a stranger, on his only child is considerable. On
Tuesday night at 9.30 Frank O'Connor will be
reading his short story 'My Oedipus Complex'.

This is not a deep psycholo-
gical study but an extremely
amusing account of the return-
ing father seen through the eyes
of his young, spoilt and inde-
pendent son.
Among this week's serious
music programmes the follow-
ing are of interest:

Monday and Tuesday's Com-
poser of the Day (2-3 pm) is
Sir Edward Elgar, and parts 1
and 2 of "The Dream of Geroni-
tius" can be heard.

Sir Malcolm Sargent is con-
ducting the Auddersfield Choral
Society and the Liverpool Phil-
harmonic Orchestra, and the
soloists are Richard Lewis, Mar-
jorie Thomas and John Cameron.

The music of two ballets from
the repertoire of the Ballet
Theatre New York is presented
in Music For The Sabbath on
Sunday morning (10-11): Joseph
Levine is conducting the Ballet
Theatre Orchestra in Antheil's
Capital Of The World, which is
based loosely on the Heming-
way story, and Morton Gould's
Fall River Legend. This is
based on a famous double axe
murder committed in Fall River,
Massachusetts in 1892.

Friday's Late Night Symphony
includes a most unusual work.
It is Novikov's Variation for
Balalaika and Orchestra played
by the Platitsky and Andreyev
Orchestras of Folk Instruments.
Szymanowski's birthday is com-
memorated in Wednesday's
Composer of the Day Concert.

Light and popular music from
Britain can be heard from 8.30-
6 on Saturday with Flanagan
and Allen, Niven Miller, Ruby
Murray and The Morriston
Orpheus Male Voice Choir.
Highlights from Ivor Novello's
'Careless Rapture' featuring
Dorothy Dickson and Olive
Gilbert can be heard from 6.30-
7 on Sunday.

Col. F. T. Harrington I. M. S.
continues his series 'On The
Burma Road' on Friday evening

at 8.30, and earlier (6.30-7)
Bob Williams and Nick Demuth
present another Battle Of The
Bands. The contestants are the
Quartets of Benny Goodman and
Gerry Mulligan. The drama
'The Long Way Home'—a repeat
of September 10th's broadcast
follows and at 7.30 Nick Kendall
has a guest D. J. in the studio
from the Hi-Fi Club.

**PRESENTED SHOW OF
THE WEEK**
Mon.—Sat. 9.00—10 a.m.—The
friendly sound of John Gummie
playing requests for housewives
and patients in hospital in
Housewives Choice.

Today

11.30 am SOUTH OF THE
BORDER.
12.00 Noon LUNCHTIME RE-
DEVELOPS.
1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM
RADIO HONGKONG &
WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 LUNCHTIME REDEVELOPS
—Cont.
2.00 OPEN HOUSE—With Bob
Williams and occasional visits
to the Square Room.
4.00 "DEEP IN MY HEART—The
Life & Music Of Sigismund
Romberg Starring Joe Fower.
4.30 WEATHER REPORT.
4.31 AROUND THE CRACKER
BARREL—With Slim Pickens
& Shorty Zuck.
5.00 MAN ABOUT TOWN—Ray
Banks.
5.15 LECUONA AT THE PIANO.
5.30 A BRITISH INTERLUDE—
With Flanagan & Allen, Niven
Miller, Ruby Murray & The
Morriston Orpheus Male
Voice Choir.
6.00 SOUTHERN STYLE SWINGING
—With Glen Gray & The
Casa Loma Orchestra.
6.30 CONCERT FOR PEOPLE WHO
DON'T LIKE CLASSICAL
MUSIC.
7.00 THE HI FI CLUB BIRTHDAY
PARTY—with an audience.
8.40 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO
HONGKONG & WEATHER
REPORT.
8.15 SPORTS RESULTS.
8.17 approx. MUSICAL INTER-
LUDE.
8.30 RADIO NOVELS—Slow Fax.
9.00 STRING SERENADE.

TELEVISION

**DIRK BOGARDE STARS IN
'THE SPANISH GARDENER'**

Followers of "Susie's" escapades, should make a note of
Saturday's show for this is the last in the present
series.

Later in the evening Vittorio
de Sica is the one of "The Four
Just Men" concerned in a case
of stolen jewels entitled "The
Night of the Precious Stones"
which co-stars that delightful
actress Brenda de Banzie.

Sunday Showtime has a very
strong appeal when that excel-
lent actor Dirk Bogarde stars in
a story by that master novelist
A. J. Cronin entitled "The
Spanish Gardener", in which a
small boy, the son of a minor
foreign official, is befriended by
a gardener at the consular villa.
The boy's father bitterly resents
sharing his son's affections with
anyone else and forbids the boy
speaking to the gardener. When
his wishes are ignored he has
the man arrested on a theft
charge and the whole situation
borders on tragedy.

There is a delightful perform-
ance from Jon Whiteley as the
boy and Michael Hordey brings
his usual competency and feel-
ing for character to the role of
the father.

The Monday documentary this
week is a two-part coverage of
Northwest Canada and the lands
of the river Peace entitled
appropriately "People of Peace",
the second part can be seen the
following Monday.

Later in the evening Ron Ross
reviews more current and forth-
coming films in "Movie Maga-
zine".

The Tuesday Suspicion series
this week is entitled "Eye of
Truth" and includes two of
Hollywood's strongest actors
Joseph Cotton and George
Peppard.

Thursday's "Wagon Train" at
9 pm has as its guest star George
Montgomery and at 10.20
"Medic" the new award winning
series on the Medical profession

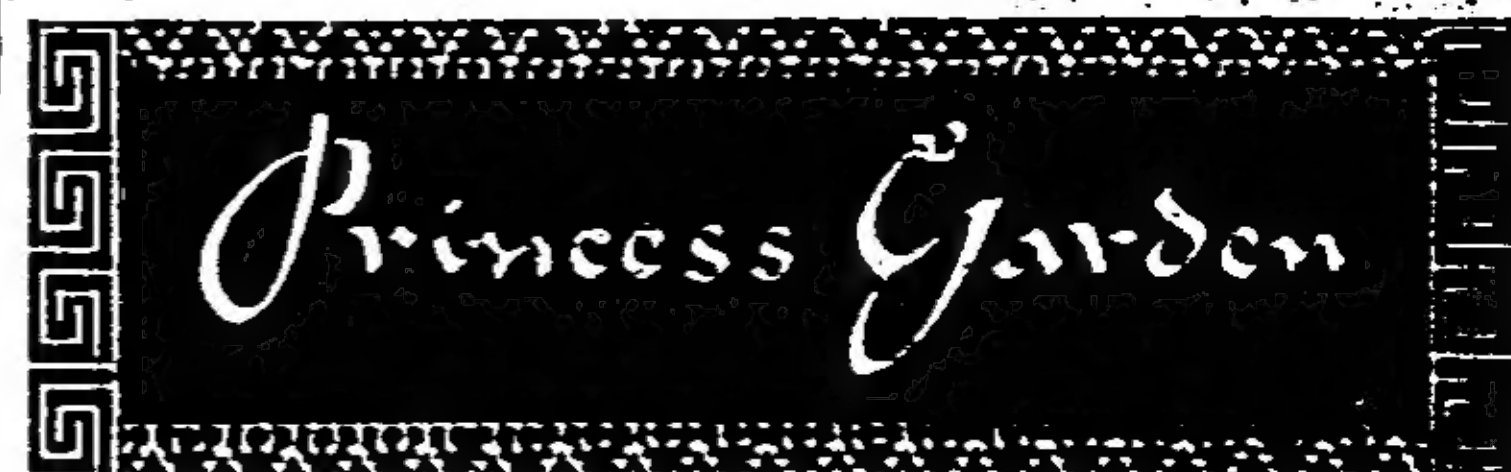
with Richard Boone can be seen.
Friday's Screen Director's
Playhouse is worthy of special
note when the glamorous Yvonne
de Carlo teams up with Rory
Calhoun in "Hot Cargo".

Thursday

5.00 pm CHINESE CHILDREN'S
STORY TIME.
5.10 "ROCKY JONES, SPACE
RANGER."
5.35 ROBERT SHAW IN—"The
Buccannery."
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
7.30 NEWS IN CHINESE AND
WEATHER REPORT.
7.35 "KINGDOM OF THE SEA."
8.00 "THE LIBERACE SHOW."
8.30 "WORLD OF GIANTS."
8.55 NEWS IN BRIEF.
9.00 "WAGON TRAIN"—Starring
Ward Bond and Robert Hor-
ton And George Montgomery.
9.50 THE LUCKY LAGER SPORT
PROGRAMME.
10.25 "INTERPOL CALLING."
10.45 LATE NIGHT FINAL—Close
Down.

Friday

5.00 pm "WILLY THE WONDER-
FUL."
5.15 ALEC PEILL PRESENTS—
"Songs For Young Folk."
5.35 "SERGEANT PRESTON OF
THE YUKON."
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
7.30 NEWS IN CHINESE AND
WEATHER REPORT.
7.35 "LEAVE IT TO BEAVER"—
With Jerry Mathers.
8.00 "MOBLEY OF THE YARD."
8.25 SCREEN DIRECTOR'S PLAY-
HOUSE PRESENTS—"Hot
Cargo" with Yvonne de Carlo
and Rory Calhoun.
8.50 NEWS IN BRIEF.
8.55 "NEW YORK CONFIDEN-
TIAL."
9.20 CANTONESE FEATURE.
11.00 LATE NIGHT FINAL—Close
Down.



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A CONFESSION YOU'LL NEVER FORGET...

What kind of man is behind those shocking headlines? A hit-run driver tells how a moment of panic turned his life into a nightmare

TWILIGHT is a bad time to drive. You can't see properly. Turning on your headlights only makes it worse. It's difficult to judge distances. Ordinary objects by the side of the road take on strange shapes and colours. That's the way it was on the spring evening three years ago when I was driving home from work.

I'd had a hard day. I was part owner of a small lumber mill and yard. Early in the morning we delivered a big order to a housing contractor—1,500 custom-cut door frames. They were the wrong size. The mistake was ours. It was going to cost us plenty of money. I was wondering how I was going to tell my wife about it.

Suddenly, just as I turned into Little Bend-road, I saw this kid—a skinny boy about eight years old—wobbling along on a bicycle. I swerved to avoid him. But it was too late. I hit him. I felt a slight thump. I heard a grinding clatter as my wheels passed over the bicycle.

I braked to a stop so hard my head snapped forward and hit the steering wheel. I started to get out. The little boy was lying about 20 feet away.

I thought, "God help me—the killed him!" My stomach started to heave. This was no time to get sick. I put my hand over my eyes until things stopped rocking.

Quiet

It was utterly quiet on the suburban road. I don't remember what went through my mind. I only know I slurred my door, started the motor and went tearing down the road. I was doing at least 50. I was skidding on sand at the curves. But it was almost dark now. If I could keep my foot off the brake, there wouldn't even be a tail light for anyone to follow. I turned right at the first intersection, left at the second. I knew I had to keep off the main roads. I had some crazy idea that if I could just get home, everything would be all right.

As I turned into our driveway my car broke the photo-electric beam and the double garage doors flipped open. What a kick Edith and I got out of the gadget! When we were first married, I had only a part-time job. I quit college to marry Edith and her father told me I'd never get anywhere.

I HIT AND RAN!



The terrible thing I'd done hit me all at once. I'd hit a child and left him for dead. I had a queer feeling that my body belonged to some heartless coward and that it had somehow betrayed me. Up to now I had always known right from wrong.

I looked across the table at my own bright, sturdy Danny. He was topping off fried eggs with a bowl of cereal. He pushed back his chair and rushed from the room.

Broken

"Bye, Dad," he called. "I'm going to ride my bike to school today."

I began to shake all over. "Wait!" I called. "I'll drive you."

"No thanks," he yelled back. "I want to ride." I heard the garage doors lift and saw him wheel out his bicycle. Then he put his head in the door.

"By the way, Dad," he said, "did you know your right headlight is broken?"

He peddled away. I went out to the garage. The glass was missing from the right front headlight. It had shattered so clearly I hadn't even noticed it. Now that they would find me. Those state cops can take one little silver of glass and tell you the make, model and for all I knew, even the mileage of the car it came from. I didn't dare drive it. I couldn't have it fixed.

The next few hours were the worst of my life. I borrowed Edith's car. I told her mine had some motor trouble. I went to the mill and tried to work. My mind pushed me this way and that. I had a bloody vision of Danny being run over by a truck. It would serve me right but surely God wouldn't do that to Danny.

My family was dearer to me than my life and there was no way I could spare them. I thought of suicide. I could take Edith's speedy little car and slam it against a tree. But I'd put on the brakes at the last minute and only mess myself up. I had already proved what a rotten coward I was. That was strange, too. I was an infantryman. I've got a Bronze Star.

Give up

At noon I went to a phone booth and put in a call to the hospital. "I want to ask about the little boy who was in the accident last night," I said. "Is this a member of the family?" parried the floor nurse.

"I'm a clergyman," I lied. "Pray for him," she said eagerly. "He may not make it—he needs your help."

Police Headquarters was six blocks from my office. I walked up to the officer at the desk and said, "I'm the hit-and-run driver you're looking for."

They let me call my lawyer. They kept me in jail overnight until I could raise bail. Because the whole community was enraged at me, the judge set it pretty high—\$20,000.

When my lawyer got me out of jail a bunch of hysterical women were waiting outside. A morning television programme had called me "a monster be-

hind the wheel." One woman grabbed the lapel of my jacket and screamed, "You should hang for this!"

At home my wife threw her arms around me. She said, "I'll tell them I did it. They'll be easier on a woman." I began to cry.

The boy pulled through. But they told me he would walk with a limp for the rest of his life. The charge I had to face was reduced to assault by auto and leaving the scene. I pleaded guilty. I said I was unable to account for my behaviour.

Her best

The parents of the boy sued me. The court awarded them far more than the liability insurance I carried. Edith sold my interest in the lumber mill. Together with the house, which was pretty heavily mortgaged, and some securities I had, she scraped the money together. Edith moved into a small apartment with Danny. She went to work as a hostess in a restaurant.

Edith did her best to stand by me while I was in prison. She came regularly to visit me but she spent the whole time crying. Finally I told her not to come any more. Danny came only once. He said he had dunked most of his subjects at school and he had joined the Navy. His mother had given her okay. She never consulted me. But why should she? The prison had a consulting psychologist who came in twice a month, but he only looked at the prisoners who were suspected of being mental cases. I did have a couple of long talks with the prison chaplain.

"I've got to understand this thing I did," I told him earnestly. "What happened to me?"

The chaplain told me that if I felt truly repentant I didn't have to worry about my soul. I said honestly that what really worried me most was what I was going to do with the rest of my life. Would I ever be able to face crisis again? He said he didn't know.

I had a lot of queer dreams. Once I dreamed the warden was Mr. Polk, a teacher I had when I was in the seventh grade.

Furious

I wasn't a bad kid in those days, but I enjoyed a good prank. Once two of my friends and I brought some firecrackers to school on April Fool's day. We shot them off in class. Mr. Polk was out of the room but he walked back in just as the firecrackers exploded. The charge was bigger than we thought. I broke a window pane.

He was furious. He said if the culprit didn't stand up immediately he would make the entire class stay after school for a month. My two friends stood up and said they did it. I tried to stand up, too, but I just couldn't. They never told on me.

Another time I borrowed my father's watch without telling him. I dropped it and broke it. I picked up all the pieces, rushed home, packed the watch back in its bureau drawer and scattered the shards of broken glass in among his handkerchiefs. He found it that night. For weeks he went around saying, "How could it break, right in my drawer?"

Yet my teacher and my father were reasonable men.

They wouldn't have punished me unfairly.

When I got out of prison Edith made room for me in the little apartment where she was living. There isn't much left of our marriage, and nothing at all of my business career. I've thought of moving to some other city but I guess the story would get around. I still report to a probation officer. They took my driver's license away. No one will give me a responsible job.

Can't help

I think about my son, Danny. He was going to be an architect or an engineer. I don't know what he will make of his life now, and I can't help him.

I think about the little boy I ran over, too. I ought to go and see him, but I can't face that right now. A couple of weeks ago I happened to see the desk sergeant who was on duty the day they arrested me. He recognised me. He shook my hand and asked how I was getting along. I asked him a question that had been on my mind for a long time.

"What do you suppose they'd have done to me if I hadn't run?" I asked. "Let's say I'd given the boy first aid and called the police—what then?"

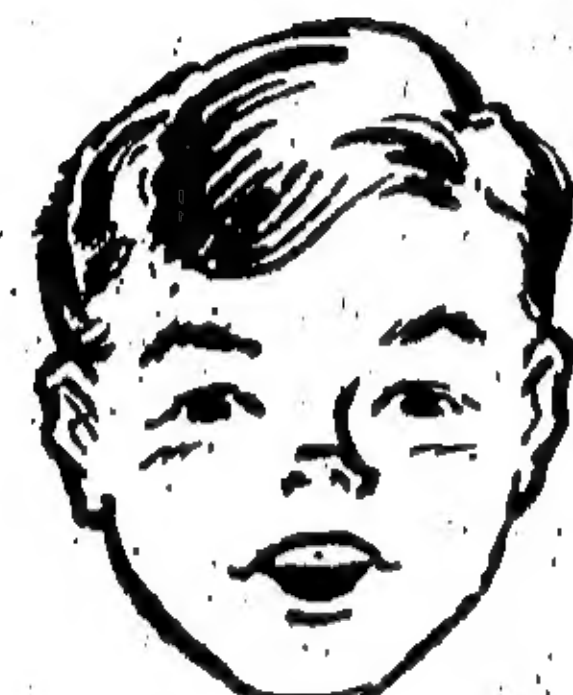
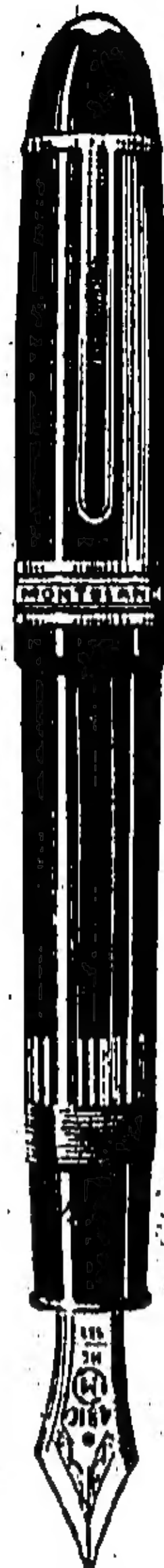
"What nothing," he said. "It was an accident. It was as much the kid's fault as yours."

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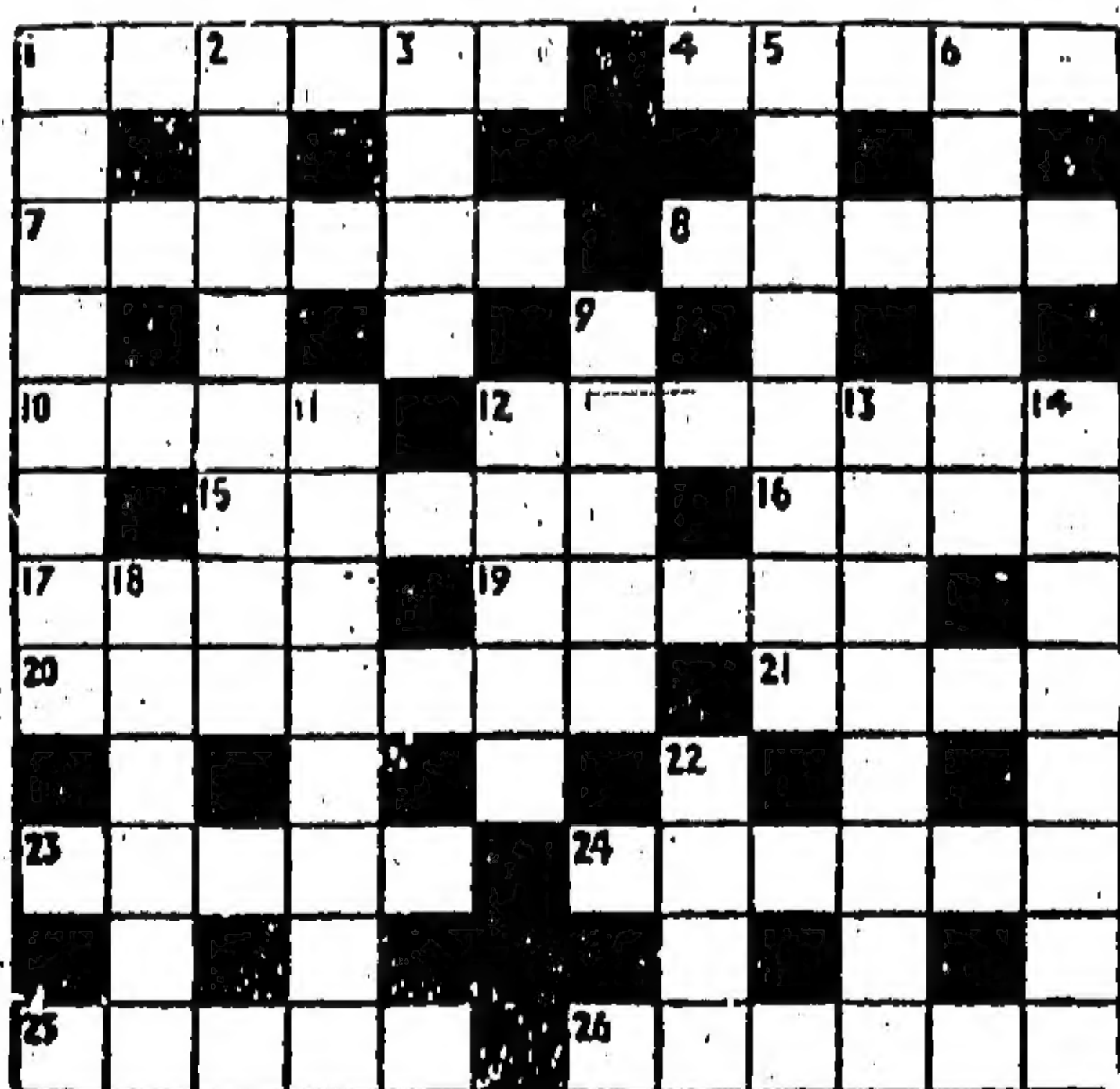
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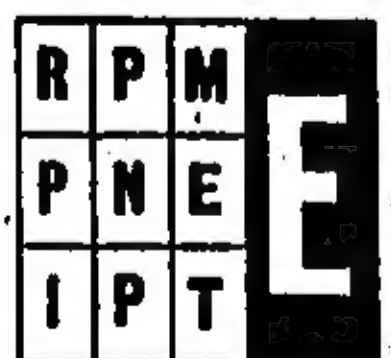
A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
1 Chatterbox (6)
4 Work legally or illegally (6)
7 Please pass! (6)
8 Elbow broken down (5)
10 They should be observed (4)
12 Title for a vicar of Egypt (7)
15 Solo (5)
16 Individual scores (4)
17 Somewhat ignorant girl (4)
18 Grievances may be (5)
20 Rested on one's laurels (4)
21 Spot marked by X? (4)
23 And nasty? (5)
24 Really comical outburst? (6)
25 Light colour! (5)
26 D.merged by impact (6)
- DOWN**
1 They plagued the RAF (8)
2 Staunch supporter (8)
3 "And on top of that" (4)
5 Works too hard? (8)
6 Some teenagers are in it (6)
9 A girl's film hero (5)
11 Is it sold by the slice? (4)
12 Habit (5)
13 Very poor clue! (8)
14 Business favours are (8)
19 Rutland's capital (6)
22 Long road in London (4)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3 Bank-note, 8 RAB-bit, 9 Tomatoes, 11 Groat, man, 12 Pace, 13 Order, 10 Slices, 10 Inch, 22 Terminal, 24 New Issue, 26 Draper, 26 Reserves. Down: 1 Drugs, 2 Abbey, 3 Bitters, 4 A-Tom, 5 Kean, 6 A-vowel, 7 Easter, 10 Mater, 14 Dinos, 15 Homers, 10 D-inner, 17 Scowls, 20 In-a-P-T, 21 Alarm, 22 Tear, 23 Rude.

TARGET



How many words of 3 or more letters can you make from the letters in the target? (The letters in the target are: R, P, M, P, N, E, I, P, T. You may use each letter only once.)

CHESS

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First non-stop Pan Am New York to Moscow Flight navigated with help of Rolex GMT-Master*

A Pan American Intercontinental Jet Clipper recently made the first non-stop flight from New York to Moscow. This flight was navigated with the help of a GMT-Master wrist chronometer watch, made by Rolex of Geneva.



The GMT-Master watch, whose accuracy is described by Pan Am Pilot-in-Charge Bernard Lorenz as "excellent, well within all navigational tolerances," is specially designed to tell the time in any two places on earth at once. Two special features—a 24-hour bezel and a special 24-hour hand—make this possible: GMT and local time can be read clearly and simultaneously.

Pan Am Captain C. N. Warren, Jr., wrote of the GMT-Master used on the non-stop New York to Moscow flight: "The flight itself was navigated by Rolex," so out of all airline pilots who use the GMT-Master an indispensable aid. Its special features, plus chrono-

meter accuracy, automatic winding, waterproof case and automatic calendar make it one of the most brilliant contributions to international timekeeping ever invented.

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A NEW ASSESSMENT OF ANOTHER CRIME WHICH BAFFLED THE POLICE

Witchcraft? The police chief won't rule it out

AT about 1.30 on an unusually clear February day in 1945 an old man was murdered in a field within sight of the houses of Quinton village, Warwickshire.

His neck had been sliced three times with the long-handled slash hook he used in his job as hedger and ditcher, and the killer had left the scythe-like blade in the last wound, the point protruding through the face...

He had then been pinned to the turf round the neck with his own two-pronged pitchfork. And strangely, the murderer had then wedged the shaft of the fork under a hedge as if to prevent the dead man from getting to his feet.

The victim was Charles Walton. He was 74. He was practically penniless. He had been bent double with arthritis for years.

Savage

It was a murder of great savagery. Yet at 12 o'clock that night when Detective Superintendent Alec Spooner from Warwick and Professor J. M. Webster, the Birmingham crime pathologist, regarded the human debris by torchlight on the slopes of Moon Hill, it did not seem the kind of killing that would fascinate criminologists for many years, nor one that would be held among the most curious of the century.

A combination of three things have made it so. First, the killer has not yet been arrested.

Secondly, every year on the anniversary of the crime, Supt. Spooner travels 30 miles from his present office in Nuneaton to revisit the scene.

And thirdly, there is the uncanny atmosphere of witchcraft that has surrounded the case since soon after inquiries began.

Quinton lies 10 miles along a range of hills from the village of

NEXT WEEK

A mistake over a bloodstained glove...but for that 27-year-old Brian Smith might not have gassed himself. And the mystery of the headless man in the River Severn might not have been left unsolved.

Long Compton; and you might call Long Compton Britain's witchcraft capital.

The recorded folk-lore of the district is full of it. There are still women in the area who claim to be able to charm warts away by witchery.

What connected Charles Walton's death with this was the pitchfork. Killing witches by piercing them in this way has been known for centuries. In Saxons times it was known as "stacing."

The stories

And it is cold fact that in 1875 within Walton's lifetime—a yokel at Compton killed an 80-year-old villager called Ann Tennant with a pitchfork and hook, saying at his trial that "she was the properest witch ever known."

It was a Warwickshire policeman who recalled the trial. Superintendent Spooner and Superintendent Bob Fabian, who had arrived from Scotland Yard.

After this the witchcraft stories multiplied.

Police were told that a dog had been found hanging in a hedge near the murder meadow. The killing of a dog and murder by pitchfork are said to be part of an ancient Roman agricultural rite which took place on February 14. Walton was murdered on February 14—St. Valentine's Day.

Superintendent Fabian has said since that a black dog followed by an unknown, frightened boy, were seen by police during their investigations on the hillside.

Anger

It has been said that Walton's throat wounds were in the shape of an inverted cross—a witchcraft symbol; that cattle had mysteriously died, and crops unaccountably failed.

During the meticulous police investigations in and around Quinton, experts of folklore and supernatural phenomena were in touch with the police and were heard with interest. The detective gave every appearance of taking this strange aspect with great seriousness.

After all, the terrible business of slaying a man to the ground with his own hay fork was unusual. Either the murderer believed Walton was a witch, or this was the final violent gesture of maniac anger.

The more conventional police investigations were thorough. Superintendent Spooner told me: "We turned the place inside out. Everybody in Quinton had to account for his movements. We questioned thousands of men in nearby FQW, Army and RAF camps."

MURDER UNSOLVED

by Frank Entwistle

Part 2



One Italian prisoner was seen washing blood from his hands near Moon Hill. His blood-stained jacket was sent for laboratory examination. But it proved to be rabbit's blood.

Air force planes took pictures of the area in the search for tracks. Soldiers used mine detectors to search for the chest tin watch missing from a boot-lace watch-strap in Walton's waistcoat.

Detectives tried to build up a picture of the old man's habits. In fact, Charles Walton was a cantankerous old man who mumbled to himself in the fields. He had little money. He rarely went out. He had not touched alcohol for years—never since his doctor had forbidden him to drink the potent country wines he used to make.

Difficult

He was under contract to several local farmers to repair and cut hedges for a small sum—it came to about five shillings a chain. Because of his infirmity he only went out to work in fine weather, so it would be difficult for anyone to predict and plan his murder in the fields.

One unaccountable fact I discovered in talks to villagers was that the old man visited Stratford about four times a year and drew about £10 from a small legacy left by his dead wife in a Post Office book years before.

For Walton, leading his humble village life in 1945, £10 must have been a large sum. But nobody can imagine how he spent it. There was not much left in the book when he died.

Walton lived in a cottage with his niece Edith who worked in a local factory. When she returned home after dark on St. Valentine's Day, and found her uncle had not returned, she called on a neighbour, a Mr. Beasley, and together they went to see farmer Alfred Potter, for whom Walton had been working. They found the body in a corner of one of Potter's fields at about seven o'clock.

When the police arrived, they found fingerprints other than Walton's on the pitchfork and

flash-hook; found footprints and took casts. But afterwards these were all accounted for.

They set up headquarters in the home of a local baker; and they remained in Quinton for three months.

Do the police still believe that Charles Walton died in a witchcraft slaughter?

I put this question to Alec Spooner. He is a large, down-to-earth fellow with a cautious and subtle mind.

He replied: "This was a murder and we set about it in the usual way. We followed every possible line of inquiry. I am not prepared to admit, or to deny, that I believe in the witchcraft."

It is my belief that neither Spooner nor Fabian believe that witches had anything to do with the death of Charles Walton.

I think they have a fair idea who the killer was. And so have I.

After 15 years Spooner is waiting for him to make one slip, and hopes that the curious circulation of the witchcraft stories, or his own annual visits to the Quinton area on the anniversary of the murder, may encourage someone who saw the killer entering or leaving the murder field, to come forward with the truth.

Black dog

But before dismissing the supernatural completely, I must report one more strange circumstance.

In the public library at nearby Warwick I came across the story of a Victorian farm boy working in the village of Alveston who reported seeing a black dog eight nights in succession on his long walk home.

On the ninth night, instead of a dog, he met a headless woman in black. Next day he heard of the death of his small sister.

Alveston is six miles from Quinton.

The man who was murdered at Quinton in 1945 had worked as a boy at Alveston.

And the boy's name was Charles Walton.

Pamper that cuddly koala

THE Bluegum Baby is a Very Important Person in homes all over the world.

He's the toy version of Australia's best known and best loved ambassador—the sleepy, cuddly koala, Australia's native bear—and ranks next in popularity to the old perennial, the "teddy" bear.

The name "Koala" sounds less formidable than the scientific "Phascolarctos cinereus." It is an aboriginal word implying that the animal seldom drinks.

This shy, retiring animal is a true marsupial. It carries its young in a pouch. The young one is barely an inch long at birth, and clings instinctively up the mother's fur to enter the pouch.

At its first peep at the outside world, in about six months, the young koala is well furred and about seven inches long.

FUSSED OVER

There are few tourists visiting Sydney who don't make a bee-line for Taronga Park Zoological Gardens where the koalas who live there in happy captivity graciously allow themselves to be fussed over, petted and pampered.

They nestle cozily against the peach-bloom skin of beauty queens, rub noses with friends and, unimpressed, amble back to the more absorbing hobby of tree climbing.

The koala is a protected animal, and is mighty choosy about which gum leaves it eats, preferring certain eucalypti with a high oil content, such as the mamra-gum of Victoria, the forest red gum in New South Wales, and the blue-gum in Queensland.

Because of its strict eating habits the koala is very seldom exported.

A tense situation developed when the City of San Francisco indicated it was keen to have some koalas for its zoo. The climate was right. They'd grown special gum trees. All they were short of were—koalas.

Controversy waxed hot in Australia. Government bodies were approached. Koalas are the delight of Australians as well as the tourists and many Aussies felt that their American neighbours across the sea, with their penchant for publicity, might very well argue: "Why go 10,000 miles? Visit your own koalas at San Francisco."

TEMPERS

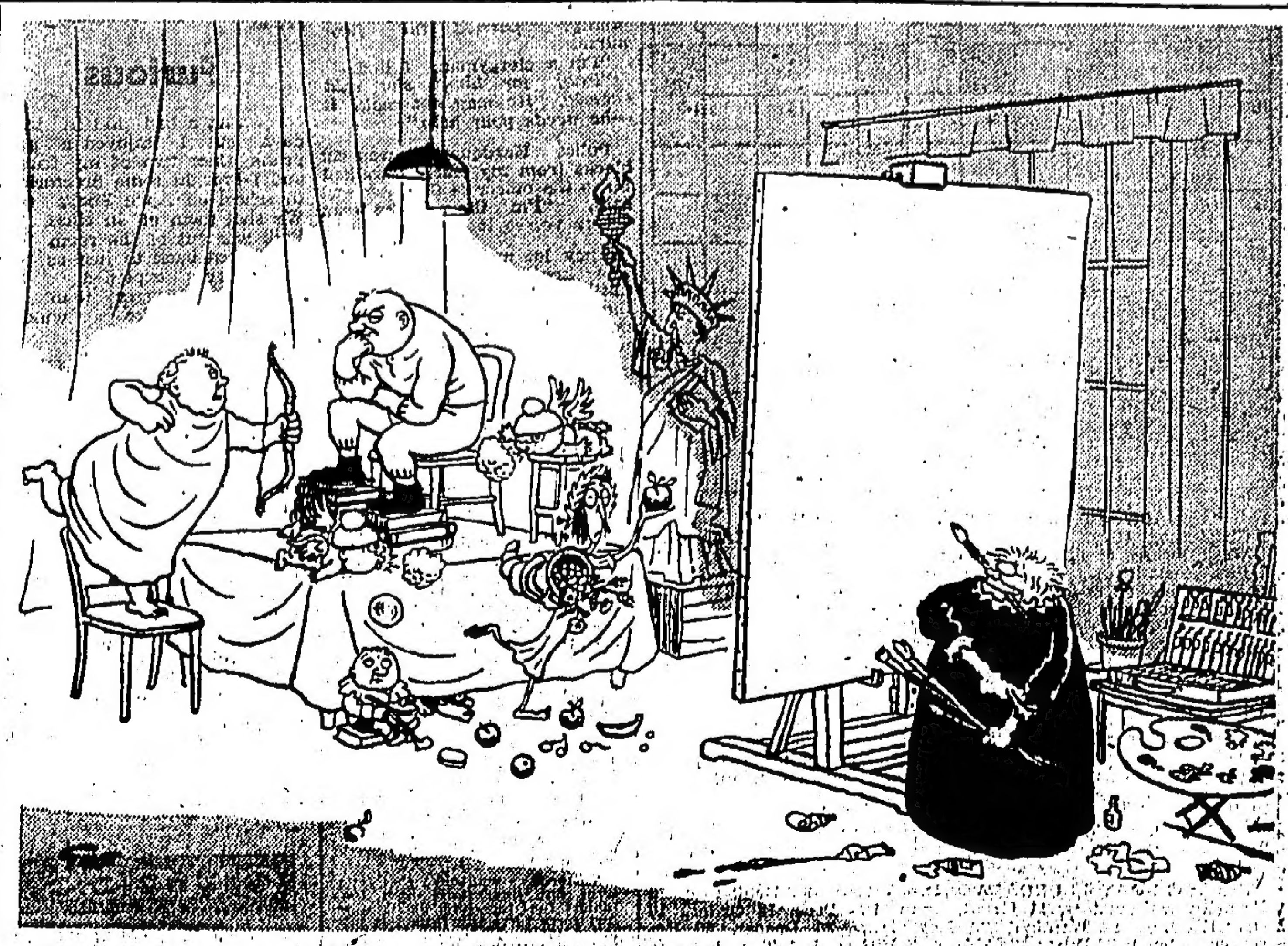
Temper was frayed on both sides of the Pacific, but San Francisco now has its koalas, some of which promptly settled down and had babies, one a pure albino.

But the thrill of koala ownership for most overseas people is confined to the toy. Nearly every ship or plane that leaves Sydney today has on board a consignment of be-ribboned koalas, many of them from the H. Morella company, of St. Peter's, a Sydney suburb.

Mr and Mrs Morella made their first toy bears in a small factory in Abercrombie-street, Sydney.

Increasing trade meant a move to larger premises in Lord-street, Newtown. For more than three years now the toys for his world trip

for his world trip



"That was a bright stroke Grandma there is a famous Grandma-artist in America who is 100 years old and didn't take up painting till she was 77."

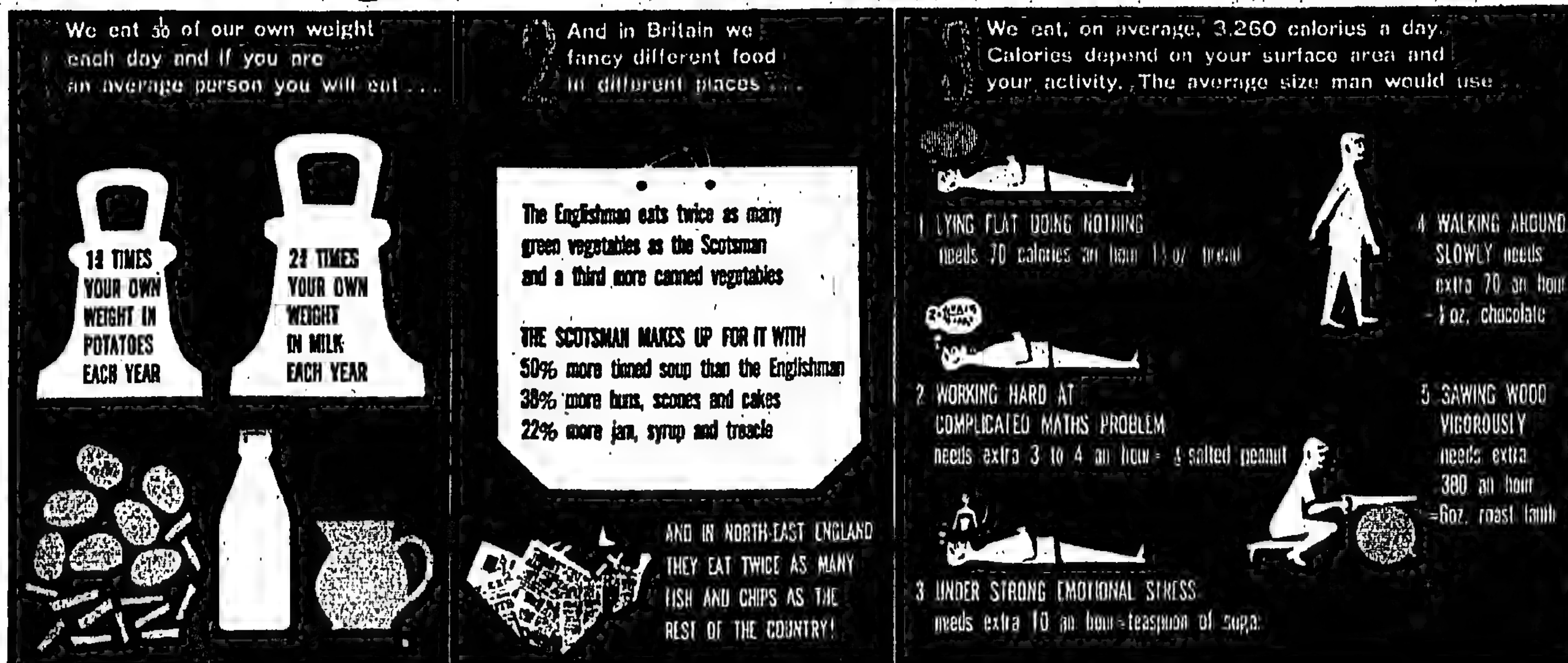
(London Express Service)

★ ★ ★

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ ★ ★

Did you know?

FACTS BY
FRANK ROYD
CHART BY
MICHAEL RANDComing up —
The Instant Dinner

IMAGINE tomorrow's dinner table. The family are all sitting down, hungry and waiting. Nothing has been cooked yet, but nobody is worried.

Suddenly Mum breezes in from the haidresser's. She takes four trays of frozen food from the deep freeze, pops them into her infra-red oven, and in a few seconds dinner is served.

This is not such a fantastic picture as it sounds. Television meals, pre-cooked and deep frozen, have been with us for some time.

Now an American company is introducing at the Food Fair a range of six frozen dinners, complete right down to the gravy, and to the pot of butter on top of the potatoes and peas. Most expensive of these new frozen meals will be the chicken dinner at 8s. 8d., most economical the macaroni cheese dinner which will only set you back 4s. 4d.

Buying time

Will complete frozen meals become popular in this country? Food distributors and scientists think they will. As one distributor put it, "With these meals, the housewife is buying leisure as well as food."

Freezing food is not the only way of cutting down the time it takes to prepare a meal. In Britain, in the last five years, more and more foods have come packed in time-saving tubes. You can now buy seven different kinds of mustard, butter,

cheese, tomato sauce, mayonnaise, condensed milk, syrup, icing sugar, chestnut puree, horseradish cream, and caviar in tubes. Tinned meat paste and olive oil are on the way.

Another development, that may be with us soon, is food packed in plastic cans. Instant coffee has cornered a vast market since it was first introduced into Britain 21 years ago, and instant tea, which made its debut last year, is edging its way up the sales graphs.

Next on the list of instant foods will probably be instant rice, which needs boiling for only one minute. You then leave it to "expand" for a further quarter of an hour.

More flavour

Another food trend which is beginning to catch on here is the addition of monosodium glutamate, a sort of super-seasoning, to almost any dish.

This substance, which you can buy in tins, brings out and strengthens the flavour of practically every type of food. New ways of treating food, new ways of packing it, different ways of flavouring it, but are there really any new foods?

Yes, indeed there are. At Reddressed, experimental scientists in Hertfordshire technology are playing around with a new (for human consumption) food which they call leaf protein, looking vaguely like pureed spinach.

Biggest market for this will probably be under-developed countries in Africa and Asia where more familiar sources of protein such as meat, milk and eggs are scarce and dear.

Anne Glidewell

P.S. TO
THIS FOOD
SURVEY...Our
idea of
a top
British
meal

Soup

COCK-A-LEEKIE.

Ingredients: 1 small boiling chicken; 1 carrot; 1 turnip; 1 onion; 1 small bunch leeks; 2oz. rice; 2 cloves; salt and pepper.

Method: Cover chicken with water in a deep pan, adding a pinch of salt. Bring to boil, remove scum, and add carrot, turnip, and peeled onion stuck with cloves. Simmer till chicken is tender, and remove outer leaves, and cut in short lengths. Strain the stock, add leeks and rice, and boil for 30 minutes, seasoning to taste. Cut half the chicken into small pieces (use the rest for another

dish), and put into the soup. Just before serving, add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley.

Main Dish

DEVON SQUAB PIE. — Ingredients: 6 neck-of-mutton chops; 6 large apples; 2 onions; ground allspice; pepper and salt; 1/4 pint of water or stock; pastry.

Method: Trim fat from the chops and arrange in alternate layers with the chopped onions and peeled sliced apples in a pie plate. Sprinkle each layer with allspice, pepper and salt. When dish is full, pour in water or stock, cover with pastry, leaving a hole in the centre of the crust. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for 15 minutes, then reduce the heat to 350° F. and continue cooking for 1 hour.

Pudding

FRIAR'S OMELETTE. — Ingredients: 6 large apples; 4oz. butter; 2oz. sugar; 4 egg yolks; 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind; pinch of nutmeg; 1 1/2 cups fresh breadcrumbs.

Method: Put the apples in a fireproof dish and bake in a moderate oven till soft. Scrape out the pulp. Cream butter and sugar, and apple pulp, lemon rind, and nutmeg, and beat in egg yolks. Butter a pie plate, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, and pour in the apple mixture. Cover with breadcrumbs, dot with butter, and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 1 1/2 hours. London Express Service.

Get the 'escape' house in shape

By ELEANOR ROSS

ACTUALLY, a summer cottage is more than a physical retreat. It's a psychological turnabout.

Away from the city, you dress more casually, move more leisurely and, to further the psychological break, your country-home decorating should be completely different from your city surroundings.

DIRECT CONTRAST

Choose decorating colours that are in direct contrast to your city decor. Furniture lines should have no resemblance to the more sophisticated town pieces. And, of course, you'll use bedspreads and fabrics that wash and drip-dry, table mats that can be sponged in a jiffy and have floors that require a minimum of upkeep.

If the budget permits, furniture in the "escape" house should be of summer-type — wood, metal, canvas, wrought-iron — rather than castoffs from the city that are reminders of the daily routine.

But if you do use city castoffs, disguise them. A thorough washing, a coating of colourful enamel and the possible addition of bright cushions, can work magic.

MAY NEED REPAIRS

If the furniture is not in too good shape, you may have to do some sanding and repainting of holes and cracks before you apply the new colour. Use spackle to fill in holes. Cracks in wooden furniture are then sand even and discoloured. If you choose new unfinished wooden furniture from the wide selection available in the stores, you can apply a clear varnish or opaque enamel.

Or you can give these pieces a rustic look by applying a stain. Your paint dealer will advise you as to the right type of stain to use for the desired effect and for the type of wood from which the furniture is made.

Tough, durable enamels, in a wide range of colours, are now available in aerosol spray cans. Clear finishes — ideal for use on rattan or wicker — also come in these containers.

Metal furniture requires special attention if rust is in evidence. Awnings, canvas chairs and sun decks can be brightened with colour, using special canvas paints.

Painting stripes is fun and easy, too, if masking tape is used for obtaining straight lines.

EASY TO APPLY

To paint the interior walls of your summer place, there are two types of paint that are easy to use, dry fast and are odourless.

If you are the proud possessor of a nice, well-furnished summer home, with its own swimming pool, keep it in tip-top condition with special coatings devised for this purpose.

There are also special paints that glow at night. Touches of luminescent paint on chairs left on the lawn, on back steps, and in other night hazard spots can protect the family from bruises or even serious accidents.

Using a bright-based enamel to indicate danger spots on the moving parts of power mowers or power saws is an excellent idea, too, especially if children in the household are at the inquisitive stage.

COTTON "THROWS"

Special summer slip covers help give rooms a cool look. Use cotton "throws" that need no special tailoring to fit the furniture yet still manage to look handsome.

MANY SIZES

"Throws" come ready-made in a variety of sizes to cover large or small armchairs, sofas or love-seats. They are made of materials which are colourful, inexpensive and washable, just as all summer fabrics for the home should be. Just tuck them in around the seat cushions and allow them to fall loosely to the floor.

These new, chemise-style slip covers are a typical way of summerising a home, and a very practical idea it is, too. Because of their no-shape squeakers, they fit furniture of all shapes and sizes. Come autumn they pack away compactly and neatly.

LADY LUCK
YOUR CHINA MAIL HOROSCOPE

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19): Your present standard of work is making a very good impression on your superior, and he will soon forget your recent lapse of efficiency.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): A person on whose co-operation you have been counting may let you down, and you will be compelled to act on your own.

ARIES (March 21-April 19): It would be advisable to obtain full details about someone you met recently before you commit yourself to any business dealings with him.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): A commercial transaction should turn out much more profitably than you had hoped.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): A new contact may be of considerable assistance to you in enlarging the sphere of your activities.

CANCER (June 22-July 21): Before you can expect the kind of help you want from a friend, you will have to be frank with him and put him completely in the picture.

LEO (July 22-August 21): A rather hectic weekend

will not enable you to pay the visit you had planned, but you will find it unusually stimulating.

VIRGO (August 22-September 22): You may be entrusted with some highly confidential work, and you will be fully able to justify the confidence placed in you.

L. I. B. R. A. (September 23-October 22): A partnership may need readjusting in order for you to be able to achieve success.

S. C. O. R. P. I. O. (October 23-November 21): The journey you are contemplating will turn out very well, providing you don't slip up on any details.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21): A person born under Virgo will prove rather difficult for you to handle, and you should avoid too intimate a relationship.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20): You will have to improvise arrangements for an unexpected visit from two friends living abroad.

LUCKY ENCOUNTER: If today is your birthday, a meeting with a woman named CAROL may have some special significance.

MONDAY
ONE DAY ONLY

19th SEPTEMBER

LADIES
SALE

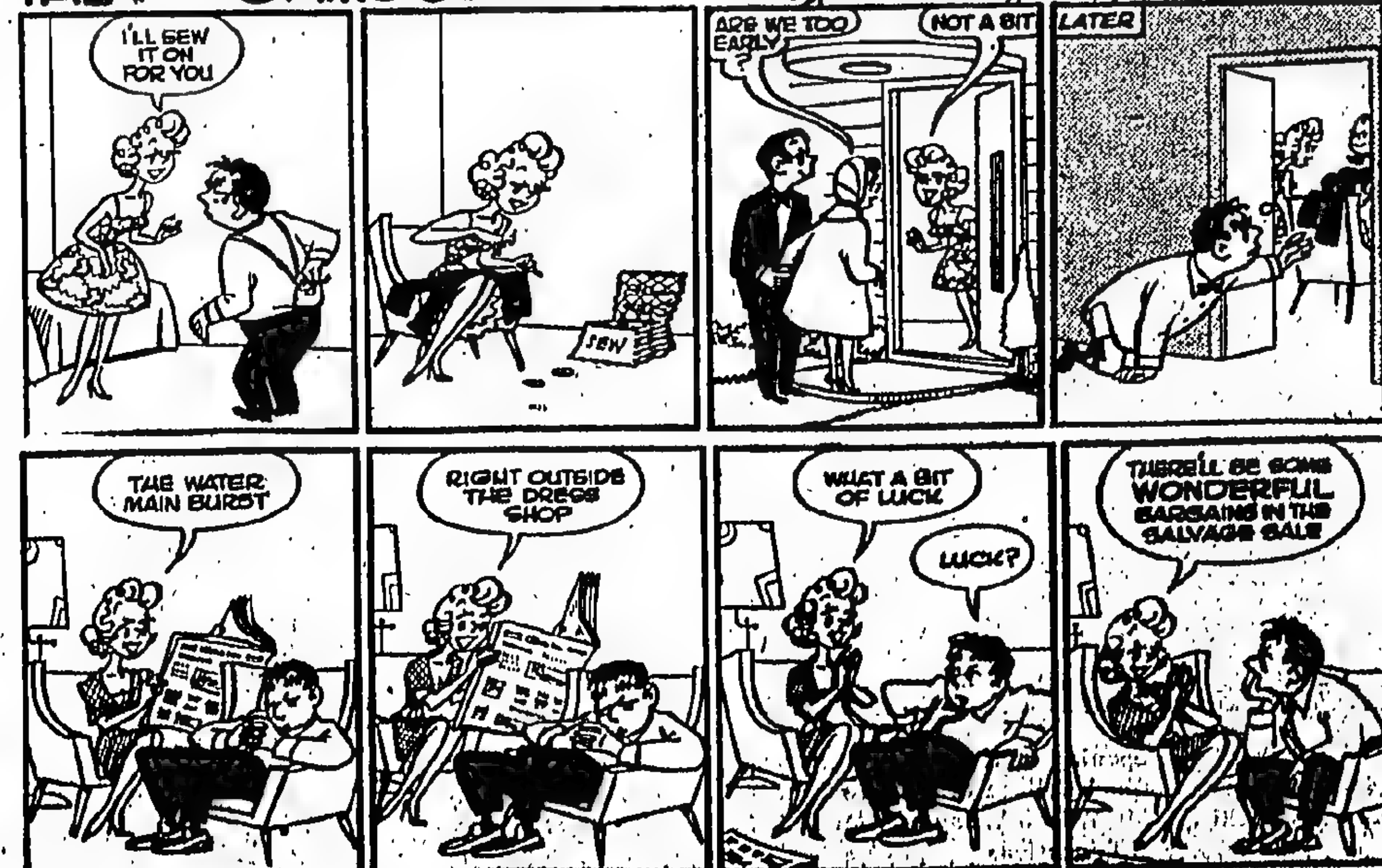
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LEFT: Two of the destitute women who were given rice and clothing at a distribution held at the Hindu Temple, Happy Valley, this week.



ABOVE: Pictured at the farewell dinner for Mr. C. W. Sargison at the Golden City Restaurant this week were (l-r) Mr. L. K. Leung, Mr. P. S. Choy, Mr. W. H. Ng, Mr. Sargison, Mr. William Choy and Mr. Choy Bun.



ABOVE: Richard Agon (fourth from left), son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Agon, left for Loyola College, Montreal, recently to further his studies. Seen at the airport (l-r) were Mr. and Mrs. J. Agon, Mr. C.M. Agon, Mr. Richard Agon and Mr. and Mrs. F.M. Agon.

BELOW: Sir Sik-nin Chau and Lady Chau this week returned from a tour of the United States and Japan following Sir Sik-nin's investiture by the Queen recently. They are seen at right with some of those who met them at the airport.



ABOVE: Seen at the Imperial Import and Export Company dinner at the Sun Ya Hotel recently were (l-r) Mr. M. Woo, Miss. Eva Choy, Mr. A. N. Moorjani, Mr. H. S. Moorjani and Mr. Chung Lun.

RIGHT: Mr. Wan lu-sing explains his department's part in the forthcoming census of Hongkong to local newsmen at a Press conference held at the Census Department's Offices, Golden Court, this week.



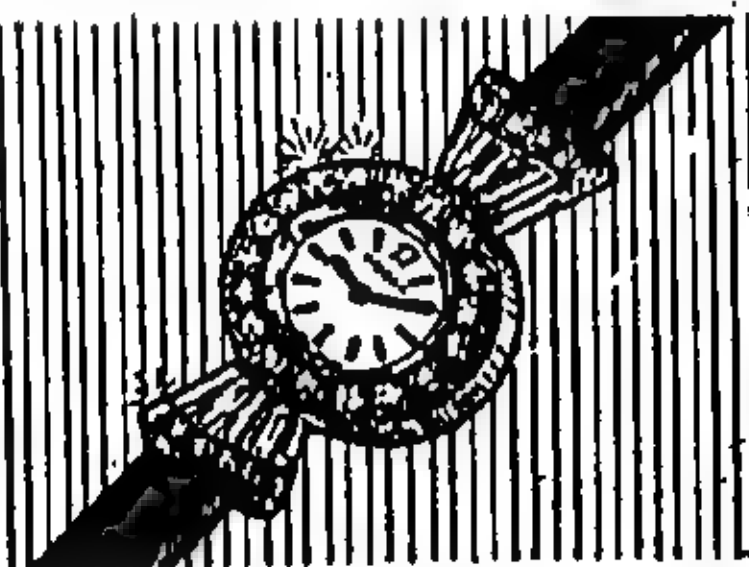
RIGHT: Glamorous film star Diana Chang Chung-wen seen at the Lions' dinner at the Sun Ya Hotel recently when she was the guest speaker. At her side is Mr. C. K. Chang.

LEFT: Sir Robert Black, the Governor, and his daughter, Miss Kathryn Black, visited the Saiying-pun Polyclinic at Queen's-road West this week. Pictured (l-r) are Dr T. E. Yeoh, Dr. P. F. Tang, Sir Robert, Miss Black and Miss M. Grant.



Ω OMEGA

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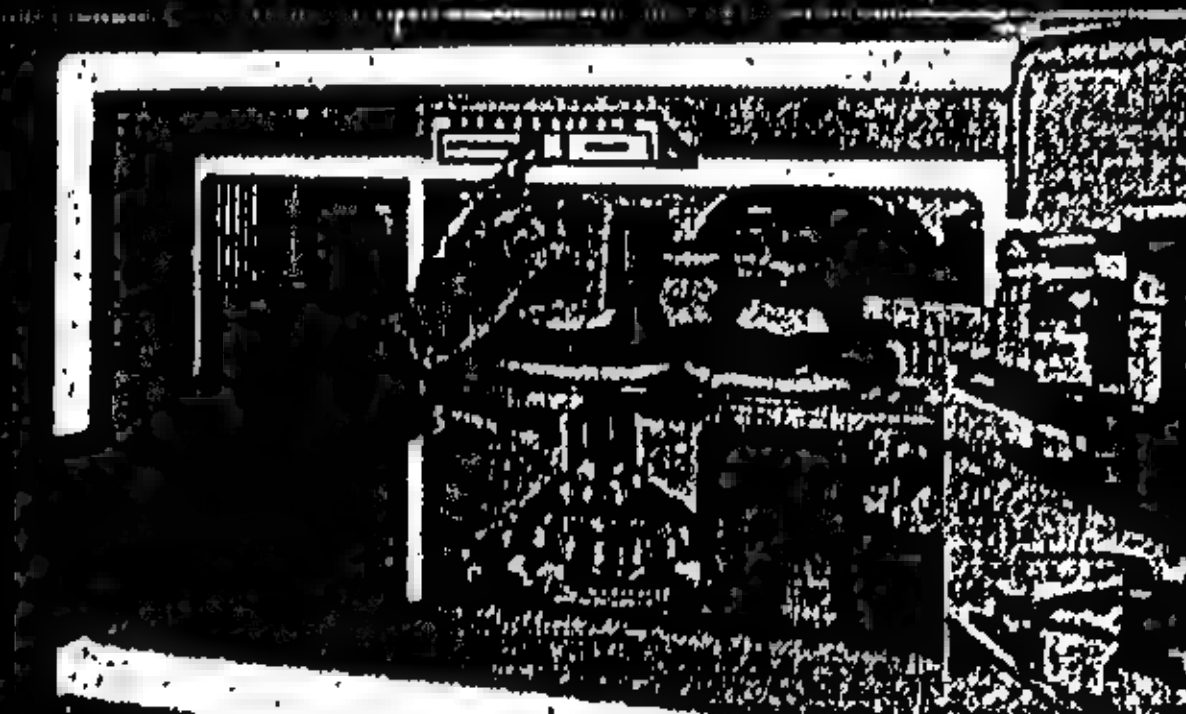


ABOVE: Mr. S. E. Faber laying a wreath at Sai Wan Cemetery during the "Battle of Britain" week.



ABOVE: Seen at the opening of the Kowloon branch school of the New Method College at Prince Edward-road last week (l-r) Mr. Wilson Wang and Mr. D.J.S. Crozier, the Director of Education.

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GILMAN'S Gloucester Arcade Showroom

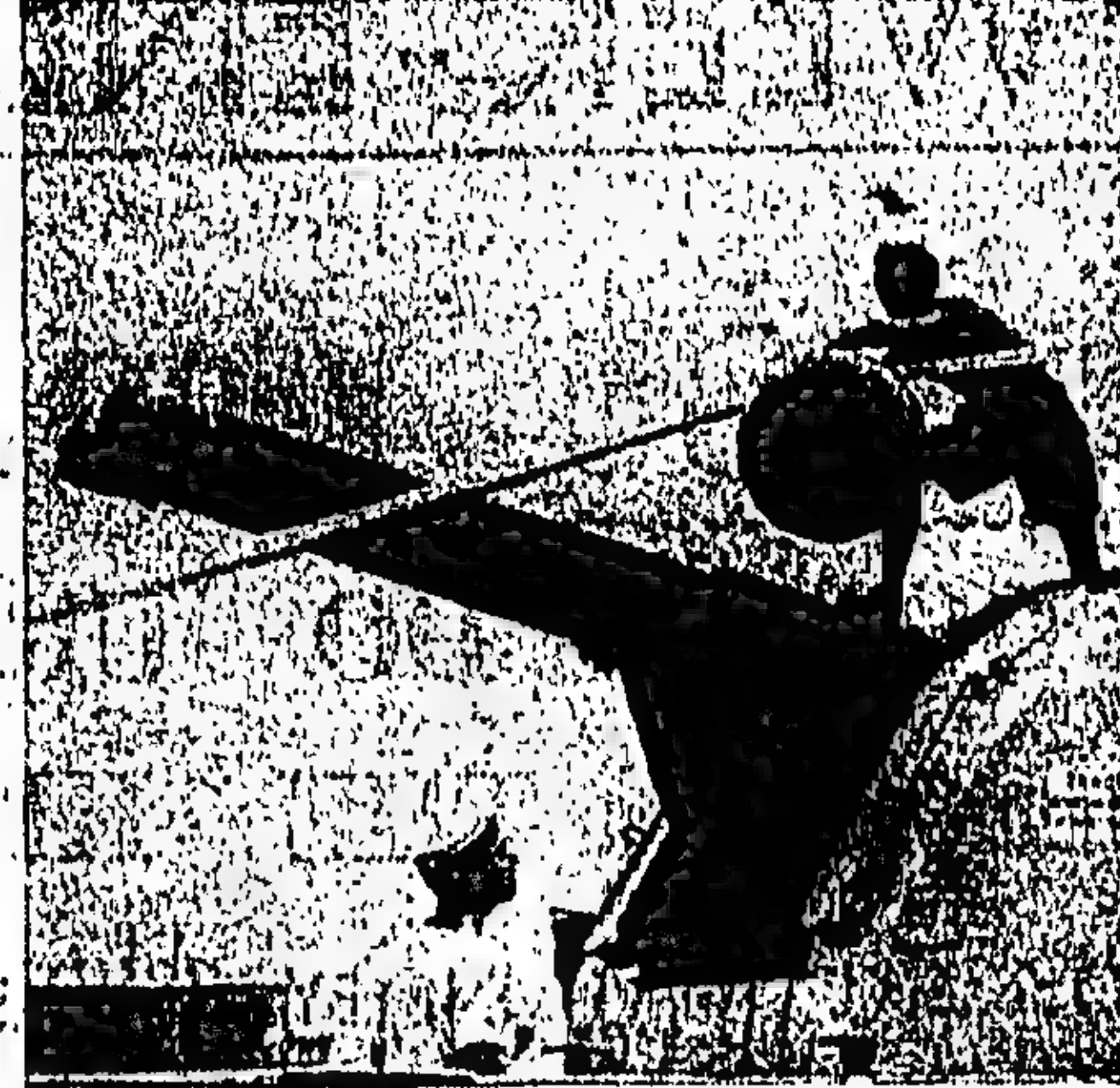
PHILCO - Coming to Quality and Value



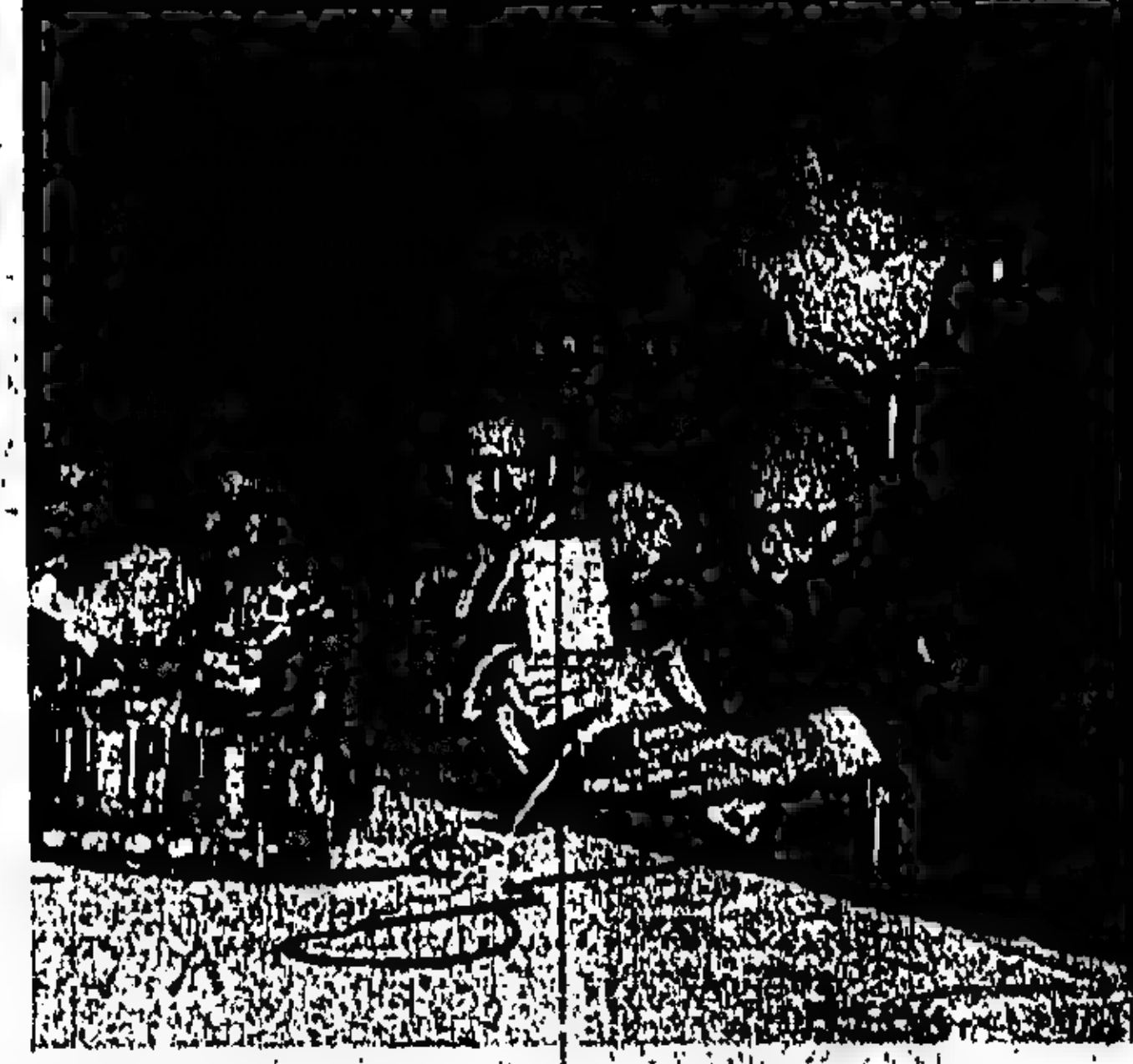
ABOVE: Members of the Fire Brigade helping with excavation work shortly after the landslide at Shaokwan following last week's torrential rains.



ABOVE: One of the first aid teams of the St John's Ambulance Brigade in action during the first-aid competition for the Turner Shield held at the Brigade's headquarters recently.



ABOVE: Flying her paying off pennant, the frigate HMS Crane left for Singapore on completion of 18 months' tour of duty in Far Eastern waters. Pictured is the pennant being adjusted.



ABOVE: At the monthly meeting held by the Hong-kong Photographic Society recently, a souvenir ivory lamp was presented to Mr. A. Bates, past President of the Society, who was returning to the U.K. on retirement. Mr. Li Fook-hing is seen making the presentation.



ABOVE: Soon at the cocktails for Mr Glenn E. Wallichs at Maxims (l-r)—Miss Grace Chang, Miss Marian Wang, Mr Wallichs and Mr T. K. Whang.



ABOVE: At the reception held on board the Netherlands warship Limburg last week were (l-r) Commander T. C. Meyrick, Commander V. R. Y. Winkelman, Mrs H. C. Schoch and Dr H. C. Schoch.



ABOVE: Soon at the opening of the Alhambra Restaurant and Nightclub recently (l-r) Mr F. F. Ho, Sir Tsun-nin Chau, Miss Fung Po-po and Mr Sun Ma Si-chun.



LEFT: Pretty Miss Loung Kit performing a Chinese dance during the hair-styling exhibition and display of dancing at the King's Theatre recently.

ABOVE: Mr Norman Robin Swain and his bride, the former Miss M. Wilson, seen after their wedding at St Andrew's Church last week.

RIGHT: A demonstration of yoga seen during the Divine Life Society's anniversary celebrations at Queen's College recently.



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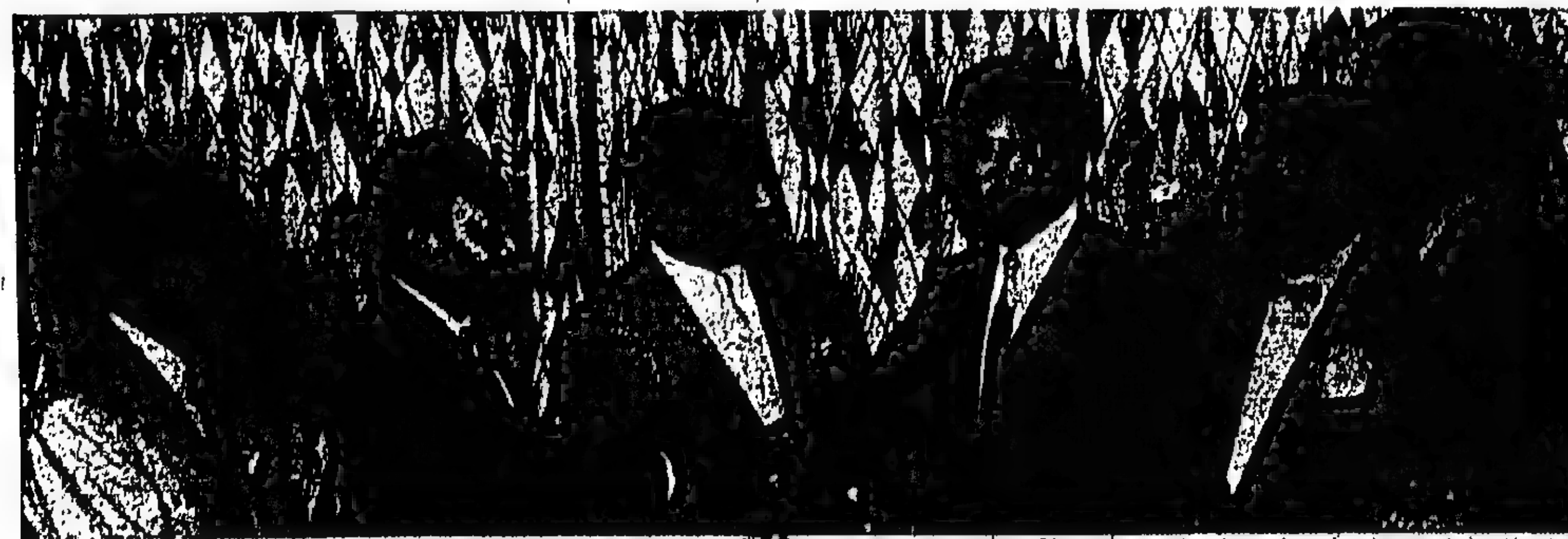
SEOUL

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CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS



ABOVE: Pictured at the Queen Elizabeth's School Old Students' Association reunion party last week were (l-r) Messrs Y.K. Tin, C.L. Ho, C.N. Ho, S.C. Cheong and H.B. Kwon.

LEFT: Pictured at the Queen Elizabeth's School Old Students' Association reunion party last week were (l-r) Messrs Y.K. Tin, C.L. Ho, C.N. Ho, S.C. Cheong and H.B. Kwon.

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Hosted by **LEE Y. HING**

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Make up your mind—as I did—to change to Tampax! Proved by millions to be the better way—the modern way! Available at chemists, and stores everywhere. In two absorbencies—Regular and Super—to meet your personal needs.



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WEEK-END WOMANS ENSE

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Tastiest Year of your life

MAYBE...BUT I DO URGE THIS:

NO MEN IN THE KITCHEN!

A CONTROVERSIAL VIEWPOINT BY SHIRLEY LOWE

ALTHOUGH there is some doubt about where a woman's place is these days, there is no doubt at all where a man's place is. It is in the kitchen.

Lured, cajoled, and bullied into it by their wives, more and more men are discovering the delights of home cooking for themselves, and we women have no one but ourselves to blame when the whole manoeuvre turns out to be a horrible mistake.

ENTICED

THE initial enticement was the gadget, in which every modern home abounds. No where else in the house is there such a delicious array of tools and machines to press and grind and take to pieces and put together again.

Unless he has a full-scale workshop, the only place a

mechanically minded man can play at peace is in the kitchen. Women foolishly welcomed the intrusion. At first it is pleasant to have someone else cook the meals. Very soon, however, it becomes obvious to the laziest, silliest woman that the whole thing is more trouble than it is worth.

DELIGHT

TO be completely conventional I don't think men look right in a kitchen. In spite of all those photographs of smart young men, in smart new kitchens, in smart modern magazines, I just cannot find a man attractive in a butcher's apron or amusing in one with funny verses on it.

I do not admire a man who can whip up a soufflé or manage a paella. I would prefer him, uncooked, in the sitting-room, mixing good strong drinks, and falling back in delight at my cleverness with the cooking.

To be completely practical men are not right in a kitchen, and the chef manqué is the least right of all.

He never cooks simple things like roast lamb or mashed potatoes. Everything he tackles is complex and Continental, and needs a dedicated assistant to cut up the chicken livers, pimientos and asparagus into one-inch squares, and wipe the tomato sauce off the floor.

He mixes ingredients audaciously and, often, unfortunately. He demands an appreciative eater, and a lot of money, since every meal he makes costs as much as dinner at the best restaurant in town.

The bachelor cook is much admired and pitied. I think we waste our emotions. Any man who asks a girl out to dinner, and then takes her back to his flat to cook for her, is not immoral but mean. Mean with his money and his company.

BALANCE

IT upsets the whole balance of a romance if a girl finds herself sitting alone in the sitting-room, while the man whose eyes she should have been looking into across a candle-lit table is in another room focusing on a fondue.

The I-know-what-I-like-and-it's-not-what-you're-cooking amateur is the most common kind of kitchen intruder. He is for ever sniffing and tasting, and adding another pinch of paprika to the goulash.

He turns the oven down because he thinks he smells burning, switches the mixer on to make a mayonnaise with the egg you were keeping for baby's breakfast, and knows far too much about vitamins, proteins, and what causes thrombosis.

He is the man you see in the bargain basements watching those slick demonstrations. He brings home all the gadgets he sees and he expects his wife to use them. And wash them up afterwards.

THE CAD

MANY women still consider that these men make better husbands than the cad who would not be seen dead in the kitchen except to undertake some manly job like untopping the sink.

I would take the cad any time, for once you have let a man in the kitchen the mystique of the well-cooked meal goes out. It is no good acting as though cooking is a feat of vivid imagination, perfected only by



London Express Service

The real folly of extremes in following the fashion

By JEANNE D'ARCY

WE'VE all seen the vamp and the flapper of the 1920's and the "little-girl look" of the 1930's in cartoon and picture books. That's where they belong, but now they're making in-person appearances.

It's the new fashions and, as usual, a few misguided women are going to extremes in following them! Results, if they only take a good look in the mirror, are hilarious!

1960 flapper

Let's consider the 1960 flapper first. She's wearing a new-look sack. That's what the stores are showing, so we've no complaint here. BUT here is the shortest (knee-length). It has a pleated skirt and looks old as Mother's teen-age snapshot. If it weren't summer, she'd be wearing a raccoon coat, too.

As it is, she completes the outfit with long strands of beads—not two or three—but six or seven, all of them drooping to waistlength. The wonder is she can stand up straight—or at all.

Her hair is mad—a wild and wide short scramble atop her head that overflows a head-scratching band. Nine times out of ten, she has a full face that needs a sleek coiffure and never, in her right mind, should wear a band that cuts facial length. She's caricature!

Short-skirted vamp

So is the vamp! Her skirts are short, shorter, shortest. Her dress has bathing-suit straps and may even be perched—wink up in a fringed skirt! Her posture's been altered for the outfit. She floats about like an S-curve, stomach and chest

rounded out, her back a hollow. Really weird!

Of course she's taken to a cigarette holder. It's not a practical one, designed to filter the smoke, but a mile-and-a-half-long job she considers the hallmark of sophistication.

Little girl of 40

Worst of all is the woman who's adopted the "little girl look." If she's past her early 20's—and she's usually closer to 40—it's a catastrophe. No matter how youthful her figure and appearance, with rare exception this is a fashion for teenagers and a few slim, trim girls in their early twenties. Even then, it can be too cute and too precious!

The "little-girl look" is characterized by several styles which were worn by real little girls at the century's turn: the hip-length middie blouse with pleated skirt; the sailor suit, again with a hip-length blouse; the dress with rounded collar and enormous neckline bow.

These fashions are becoming to teens if they stop there. But not young beauties and, worse yet, older ones, top them off with roll-brim hats complete with long streamers. They wear shoes with ribbon bows across the instep.

It's too much. A big girl can't look like a little one and shouldn't try.

Follow the fashions, but in moderation. Don't be a caricature!

There will be no more compliments for you, instead, of "What a delicious dinner, darling!" it will be: "Where did this come from? Mrs Beeton or Family Doctor?"

You will have to get hold of a good builder, and carpenter and electrician, and plumber, too, for, when the man of the house is busy washing up in the kitchen, he can hardly be expected to mend the leaky pipe in the bathroom, or knock up a shelf in the sitting-room, or mend the smashed window-pane in the nursery.

With all the kitchen chores to do, any man is justified in telling his wife to go and mend her own fuse.

And, before we know where we are, a woman's work never will be done.

Consider the new hair styles



high...



wide...



tapered...



trim...

...and each has a neat, sleek, close-cut nape

JACOBY on BRIDGE

ONE of the latest books on bridge is by two Hungarian experts who study play of 67 interesting hands with only two hands shown in each. If the problem is for declarer, his hand and dummy appear and you are supposed to figure out the correct play.

This week's articles will be about hands from the book and if you want to get the greatest enjoyment from them look at declarer and dummy only.

You have to knock out two aces and you want to go after

NORTH (D)		1
♠KJ2	♥A63	
♦Q7	♣A1076	
WEST		EAST
♠None	♥A97654	
♦J9854	♥K102	
♠A1093	♦52	
♠Q84	♠32	
SOUTH		
♠Q1083	♥Q7	
♦K7	♠K36	
♠K53		
North and South vulnerable		
North East South West	1♠ 1♠ 2NT Pass	
3NT Pass Pass Pass		
Opening lead—♥5		

the right one first. Obviously, you want to knock out West's ace if he has one. The East hand presents no danger because West has the heart suit.

You simply remember that East overcalled with one spade. He might have done so with a five-card suit to the nine, but it is far, far more likely that he holds the spade ace so you start by leading a diamond toward dummy's queen, and returning the suit if the queen holds. Incidentally, if you are allowed to hold two diamond tricks you should go after the spades because three made tricks plus two in each other suit will give you your contract.

CARD Sense

Q—The bidding has been:

South West North East

♠A K J 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

♥A 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

♦A 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

♠A 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

What do you do?

A—Bid one club unless you are playing the strong bid system. This bid will be described in next week's articles.

TODAY'S QUESTION

You do open one club. Your partner responds one diamond. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday

SATURDAY MAGAZINE

JAK and GEORGE see the other side of Rome

So hard to find an Italian, but we did meet Lollo

Rome. IF you drink a barrel of *zuppa de facoli a la Francovitch*, follow with platters of *ruspante torturato ar girarotto*, and wash the lot down with a bottle or so of *Biancolella* alongside a hurdy-gurdy in the middle of the street in the middle of the night, then you are entitled to accept it as perfectly normal when this Sicilian cowboy comes riding up on a white horse and six Neapolitan fishermen start playing tambourines in your left ear.

Which only goes to show what can happen when a couple of simple London lads like Jak and me get caught up in La Dolce Vita of Rome instead of paying more attention to the Olympic Games at the other end of town.

Ejected

No matter. Nero burned it down so Jak and I decided to burn it up, and I only wish I could give you complete chapter and verse on the configuration. Unfortunately, the lawyers have advised discretion and the ladies have told us to keep our big bums shut.

However, we can clear up one or two minor misconceptions about this birthplace of modern democracy, and the first is the idea that Rome belongs to the Romans. If one may judge from the joints from which Jak and I have been ejected these last few nights, the Yanks have now taken over where the Carthaginians left off.

Even the English, cunning as ever, are getting their share of the tourist loot.

Blimey!

Jak, the master linguist, who knows everyone in town, insisted that we begin our orgy by visiting the bar belonging to someone he called Signor Caroli, whom he knew intimately, and whose volatile Italian temperament would give me a real understanding of the national character.



The English move in on the loot

So we directed our *carrozza* to the Colony Bar in the Via Austria this humid summer night, and there, sure enough, we were received by mine host in the traditional Italian manner. "Blimey, look what's turned up!" said the dark little man with a sun-tan smile. "Bob's your uncle!" riposted swift as a rapier.

Next call

And for the next half-hour or so I settled down for a cosy chat about the good old days with Dave Crowley, ex-lightweight champion of Britain.

Being all right, is our Dave. Acting with Peter Ustinov in the movies, running his bar, falling off a horse, branding his thumb on a motor scooter, getting a punch in the eye by a 14-year-old boxing pupil named Angelino, and generally having fun.

Fighting Dave Crowley's 370 battles over again was

thirsty work, of course, which may explain a slight feeling of unreality about our next port of call, which was at the famous "Da Meo Palazzo" restaurant, way out in the cobbled streets of the Trastevere quarter.

Imagine an Italian carnival lit by monster coloured candles on a bomb site in Stepney. Soused with Chianti, decorous with Tuscan steaks and Tyrrhenian slimmers, and set the whole shindig alight with roisterous music.

There are fairy lights, giant balloons, wandering minstrels, a photographer with a falcon on his shoulder, waiters in pink aprons, scarlet bibs for the customers, menus a yard long, Sicilian cowhands, Neapolitan fishermen, comic opera chortle-boys, earthenware platters, wine by the bucketful, and a leather-lunged tenor singing of his love-life from a first-floor balcony.

Only a lusty, warm-blooded Italian could lay on such a festa said happy, jolly laughing, devil-may-care Jak after his fourth

flagon and his third rendering of Come Back to Sorrento.

At which moment the lusty, warm-blooded Italian introduced himself. He is Revington Olmsted, an American actor—and about as Italian as a hamburger.

Big news

And now for our big news of the week. We, Jak and I, have actually seen and said hello to Ginn Lollubrigida! Boy, we got around.

There she was, our Lollo, really present, in person, her very own self, in the flesh, right up close to us and a plateful of Pukistan curry on the ivy-wind balcony at George's, which is where the Roman aristocracy goes when it wishes to pay through its elegant nose for putting exotic foodstuffs into its elegant face.

As an enterprising reporter, I suppose I should have asked Lollo about the world situation or something, but I fear the lady's arrival coincided with one of our less exuberant moments. We were looking at the bill.

However, the proprietor was very decent about it, especially when we told him that only an Italian with a soul could have prepared such heavenly scampers as produced such ambrosial vignettes from the sun-washed slopes of his native land.

At which Signor George twirled his cavalry moustache, caressed his red carnation, and semaphored two gold teeth with the information that his name was Vernon Jaratt and he preferred cash.

No end

Discreet, nostalgic music offered balm to our tortured wallets, a fountain tinkled resplendently, with the soft Roman breeze descending light as thistledown on the lamb outlets, we heard the poignant story of this simple Englishman in an alien land.

As an ex-soldier who for three years served his country as a firm attache in the British Embassy here, Vernon Jaratt faces the future bravely. And so would you if you learned to cook with a stewpot in Soho and now were running the ritziest restaurant in Rome.

"How I remember those days, and that stew," murmured Mr Jaratt. "It had no beginning and no end—until one day we found a missing front-door key at the bottom of the pot!"

Mr Jaratt then excused himself to welcome an American lady in a 22-carat gold lame coat.

Jak and I also excused ourselves. For the rest of the trip we are dining down the road at Giusseppe's place, where the pasta asciutta works out at a shilling a plate. Genuine Italian.

George Whiting

(London Express Service).

• BY • THE • WAY •

by Beachcomber

THE downward trend is, in a sense, significant as being evidence that, on a long view, the upward trend was a more or less temporary, and, in some respects, only partial readjustment, such as takes place normally when the economic equilibrium finds, as it were, its own level.

That, of course, does not necessarily imply that there will not be further readjustments in accordance with existing circumstances, viewed from whatever angle, and taking into consideration the conditions obtaining at any given time.

Hair apparent

Her long hair, arranged high on her head, adds to her height. (Gossip column.)

FANCY that, as the man said when he handed a hump-backed pigeon to a pigeon-fancier. The wretched bird dare not dismount for fear of being cut out of her will. "Who is that tall fellow on your head, dear?" "My nephew, who will inherit the Hall."

Risole Mio

NOT since the day when a traveller in biscuits stole a kiss from a teacher of dancing in the lee of the umbrella-stand in the hall, has Mrs McGurgle's establishment known such

exotic gaiety. Miss Hopercraft avers that Mr Relf tweaked her ear as he passed her on the stairs. Said Mrs McGurgle: "Your day trip to Boulogne appears to have gone to your head, and somewhat unsettled you. The heady wine of travel is for stronger characters. And pray replace the photograph of Iford over your bed, and remove that gaudy posieard of a Gallic fan faytari."

Reaching disagreement

"ANOTHER month has gone," said the thin man at the bar gloomily. "Too true," replied the fat man. "And yet another begins tomorrow." "One after another," "One before another, you mean." "Well, before and after," "Yes, but not the same month." "Naturally not. Two different ones. One before and one after, and so on." "Ad infinitum." "What?" "Ad infinitum." "Oh." "I'll be all the name in a hundred years." "How do you know?" "I don't." "Oh."

For a wet day

A CORRESPONDENT asks me for a riddle to ask at a party. Here is an old chestnut which is always new to someone. Why are Marlene Dietrich and Bernard Shaw so alike? Because they both have long, white beards. Except Marlene Dietrich. (London Express Service).

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"Somehow I don't understand what his purpose is."

(London Express Service).

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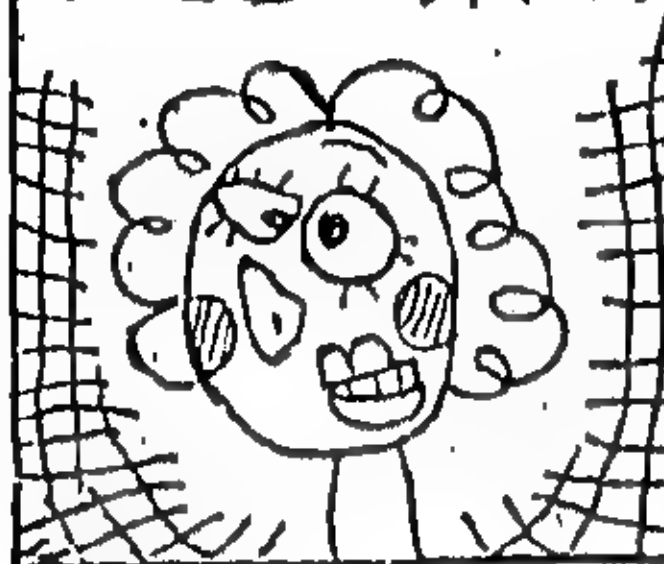
JACKY'S DIARY

BY JACKY MENDELSON
Age 32½

YESTERDAY I WENT TO THE MOVIES & SEEN A MURDER MYSTERY.



Then came the Heroine of the picture, who as you can see was real Beauty full.



That's why she was A-frayed, on a count of the Strankled people who were pretty. Especially Ladies.

Pretty soon the Hero came & fell in love with the Heroine, so they started in kissing.



It was all about how some body Strankled this Here Lady, only No body knows who done it.



The Reason you didn't know is because they just showed the back of his face.



So then the Police Men couldn't catch him & so Every body was SCARRED they would be the Necks Victim.



But then came the Good Part when he started into chase her on a count of he was the Strankler! all the time.



BAM! BAM!

Only Oliver sudden the Police Man came & shot him, & so he died from Trigger Mortis.



Like you can see it wasn't a very Good Movie, so I only stayed to watch it 2 more times.
Yr. Friend,
Jacky.

TALKING POINTS

A man's accusations of himself are always believed, his praises never.
—MONTAIGNE.

★ ★ ★
Riches serve wise men, but command a fool.
—PIERRE CHARRON.

★ ★ ★
Better a dish of illusion and a hearty appetite for life than a feast of reality and indigestion.
—H. A. OVERSTREET.

With this killer on the way, I wouldn't worry too much about Skybolt

By HUGH DUNDAS

UNDOUBTEDLY the feature of last week's Farnborough air display has been as forecast—a behind the scenes controversy about the Douglas Skybolt and the Avro Blue Steel, the new air-launched guided missiles on which Britain's nuclear deterrent will depend during the current decade.

Secretary of the U.S. Air Force Dudley Sharp has insisted that there are no delays in the Skybolt programme. Defence Minister Harold Wilson is extremely annoyed by reports that the programme is behind schedule. Independent observers from Washington continue to insist there is cause for alarm. Meanwhile, as production of the Mark I Blue Steel gets under way work is building up on research and development of an extended and improved version of the weapon. The possibility of a debacle in the Skybolt programme is definitely being taken into account in the plans for developing Blue Steel, which could, if necessary, move forward into a third phase.

Ill founded

In all the speculation and conflicting reports which have arisen in connection with Skybolt, one important factor has been overlooked. It concerns the rival merits of the two types of weapons.

It has rather naturally been assumed that Skybolt as a ballistic missile which will rise to enormous altitudes and travel at several thousand miles an hour is by definition less vulnerable than the Blue Steel stand-off bomb, which is basically no more than a very advanced form of pilotless aircraft.

But this assumption may be ill founded. It is possible for a defence system to calculate exactly by means of computers the flight path of a ballistic missile, which cannot be radically altered once the missile is on its way.

In a few years' time, perhaps by the mid-sixties, it will probably be possible to send up anti-missile missiles on an exactly reciprocal course with

a reasonable chance of bringing about an interception. But in the case of attack by a stand-off bomb type of missile the defence has presently no means of calculating either its pre-determined course or its eventual target. The bomb may be made to change direction at intervals on the way to its target.

Not certain

It may fly past a given target area, but the defenders on the ground cannot say to themselves with any certainty that they have seen the last of it, for it may turn round and come back at them.

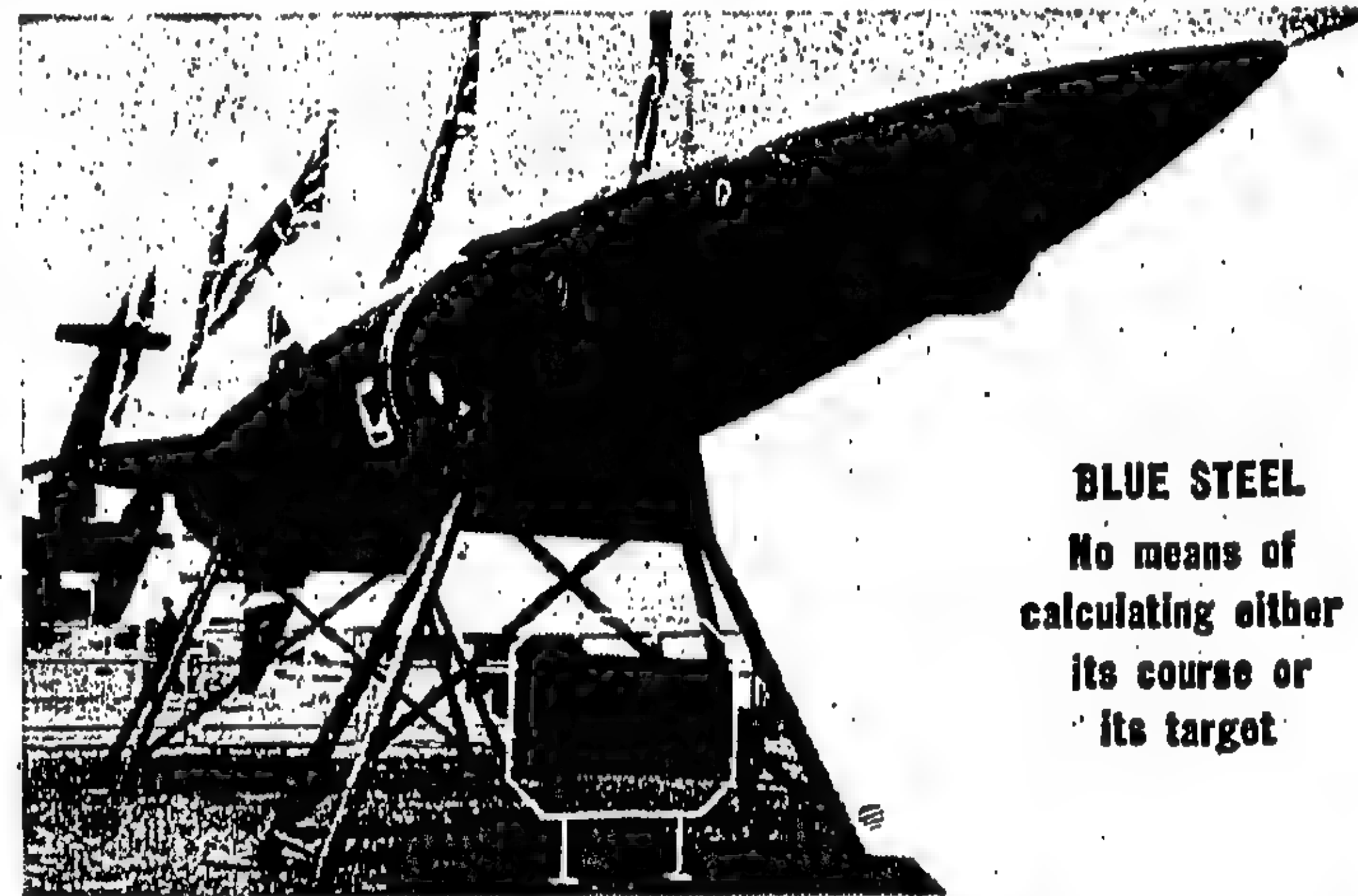
And the best computer in the world cannot work out from the flight path of the bomb after it is launched how great a distance it is going to travel.

That is the difference, in the case of a ballistic missile the men on the ground at the receiving end know just where it is going and what path it will fly. In the case of a stand-off bomb, this vital information is a secret shared only by the brain in the weapon itself and the man who whispers its orders.

Obviously here are potent advantages for the attacker in the stand-off bomb type of weapon. There are strong arguments for suggesting that a number of such weapons flying about in all directions would disrupt and confuse an enemy's defence system to a greater degree than could be achieved by a similar number of ballistic missiles.

Skybolt is an extremely desirable and potentially effective weapon. But I do suggest that it would not necessarily be so much better than the Blue Steel—particularly an advanced and developed form of Blue Steel—as most people have assumed.

And I suggest also that the fog of conjecture and rumour which has surrounded the



BLUE STEEL
No means of calculating either its course or its target

Skybolt project has clouded people's thinking about Blue Steel—which has come to be regarded as at the best an interim and at the worst is a second best substitute weapon.

Magnificent

It is to be hoped that Secretary Sharp's reassurances about Skybolt are well founded and that Defence Minister Wilson's confidence is justified. For no one should deny that it is a magnificent conception, which will lend great weight to

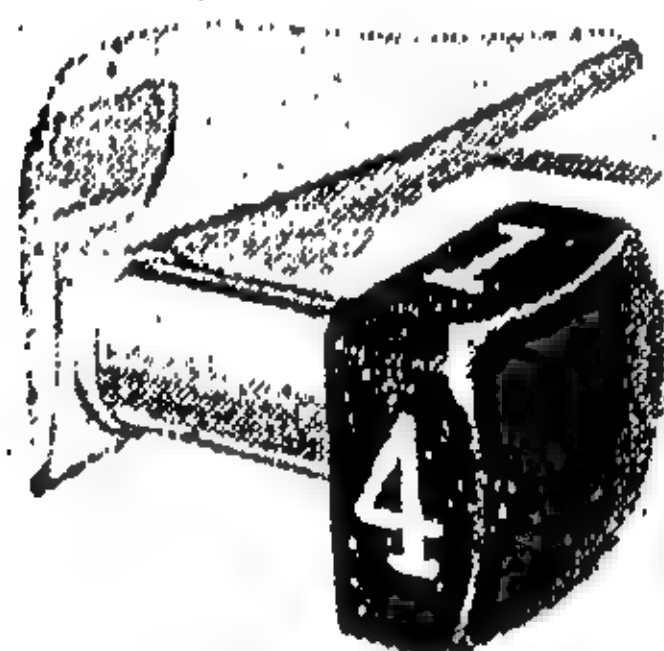
Anglo-American air power if and when it comes to fruition. If the defence budget will stretch to the expenditure of £20 or £30 million on a pile of Skybolts by all means let us lay in a pile and be grateful. But in the meantime the programme for developing our own Avro Blue Steel should be still further accelerated. The newly expanded Hawker Siddeley group, of which Avro is a part, has the will and the ability to do the job.

Following the recent mergers within the aircraft industry, there is now combined within

the group a formidable pool of experience and brainpower covering every branch of aeronautics including missiles and rockets.

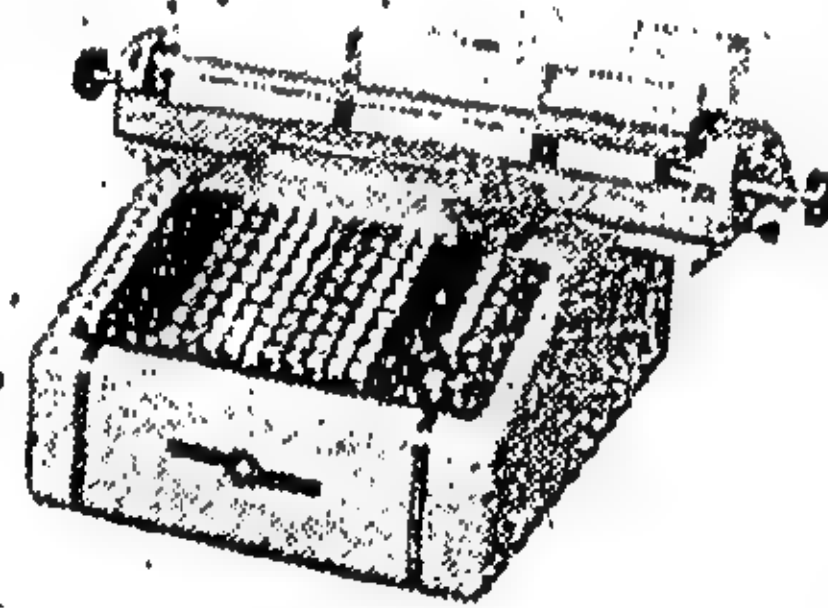
Under the vigorous leadership of Sir Roy Dobson the group must be regarded as a better bet for the production of Britain's most important weapon than the Douglas Co. of California, which is at present going through difficult times.

And to prove it, there was the Blue Steel, magnificent and deadly, on view for all to see at Farnborough.



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MARK HUNTER TAKES UP THE CUDGEL FOR HIS SEX AND REPLIES TO JO'S COMMENT IN LAST WEEK'S "DISTAFF SIDE" COLUMN... HE ASKS:

What's happened to your sense of humour, girls?

THANK God somebody's finally stumbled upon the history-making discovery that boys are just as shy, diffident, unsure and uncertain of themselves as girls claim to be.

We have more reason to be so.

Where a girl can sit back quietly and watch with amused eyes the oh-so-entertaining exploits of a boy, the poor guy has to take the initiative where getting-to-know-you is concerned.

All this trouble for an extra rib!!

Of course, it's true that some misguided creatures will try to palm themselves off as God's gift to the girls but the rest of us aren't really as stupid as all that.

"Getting to know a girl at a party," my dad once said, "is mostly a matter of give-and-take. The boy gives and the girl takes."

Smoother

But everything would go a lot smoother if the girls had some sense of humour. Back home, they did. But the really lamentable thing I've noticed in Hongkong is the lack of the funny bone in girls.

They'll laugh at your jokes and your antics all right, but only if they know you very well, by which time of course, their laughter won't count very much since it's the new acquaintances you're trying to impress.

The 17-21

Club's five rules

- Membership in the 17-21 Club is open to all within that age group.
- Contributions and all activities of the Club will be limited to members only.
- Contributions may consist of anything that is publishable — articles, letters, stories, photographs, drawings, verses. But only the best will be printed.
- All contributions MUST be original.
- Written contributions should not consist of more than 350 words, photographs and drawings will only be accepted in black-and-white.

MEMBERSHIP

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Name
Age
Occupation
Address

On the other hand, if they don't know you at all, or if they know you only very slightly, they'll put up a front of cold disapproval, which only goes to confirm my theory that the main difference between the girls of today and the Victorian lasses of yesterday, lies not in their way of thinking, but in their necklines.

Take the experience I had with a pretty little Chinese girl at a get-together party a fortnight ago. We got along fine, and towards the end of the party, when I was helping her on with her coat, I suddenly recognised her as the girl I had played bell-boy to on the burning sands sometime ago. I told her so.

Advice

"You know," I laughed, "I didn't recognise you at first because you had all your clothes on!" — an unfortunate slip of the tongue.

It would have been a treat to the frozen foods industry to have seen her freeze up so promptly. I didn't even get to see her home. She left in an awful hurry with some of her friends. Of course I realised later that my remark might have sounded somewhat suggestive, but gosh! We were practically buddy-buddies, so why the show of feminine indignation?

On the advice of my Dad, I bombarded her with flowers and candy, but they were sent back with a trace of the frost on them; I tried to get her on the phone, but the line froze up.

So, in spite of what my Dad said, I let it go at that. I had done all that was humanly possible.

Speaking of dancing (I didn't, but it's always a good way to start a new paragraph), I had another funny experience with another girl at another party just yesterday.

No good

I was never very good at this cha-cha business, and this off-beat thing simply leg-twists me.

The girl who had the bad luck to be dancing with me just then noticed my confusion, and immediately went into action as prescribed by Miss Jo Law. Which means to say she stumbled and pretended to get her feet mixed her.

"I'm sorry, it's all my fault!" she said.

"Don't be silly!" I snorted amiably. "I was never very good at cha-cha."

"Oh, but you did it wonderfully just now..."

"But..." and if it wasn't for me...

"Wait a minute..."

"...we'd have gone off with the first prize!"

"Say!" I cut in indignantly. "I read the Distaff Side too, you know?"

She missed the point.

"Oh you do? Isn't it a wonderful column?" she asked. I was having my doubts about

that right at the moment, but I gave up trying to get her to see the light. She had the last word, like all women, and I was the most wonderful dancer this side of the Pacific.

Anyway, along the line of girls - have - no - sense - of - humour, I have only two more illustrations to give. In the special P.S. for boys last week, Miss Jo Law advised us to take the initiative, and tell our dates what to sport for the occasion.

Prospective

Well, my brother Dave rang up a prospective girl friend of his, and this girl, seeing that Dave wasn't going to give the order, made the mistake of asking him what to wear on their date.

Dave grinned and suggested: "An itsy-bitsy, teeny weeny yellow..."

And that was the end of what might have turned out to be a beautiful friendship. In the heat of the moment, this girl had forgotten that Dave was asking her to go swimming with him, so I ask you, who's in the wrong...? (a purely rhetorical question, girls, you needn't answer!)

Dave, of course, has remarkably bad luck where dating is concerned. I mean, he'll always make a mess of things in the process of inviting somebody out. But heck! If girls had any sense of humour, things'd be hunky-dory all over; so I guess that makes Dave a victim of circumstances... well, you'd better judge him yourself.

He phoned up another prospective date to invite as his partner to a party, but before he could get along to saying what it was he'd ring up for, this girl started to give him a sort of pep talk on clothes.

is your name Mora?



MORA, WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE IN RUSHING THINGS, HAD A LATIN NAME MEANING "SHE WHO DELAYS"

© 1971 M.S. P. 2/21 11-11

"I'm not like other girls, who'll wear any old thing anywhere." She rattled on happily, probably astounded at finally being able to get an audience.

"Uh, uh..." Dave mumbled unhappily, astounded at being that audience.

"For me, there's a dress for every occasion. For a picnic, I'll wear a picnic suit..."

"Uh, uh..."

"For a beach party, I'll wear a bathing suit..."

"Uh, uh..."

"For a cocktail party, I'll wear a cocktail suit..." She

stopped suddenly, surprised to hear Dave's laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" she asked.

"I was just thinking what you'd wear to this party!" Dave chuckled, and explained, "It's a birthday party!"

She didn't get it.

"Why," she answered, "I wear a birthday suit..."

"And that, folks, was the end of another prospective friendship..."

—Credit card to Mark Hunter, Hongkong.

17-21

CLUB MAILBOX

I think Mr Anonymous and Mr Ahmed are only partly right. Yes, some H.K. teenagers are morons, but only a minority. If they say that all "H.K. teenagers are morons", I can't very well agree with them.

We don't notice things unless they are "different" or "unusual". This perhaps is the reason which makes Mr Anonymous and Mr Ahmed form their opinions about H.K. teenagers. There are some young people who love to wear 'red flashy shirts with open necks' etc., and they behave in the queerest ways so as to catch others' attention. They succeed. While those who are nice and proper just pass by unnoticed.

It seems that Mr Ahmed wants us to talk about books and politics all the time. Imagine what ridiculous and silly names people give to those who do this: 'bookworms', 'the walking dictionary', etc., and they say 'he's showing off' or 'he looks beyond his age'.

I admit that I cannot answer the questions which Mr Ahmed put to us, and I guess most of the members (even some grown-ups too) can't either. But this cannot prove that teenagers are morons. Very few of us know about things to such exact details except when we have just finished studying them. However, I am sure that many of the members know about the big events that happened and know from their studies what we are living for and how we should behave towards our parents, teachers, comrades etc. Aren't they just as important?

Mr Ahmed talked of movies and hit songs as of something dreadful. People of different ages have different interests: children may like nursery rhymes, older people may like classical music, so why can't teenagers like movies and hit-songs? If Mr Ahmed thinks that to be interested in these things is moronic, well, have a look at this page and listen to Radio H.K., and there quite a bit about hit-songs and movies? Does Mr Ahmed think that the editor and the government are also encouraging us to be moronic?

Do not forget that besides the movie magazines and record albums there are also world famous novels like "Pride and Prejudice", "Jane Eyre" and "A Tale of Two Cities" on our shelves.

So I think that the majority of the H.K. teenagers are not moronic. But of course, I may be wrong.—H. Chan, Hongkong.

★ ★ ★

WE feel very sorry for you, Mr Ahmed. What have you got against us? You should have been born in the Middle Ages. Maybe then you could adjust yourself to their way of living. If it will make you happy, here are the answers you wanted:—

The Kamikazes of Japan, were the pilots of the suicide planes in World War II.

The Flyers were known as "The Flying Tigers."

Sir Winston Churchill wrote that famous speech.

I guess according to you, if these answers are correct, we are in the one percent.

BIG DEAL:

You call us Morons. Okay! Maybe we are not geniuses, but we at least mind our own business, which is more than we can say for some people. We looked up the word "tripe" in the dictionary and we found it meant "nonsense." That means "tripes" as you put it means "nonsenses." By the way, Mr Ahmed, did you ever attend school?

As for politics, Mr Ahmed. How about leaving that to the U.N. And if Mr Lumumba wants to become unpopular and get assassinated, it's none of our business.

We have met your challenge and offer you another. If the China Mail will help us—how about getting the opinions of some parents who have teenage sons and daughters, and ask them: what they think of your letter and ours?—Peder Kwok, Kwok X.

and Jan Yao, Hongkong.

P.S. How old are you—50?

(Cont. on P.2)

STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By MAX TRELL

EVEN before they reached the edge of the lake in the middle of the park Knarf and Hanid, the Shadow Children with the Turned-About Names, heard voices.

"They could make out some of the words."

"Stay there! Don't move! We'll get you off!"

Knarf and Hanid ran as fast as they could. They didn't have time to speak. But they knew something must be wrong.

"No! No! Don't jump!" cried the voices.

Knarf and Hanid darted past the last bush and ran around the last tree at the bottom of the hill. At last they were at the edge of the lake. Then they saw what was wrong.

Standing on a small rock that stuck up out of the water about three or four feet from the edge of the lake was a Duck. It was about as big as an egg. It didn't look very happy. The rock was completely surrounded by water.

Excited crowd

On the edge of the lake was a whole excited crowd. There were several Sparrows, a Robin, a Squirrel, five or six Grasshoppers, a Snail and a small brown Dog.

"Don't jump! Stay right where you are! We'll get you off!" the crowd was shouting.

"Oh dear — you poor little thing!" Hanid said.

And then, much to Knarf's and Hanid's astonishment, they heard another voice. It said:

"Come on, come on, jump!"

The First Plunge

-The Shadow Watch A Frightened Baby Duck-

They looked around. There, sitting on the ground next to the bush, was a large, fat, comfortable-looking Duck.

"Jump, dear," the large, fat, comfortable-looking Duck said in an inviting way. "Don't be afraid. Just jump."

Knarf and Hanid looked at each other, wondering who the large, fat, comfortable-looking Duck might be.

Can't paddle

Meanwhile the small, unhappy Duck on the rock in the water, turned around, sat down, stood up again, turned around again and finally said:

"Do I have to jump into the water, Mommy?"

"Of course you do," said the large Duck in a kindly, comfortable voice.

"But I'll get wet," said the small Duck.

"Indeed you will," said the mother Duck.

"And I can't paddle," said the small Duck, sitting down and standing right up again.

"You haven't tried," said the mother Duck. "Jump!"

"No! Don't do it!" warned the crowd on the bank.

Then the Squirrel and the small brown Dog ran off to look for a stick to make a bridge between the rock and the bank. The Sparrows and the Robin went up to the large,

fat, comfortable-looking mother Duck and hopped up and down in front of her and said she was cruel to make her poor little Duck jump into the water.

But the large Duck looked at them and said in a more comfortable voice than ever that they didn't know what they were talking about.

"We wouldn't make our little ones jump into the water!" the Sparrows said.

"And neither would we!" chirped the Robin.

"You're not Ducks and you don't know what you're talking about," replied the large Duck.

"Come, dear," she called over to the small Duck. "There's nothing to be afraid of. It's good for a Duck to get into the water. You won't even feel wet. Jump!"

"I hope she's right," Hanid whispered to Knarf.

Tripped and tumbled

And just then the small unhappy Duck turned around and tripped—and tumbled into the water!

The Robin and the Sparrows and the Grasshoppers and the Snail let out gasps and held on to one another.

But the mother Duck just kept sitting comfortably on the ground next to the bush and waited.

Knarf and Hanid were about

to jump into the water and save the small Duck!

But no one had to do anything. For the small Duck, looking bright and happy and cheerful and almost as comfortable as its mother, was paddling around in the water.

"There! Didn't I tell you?" asked the mother Duck.

"I — don't even feel wet," said the small Duck.

Then it paddled all around the rock, and climbed up again, and jumped in again, and paddled around some more.

It was still paddling around when the Squirrel and the small brown Dog came dashing up

with the stick to make the bridge.

"Thank you for being so kind," the fat, comfortable-looking Duck said to everybody. "I know you all meant well. But none of you knew what you were talking about."

"A Squirrel is a Squirrel, and a Dog is a Dog, and a Snail is a Snail, and a Grasshopper is a Grasshopper, and a Sparrow is a Sparrow, and a Robin is a Robin, but a Duck — even a baby Duck — is always a Duck. And a Duck must go in the water! How do you like paddling, Baby?"

"It's wonderful, Mommy!" the small Duck called back as it paddled round and round and round the rock.

"And a Duck is a Duck and I'm getting hungry," Knarf said to Hanid as they started back for home.

Rupert and the Gnomies—44



The two pals feel very pleased with themselves at the way things have worked out. "What luck that no more of those Gnomies were sold!" chuckles Rupert. "There will be no more bother now. I wonder if that shopman ever had that sort of trouble before. He did seem bewildered."

didn't he?" They catch the first bus to Nutwood and hurry homeward. "Now we'd better go and tell those gnomies of yours," says Gregory. "No," says Rupert firmly. "They ordered me to go to them alone, so that's what I must do. You go home and I'll tell you all about it tomorrow."

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Four D. Jones BY MADDOCKS



CRAYON JONES



FERD'NAND



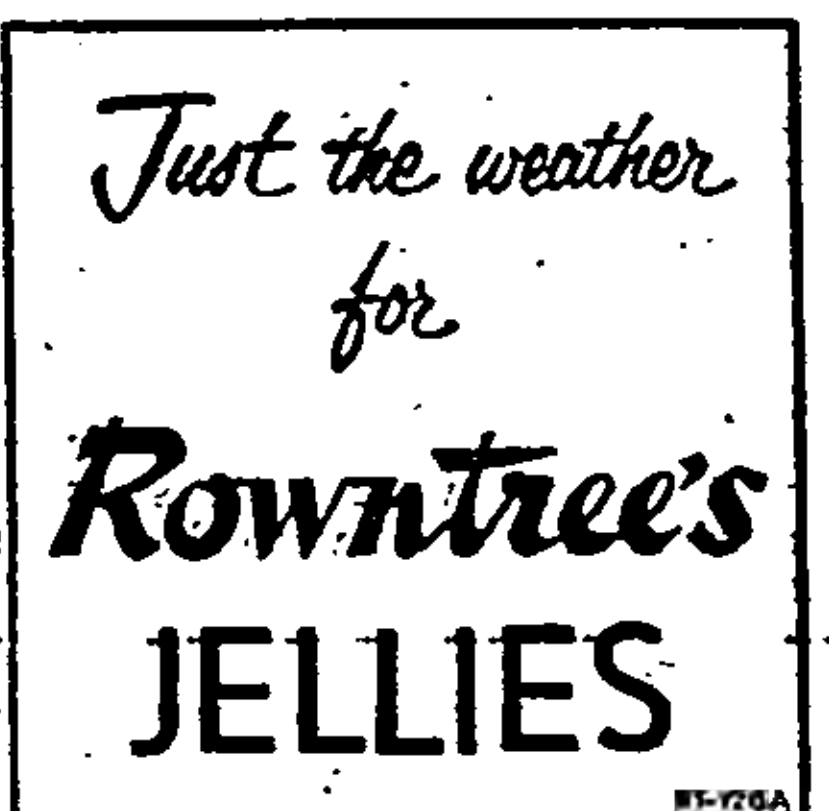
By Mik



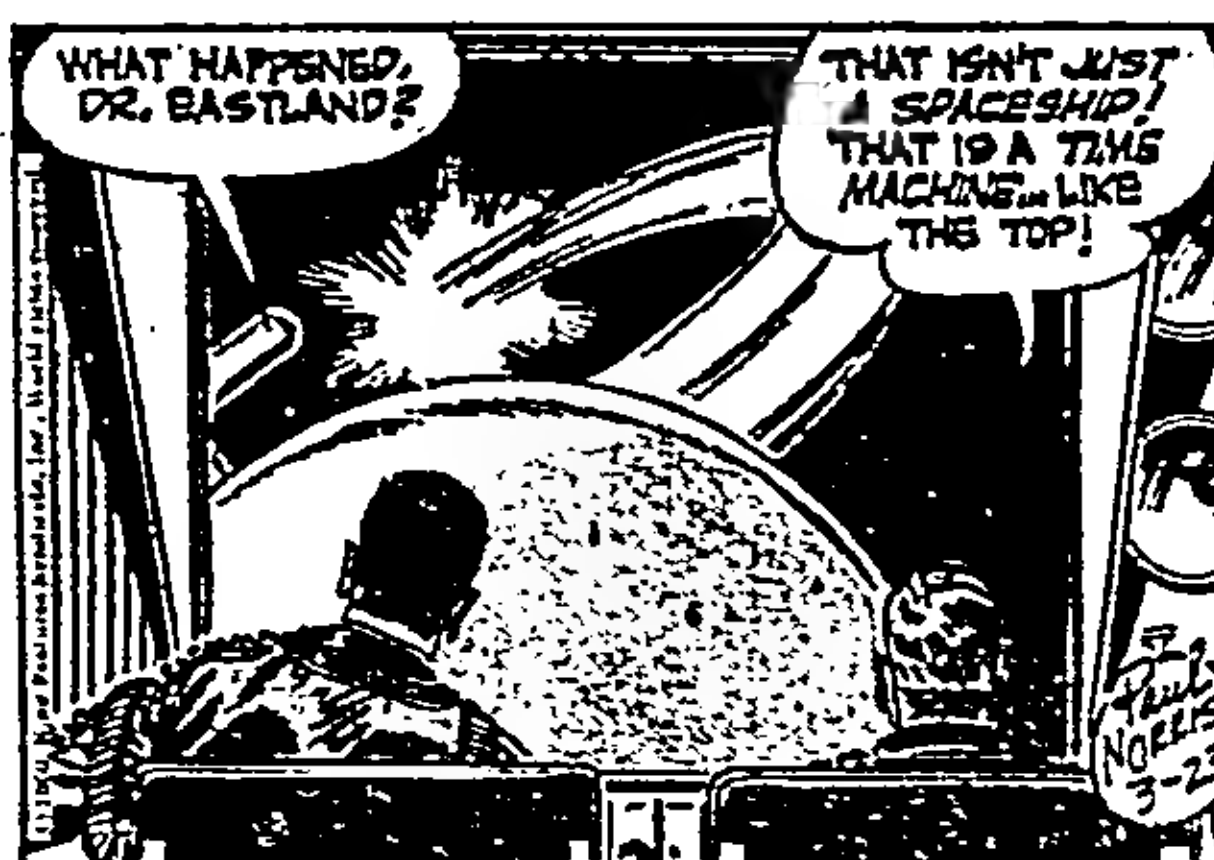
NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



BRICK BRADFORD



By Paul Norris



HK fans petrified Ricky

HARRIET and Ozie Nelson's younger son flew into Hongkong on Wednesday and flew out of the Colony (Japan bound) yesterday.

His arrival was not publicised. Not even the agents who handle his records here knew Ricky was due until about an hour before his plane landed.

And apart from a dinner or two, given by his agents, Ricky stuck pretty close to his hotel room.

And who can blame him. There was a "mob" of teenagers chattering up the Miramar Hotel lobby and occasionally chanting for their hero.

One ten-year-old wailed. "I've been here since 2 o'clock. I wish he'd wave from his window. I'm hungry."

Well Ricky, I am told, was petrified of his fans downstairs, and who can blame him? In Australia he had his coat torn off his back!

Those who were fortunate enough to meet Ricky here found him "charming, wonder-

fully polite" well-mannered, intelligent and VERY SHY.

I asked the inevitable question about why he didn't perform in Hongkong, and received the same old answer: "There isn't a large enough hall to accommodate an audience that would pay enough to make Ricky's stay here worthwhile."

In Australia for instance, he sang before an enormous crowd estimated at 72,000.

Oh well, we'll just have to wait until City Hall comes up. Then there can be NO excuses.

HOW long can a rock and roll singer hold his place in his selected field of music? How long will he reign as a maker of hit records?

The odds are that he will flash to the top and just as quickly flash to the bottom. That is unless he has a publicity manager as does our boy Elvis; or has the tremendous personality and talent of Elvis.

Generally however the life span of a rock and roll singer is very short. They blaze their way to the top of the Hit

NOTES ON NOTES

By CARL MYATT

Parade with a gimmick, a catchy tune and words, and a monotonous beat.

Then silence.

They make a couple of other albums and nothing happens. Then they revert to small nightclub engagements and virtually fade into obscurity.

Some of these singers—if they have any real talent—switch to ballad and jazz singing. This now is a most difficult field in which to break into. Imagine trying to compete with Sinatra, King Cole and Perry Como. Two singers have made the change with great success. They are Bobby Darin and Tommy Sands.

Some are braver than others. They make a direct sortie into the field of ballads and jazz. A straight to the point, adventurous attack. Such a young man is Lovelace Watkins, a singer with a voice to match his magnificent physique.

After you have been listening to records day in and day out, your taste becomes more discriminating.

BATTERS

You put on an album and just as quickly yank it off the turn table as a yowl emits from the loudspeaker and that "cling—cling—cling" of the rock and roll piano batters your ear drums.

I've got to such a state now where I put a record on and then tense myself in anticipation to jump at that turn table and cut off the sound.

I looked at the Lovelace album there with much misgivings. The cover showed a husky young man (6 ft 2 ins of muscle, so the notes tell me), attired in a brick red shirt and black slacks. His name is stretched across the album in

crimson letters. The cover announces that he has a "Big, Big, Voice." I am cynical and pessimistic by this time. I sneer as I put the album on the turn table, then I scowl. What are these record companies trying to do—brainwash us?

I listen. The Ray Ellis group play a beautiful introduction and Watkins swings into "The Lady Is A Tramp." The voice is big and strong. The diction is perfect. There are no grunts and groans; no gasps, no mumblings, so I listen on.... and on.... and on.

SATISFIED

I listen through both sides of the album till I am satisfied. Time has flown and I hadn't noticed it. I have been thoroughly entertained. Lovelace Watkins is truly a fresh new talent. He uses his voice as an instrument. He possesses an unusual range for a singer of his type. So high does he reach up the scale, that at times I could have sworn I was listening to Sarah Vaughn.

For this his debut on MGM records, Lovelace has chosen hit songs from some of the biggest Broadway musical productions.

Let me assure you now that his interpretations are entirely different. For instance on "I Could Write A Book," he sings slightly behind the beat in the first chorus and slightly in front in the second.

"Summertime" opens with a ballad type introduction and then the singer really "wails" it in a medium tempo groove.

Perhaps I have said too much about Lovelace Watkins. But it was so refreshing to hear his voice—a great big new voice. Hope you'll like him too. On MGM E3831.

NOTICE BOARD

ANNA CHAN: Ted Thomas is not the President of the 17-21 Club, but a very valuable contributor.

JOHN LEUNG: Your letter is too lengthy for publication.

AHMED H. AHMED: Have patience — Early Morning will be published in due course. Address change noted.

ANTOINETTE ROZARIO: Pen and ink drawings are fine—but lined paper makes it impossible to reproduce them.

MEET THE MEMBERS!

SAMSON LEE, 20, clerk, 57 Wing Lok-street East, 1st floor, Hongkong.

KWOK PING-PUI, 19, 5 Lock-road, 3rd floor, Kowloon.

Daffynitions

ASHTRAY: Place to put cigarette ends, if the room doesn't have a floor.

DANCING: The art of pulling your feet away faster than your partner can tread on them.

BLOTTER: Something you look for while the ink dries.

Reel Corner

KATE O'REILLY

THIS is Yoko Tani, who is enjoying quite a successful film career in England. She won't say much about herself, but she is quite prepared to give her opinion on quite a number of things.

Perhaps you remember her in "The Wind Cannot Read," since then she has made two other British films which have not yet arrived in Hongkong, the first will be the J. Arthur Rank film, "The Savage Innocents," the second a real thriller based on London, "Piccadilly First Stop."

Well, I said Yoko Tani was not very chatty about herself, for when I asked for her vital statistics, I received the following answer: "I never know what are my vital statistics. When I feel as though I am putting on more weight than I should. I start my carrot and eggs diet. For a week I eat nothing but raw carrots and hard boiled eggs and drink nothing but black coffee. This way I lose any extra weight. I don't worry about my weight too much, if it pleases my husband and myself, it is all that matters."

That was straight enough, I suppose. Obviously I asked, "How do you like England?"

She said: "I love England so much. I would like to spend half the year there and half in France. I particularly love Pinewood Studios (Ranks) where all three of my British films have been made. The people there are so sympathetic and nice. I laugh all the time I am working there."



She is quite right about Pinewood. Years ago, it was a lovely estate, and to this day, the beautiful gardens and lakes are preserved as they were when years back the lords and ladies trod the verdant lawns.

Asked if she had any pet superstitions. Yoko Tani said: "I hate green, and talking about what I am to do next. My lucky number is 21, my lucky letter 'M' and my lucky day is Sunday."

Yoko Tani said she doesn't try to look too westernised—"People expect me to look Oriental. So I do." I wish a few other Japanese would try the same cult.

Yoko Tani says she loves the English weekend. "Weekends should be for rest." What does she do? Goes fishing with her husband!

CLUB MAILBOX

JO LAW — ATTENTION!

(Continued from page 1)

COULD you please ask Josephine Law to write something on white lipstick? I've just bought some, and whether I use it just like that, or blended with some other colour, the result is just as ghastly! I'd sure be glad for her advice, for you see, it was she who once told a cousin of mine that this stuff actually works on dark skin. In case Josephine doesn't know which cousin (I've 63) please tell her it was Yvonne Barretto who passed the information on to me. — Antoinette Rozario, Kowloon.

The Hit Parade

By Ted Thomas

I FEEL that I can't let the remarks of Carl ("Notes On Notes") Myatt in his last week's column go entirely unchallenged.

It is not by any means only recently that local artists have been given "breaks" in Hongkong.

Of the few mentioned—most if not all of the artists—have been getting their breaks for several years now.

Carl mentioned Larry Allen, Tony Myatt and a trio from H.M.S. Belfast as being part of a giant step forward in the recognition of local talent.

To set the record straight, Larry Allen was broadcasting in his own show "Piano Playtime" regularly over Radio Hongkong well over a year ago, he was also resident pianist and band-leader in the series "Radio Clubhouse." Tony Myatt, also mentioned, has appeared before Radio Hongkong's microphones at least a year ago, and the Belfast trio—in fact three separate groups from this highly gifted ship's company—have broadcast over Radio Hongkong.

Other evidence of Radio Hongkong's encouragement of local talent "Beginners Please," a regular series of Radio Hongkong plays featuring local players, "From The Concert Hall" which consists entirely of local musicians many broadcasting for their first time, "Junior Disc Jockey" in which the youngsters of the public were invited to

1. Look For a Star—Garry Miles.
2. My Home Town—Paul Anka.
3. It's Now or Never—Elvis Presley.
4. The Ding Dong Song—Tsal Chin.
5. Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini—Brian Hyland.
6. Goodnight Sweetheart Cha Cha—Enoch Light.
7. One of Us—Patti Page.
8. Oh, My, You—Poni Talla.
9. A Kookie Little Paradise—Jo Ann Campbell.
10. Candy Sweet—Pat Boone.
11. I Love You in the Same Old Way—Paul Anka.
12. Half a Love—Lou Monte.
13. Sad River—The Platters.
14. Biology—Danny Valentino.
15. Spring Rain—Pat Boone.
16. Banjo Boy—Art Mooney.
17. Romantica—Jane Morgan.
18. She's Mine—Conway Twitty.
19. Am I That Easy to Forget?—Debbie Reynolds.
20. My Truly True Love—Chico Rosa-Perelra.

★ ★ ★

try their hand, "The Jazz Makers" a local band due for their first broadcast next week, "Guitar Club" consisting entirely of local musicians and singers, and I could go on indefinitely. Local talent is being, and always has been encouraged in Hongkong.

This is not a new thing.

MORE success for Elvis Presley. His film "G. I. Blues" is due for its London premiere before the end of the year, and the advance notices on the previews say that it's a knockout!

Presley fans will be happy to know that the world's leading heart-throb sings no less than 11 numbers in this his first film since his release from the Army.

Songs include "Didja Ever," "Doin' The Best I Can," "What's She Really Like," and "Shoppin' Around." My bet is that there'll be a fast-selling L.P. featuring the lot, probably on sound track.

Crystal ball selection from the full eleven, the re-hash of his best selling "Blue Suede Shoes."

GOOD news for the Paul Anka disciples, the teenage wonder has come up with another best seller.

The Anka Style is not my cup of tea at all, but it certainly sells records. He's been in the top spot of the Hongkong Hit Parade more times than Elvis Presley and Pat Boone together.

The new one? Well it's really an old one with a new treatment. From the film "The King and I," the well known "Hello Young Lovers."

HITS HERE AND THERE DEPARTMENT: In the U.S.A. Elvis Presley with "It's Now Or Never"—Running-Up: The Ventures and "Walk Don't Run." Tops in British, "Apache" by The Shadows, and second Duane Eddy "Because They're Young."



By Josephine E. Law

"... **THEY** asked her to sing, and I suppose she said she couldn't, because the man told her not to mind; he wasn't going to hold it against her, even if she sang like a frog. So she sang — like a frog!"

Big joke? The moral is not to underestimate your voice, ever. It is every bit as much of your fortune as your face is. But I'm not going to tell you to take all sorts of tonics to prevent colds, unless you catch terrific ones that last practically all winter.

Colds don't do inestimable damage of your voice! Remember the uproar Garbo created with her first "talkie!"

Since this is a 17-21 Club, I ought to make myself clear. Remember the talk of the uproar Garbo created? Remember Eartha Kitt, the girl who wanted to be evil? June Allyson? What's wrong with a raspy or—if you must—husky voice? Nothing!

"A soft answer turneth away wrath." A soft and sweet answer can turneth away much more besides. So, if it is soft, but you can sing a duet with a bullfrog, don't throw up your hands in despair, but take stock of yourself and work at toning it down.

SHRILL VOICE

Nobody, but nobody, has a one note voice! A shrill voice should be toned down. Shrieky voices are especially hard on the ears as they tend to be unpleasantly nasal as well. The pitch can easily be corrected. To lose that nasal twang, try to talk in more of a whisper. The pinched effect comes from not opening your throat correctly.

To know your voice as it is, use a tape recorder. Invite that radio, hi-fi, stereo, friend over, have him turn the right knobs and listen to yourself. Or you could stand in a corner with your mouth about four inches from it and act mad for the next few minutes. If you have been complimented on your pleasant-sounding voice, give yourself a pat on the back, you lucky girl!

I know you should enunciate. But you don't have to give whoever it is you're talking to, a back, front and side view of your canines, molars, premolars, tongue and palate in recurring flashes. Nor do you want to talk with a "typical British stiff upper lip"—and give the impression of a piece of dead, inert flesh under your nose. If, in the company of strangers, no one looks oddly at you (after you have made a perfectly sane observation), stares a little before breaking into a nervous, non-committal laugh, acts vague before saying some absolutely irrelevant thing, you can let someone else worry about their speech. (Of course, whoever it was you're talking to, may not ever be listening.)

Sometime ago, I was told that a bouffant dress with bouffant sleeves did wonders for making a girl look feminine. His exact words were, "...she's rather slim, and the wide sleeves look very dainty, especially the



swirling skirt. Looking at her dance in it is really something. It is so pretty just looking at her that she usually ends up on the dance floor alone." (dancing partner understood) Need you more persuasion?

I have two such dresses for you. One is in a polished or satin finished cotton, striped. The little girl look is further carried out by the two bows at the sleeves for solid contrast.

The other is a ribbed cotton affair. A row of tiny buttons run down the centre of the square-necked bodice. Rows of narrow lace suggest tucks. If you go for the provincial look, this would look good in gingham.

"I DO!"

by Majid Gafoor

THE modern age has paved the way for many a marriage. Let us see what the attractions are.

Here is Mr Smith who has just rashly said, "I do". The first few days he is much too blind to notice anything different at home. His loving mate has lived up to all her promises of making him happy.

Then comes the day when the Royal Orders are given. He finds that the way of government is completely revised.

His 'duties' now include washing dishes, cleaning windows, sweeping the floor and doing the marketing besides cleaning his car, fixing the roof and mowing the lawn (after any of these things are done, SHE declares that SHE is exhausted!)

His darling wife then tells him that it is 'absolutely necessary' to have this and that and that—all of which she had not had before she was married and had got on very well without.

Promise

She uses the car and before going the first ten miles, wraps it round a telephone pole. He advises her to drive more carefully next time and she promptly says, "You don't love me! You never let me do anything my way!" This is followed by several sob and a sniff and at the drop of the curtain, he has promised her a new dress.

Then along comes junior. After some more harrowing years of changing diapers, buying baby clothes and wheeling the brat, Mr Smith, with quite an increase of grey hair, finally raises the child to teenhood.

Now junior goes around in his snazzy shirts, strumming his guitar to the latest discs by Elvis Presley and Bat Boone.

Mr Smith's wallet and his growth of hair join hands and grow thin. Mrs Smith has, through experience, learnt to miss the telephone poles, but junior is making up for that and turns out to be a better telephone pole wrapper than his mom had ever been.

Shaving

Junior has had his shaving day and is now a 'man'. He comes back one day with his head ringing and reciting nursery rhymes. Old man Smith sees this and at once recognises the symptoms. He has fallen for a member of the 'weaker' (?) sex.

Junior tells senior that he is taking her to the altar. In vain does Smith senior try to dissuade him, recalling at the same time how HE had told HIS pop of his intention. Now junior was doing the same thing only his style was more jazzed up.

Junior wins in the end and the following scene shows the 'loving' couple advancing to say the words that has ruined many a good man—"I do."

This, I believe, is where I came in, so if you'll kindly open the door I'll go keep my appointment with my wife-to-be.—Credit card to Majid Gafoor, Hongkong.

THE CAREER CORNER

By ANNE HEYWOOD



ON MY very first job interview I was so nervous that I arrived 20 minutes early and then, because I didn't want to seem too eager, I walked around the block. It was a gusty December day so I arrived not only nervous but blown to bits.

And recently a friend confessed that she used to pray there'd be an elevator black-out when going to a job interview.

Fearful interviewers

"After all, most of the job interviews I had were in offices in skyscrapers and I used to pray for an elevator strike to save me from the horrors of the interview."

Because nervousness in interviews is a perfectly normal thing, it pays to learn how to handle it, since you'll probably always have it.

Basic pointers

Here are some basic pointers:

● Have enough interviews lined up. Have at least a dozen interviews in prospect. If you know you're going on just one of many, you won't be nearly as nervous as you'd be if you knew it was the one and only.

Don't rehearse

● Don't let yourself rehearse dialogue—it's fatal. The party of the first part will never deliver the lines you expect him to and he'll throw you for a loss, leaving all your nicely rehearsed lines frozen on your tongue. And that will unnerve you more than you can believe.

● During job-hunting periods, take as good care of yourself as a football player does during season. Get plenty of sleep, fresh air and plain, wholesome food. Stay away from late parties that leave circles under your eyes. You need to be alert, poised and calm now more than at any other time of your life.

● Line up a good-looking, comfortable job-hunting costume and stay with it. Wear it to each interview, even if you're called back three times to the same office. It's just as much of a mistake to display your sartorial variety as it would be for the same soap to have a different-coloured wrapper each time you go to the store to buy it.

● Try to forget what the interviewer thinks of you and concentrate, rather, on what you think of him.

Pretending helps

Pretend you're a newspaper reporter and that you will have

LEARN TO BE CALM DURING JOB INTERVIEW



She's At A Loss Because She Can't Use Rehearsed Dialogue.

to write up the office, describing the boss, his secretary, the receptionist and the furniture. This will keep your mind off yourself and give you the alert, outgoing look that gets people hired.

PUPPY LOVE

SHE was so beautiful,
She was so fair,
She had such long
And glossy brown hair.

HER eyes glowed so brightly,
Her teeth were so white;
My heart pounded so swiftly,
'Twas love at first sight!

I KNEW that I loved her,
I knew she'd be true;
I vowed that I'd have her,
So what did I do?

I DASHED in the pet-shop!
And came out in time,
Followed by a sweet puppy,
Who'd always be mine!

—Credit card to Linda Ann Wu, Hongkong.



—Credit card to Roy Fay, Kowloon.

TO SOMEONE

O I've trodden all paths on earth,
I've seen all trees, far and near,
How much memories worth recollection,
Tell me, my Lover, canst thou hear?

I can't forget thy weary looks,
I knew thy implicit love for me,
Thou tooketh me to a blissful dream;
Yet thy visage left my mental sea!

O My Love—my dear broken-hearted one,
My sweet desire whom I first blessed,
I cared only for the Rose all day,
But made the Orchid feel distressed!

—Credit card to Peter Ignatius Wong, Kowloon.

WEEKEND Friell



"I think it's time we admitted China to her rightful seat in the United Nations—if we're going to stop him having it all his own way."



"We just want to give the lie to all that talk about us British being bad losers."

London Express Service

*****Roderick Mann*****

Mr. Quinn talks about the day he became a monster



ANTHONY QUINN

A COUPLE of days before he flew back to New York recently, the telephone rang in Mr. Anthony Quinn's London hotel suite. And Sir Laurence Olivier said: "If you can find the time, what about a rehearsal tomorrow? I'm nervous about this whole thing."

"You're nervous!" Mr. Quinn exploded down the phone. "You're nervous! How do you think I feel—getting ready to appear on Broadway with the greatest actor in the world? I feel sick, I tell you, Sick."

"Then that's settled," Olivier said. "We'll rehearse tomorrow."

Extraordinary

The next day the nervous Sir Laurence and the nervous Mr. Quinn got together to discuss their forthcoming appearance on Broadway together in Jean Anouilh's play *Becket*.

A professional teaming, I prophesied, which will ignite the stage with its explosive chemistry.

Later that evening, I dined with Mr. Quinn.

'TROUBLE IS I'M OBSESSED—BEFORE I KNOW IT, I AM LIVING THE PART I'M PLAYING'

And he said: "You know, something extraordinary happened to me while I was rehearsing with Olivier. He plays Becket, you know, and I play King Henry II. Suddenly I WAS King Henry II and I thought: My God, it's happening again."

He sunk his great head between his hands.

"Do you realise I only stopped being a Greek partisan yesterday? For five months I've been a Greek guerrilla fighter in *The Guns of Navarone*."

"I read everything I could get hold of about the Greek people—from Plato to picture books. I talked with Greek

waiters, ate Greek food. I WAS this Greek partisan. "Suddenly the last scene is shot—and overnight I become King Henry II. I'm obsessed. These people have taken me over. One could go mad this way..."

Steeped

"Could there be some Method in your madness?" "No, no," said Mr. Quinn. "I use no tricks, I'm no Method actor. No. This is something extraordinary that happens to me whenever I take on a new role. I go to sleep—and next morning I'm IT."

"When I played *Gauguin* in *Lust for Life*, I BECAME Gauguin. I went to Arles to steep myself in the colours and scenes. I had to. I was drawn to the place. And eventually I knew how he felt—exactly how he felt. And I know I could play him because I WAS him." (Quinn, incidentally, won an Oscar for this memorable performance.)

"But the most terrifying change of all took place when I played Quasimodo in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*," continued Quinn. "I became the monster. On the ship taking me to France to make the film, I went to sleep one night thinking about the role. In the morning I was a monster."

I had lumps all over me, my eyes were slits, my lips were swollen. When I landed in France I had to wear a scarf over my face, with slits for eyes. I stayed in for four weeks, lurking about in a roof-top room in my Paris hotel. And I tell you, daddy, I WAS Quasimodo.

"A doctor explained that it was some sort of self-hypnosis, or auto-suggestion. I thought I was going crazy. I thought my career was finished. Then, after a month, my face went back to normal."

He was silent for a moment. Then, suddenly, his face broke into a great grin.

"But that's old stuff. It's Becket that excites me now. What a play. Fantastic. Do you know how it opens? The curtain rises on an empty stage, empty save for Becket's coffin, lying before some tall columns. I walk on, the King, in flowing

red robes, bewailing the death of my friend.

"Suddenly the robe slips off and there I am on the stage—NAKED!"

He articulated the word again slowly in two parts: "NA-KED. Imagine."

"I'm imagining," I said.

Flattering

"Something, huh?" Mr. Quinn said, with a chuckle. "It'll be great. And, oh, that Olivier. We'll get on splendidly. He will take from me and I will take from him."

"When I was offered the role I said I'd only do it if Olivier agreed to be in the play. Olivier now tells me he made the same stipulation, which is pretty flattering. I know we'll be good friends. Just thinking about acting with him makes me feel like a king. Hey—here I go again."

FOOTNOTE: I must warn Sir Laurence that some months ago Mr. Quinn, defined a good friend as being "someone you can ring up in the middle of the night and say: 'Tie me a headache. Bring me an aspirin.'"

Either take the phone off the hook, Sir Laurence, or lay in a plentiful supply of aspirin.

When I talked with the director, Mr. John Huston, he told me that the script of the film (which is by playwright Arthur Miller, Miss Monroe's husband) arrived by post one day with a note which read: "If it's no good, please send it back."

Miss Monroe is now insisting that this was not the case.

"My husband does not sell movie scripts," she says. "He wrote *The Misfits* simply for his own satisfaction. Someone else must have sent it to Mr. Huston. The first we knew about it was when Mr. Huston rang up and said he'd like to do it. Before we knew where we were, we found ourselves committed."

The extent of Miss Monroe's commitment, I am told, is \$250,000—plus 10 per cent of the film's gross.

TWO producers were discussing a well-known actress, "She's box-office poison," said one. "Her last film turned 15 cinemas into bowling alleys."

—(London Express Service).

BOOK PAGE

The refugees moaned about our Sunday

IN 1789 the French Revolution shifted into top gear. That July a Parisian mob stormed the Bastille and, stone by stone, tore that ancient prison-fortress apart.

The "error" was not to reach its bloody climax until 1793. But, from the day the Bastille crumbled, every French aristocrat knew his days were numbered. And was faced with two choices.

TO STAY—and likely be guillotined.

Or TO ESCAPE—and live as a poverty-stricken exile.

The wise ones chose the latter.

In rumbling coaches, with whatever jewels and gold they could carry, some French noblemen and clergy made pell-mell for the frontiers.

Others scurried to ports in Brittany and Normandy. With gold coins, they persuaded fishermen to smuggle them across the Channel to Britain.

It is the story of those who came here that Margery Weiner tells in her book, *THE FRENCH EXILES* (John Murray, 25s.).

It is the story of proud, unrealistic people fallen on humble, hard times. Coming from people who had narrowly escaped a gory death, the reaction of some of the French to the rigours of life in Britain represent policy curbing of a degree not often attained.

Their hates

Among the things they didn't like—

Our climate. One suffering refugee discovered, to her horror, "that her paintings would not dry unless she kept a fire burning in her studio, and she had constantly to run home from parties to see that they did not get scorched."

Our meat. The Comte de Montlosier commented that though it "looked better and more succulent than elsewhere, it was in reality deficient in juice."

Our air. Again, the Comte de Montlosier pronounced. The English air was "lacking in substance."

Our ways. The gloomy, stand-still Sundays depressed the French beyond words. This custom that Indians were expected to withdraw after dinner, leaving the gentlemen to drink brandy and gossip, depressed them even more.

Lost soap

Our payments. There, the French had, never, soap. And they didn't like them. Disdainfully, they shunned them and walked in the muddy streets.

Not all complaints were petty. Many of the emigres genuinely suffered. For some, starvation was never far away.

The more enterprising learned to support themselves. Some taught French, dancing chess, fencing. Some opened restaurants. One titled Frenchman became a tailor. Another sold coke. The Comte de Caumont learned bookbinding, and became an expert.

But, to the very end of their exile in Britain, many of the well-born French never learned practically.

One lady, economising by doing her own laundry, lost the slippery bar of soap in the folds of wet linen. And couldn't figure out what to do next.

Another invited guests to dinner. And went to do her marketing. She stopped at the flower stall first, and bought up every blossom in sight. Which would have been all right—except that, then, she had no money left for food.

It is a tremendously entertaining book.

—(London Express Service).

THIS ONE IS A GEM

● **THE NEW SONIA WAXWARD**, Michael Innes, Gollancz, 12s. 6d. How rare an item this is. A polished, urbane and funny thriller. Wonderfully written story of a charming, confused retired RAMC colonel, who tries to pretend, for financial reasons, that his dead wife, a best-selling novelist, is still alive, and finds every circumstance pointing to him as his wife's murderer. On no account to be missed.

● **FALSE SCENT**, Ngale Marsh, Crime Club, 12s. 6d. Extremely competent and enjoyable story of murder in high (theatrical) society. Miss Marsh brings even her dead characters more alive than are many heroes and heroines of much crime fiction.

● **A WELL-KNOWN FACE**, Josephine Bell, Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d. Expertly wrought, tightly told story of murders among medics in a country town practice. A good deal of highly unprofessional conduct in a vivid and excellent story.

● **MURDER BY REQUEST**, Beverly Nichols, Hutchinson, 16s. Murder in a fashionable health-cure establishment. Card-devilish characters in a too obviously contrived situation. They tend to have a disdainful attitude to "whodunnits"—made me wonder whose they had read.

● **RETTAPH FOR A DEAD ACTOR**, Dulcie Gray, Barker, 12s. 6d. A theatrical idol with

By RICHARD FINDLATER

THE CURSE OF THE MISBEGOTTEN, By Crowell Bowen, Hart-Davis, 25s.

IN his tormented lifetime, now prosily surveyed in this new biography, Eugene O'Neill's plays heaped up glittering prizes, including three Pulitzers and a Nobel.

He was worshipped as The Great American dramatist. He enjoyed wealth, homage, and happiness in marriage. Yet in the middle of success he was obsessed by a sense of failure.

Despair

Until his death in 1953—20 years after he had virtually exiled himself from the U.S. stage—O'Neill hugged the bleak, nihilistic despair that in his

barly youth led him to attempted suicide.

That fierce egocentric misery burns through the dress of his best plays, such as the autobiographical *Long Day's Journey Into Night*—whose production or publication was vetoed by O'Neill until 25 years after his death.

And it is that play above all, as Mr Bowen confirms, which bares the inner drama that haunted O'Neill and helped to push him towards the summit of world theatre.

Briefly, he was consumed by guilt, and ravaged by the civil wars of a spectacularly unhappy family. His father was a romantic star, ruined by his own success. His brother was an alcoholic waster, who did his best to drag Eugene into the gutter.

His mother lived on morphine, and Eugene convinced himself that he was to blame. Because it was after giving birth to him that Mrs O'Neill fell ill and later took to drugs.

The old, sad story is carefully retold by Mr Bowen. It is an important story, because O'Neill continually put his life into theatre. But Mr Bowen does not analyze how much theatre he put into life.

Mystery

He describes how Eugene mysteriously abandoned his first wife, after a few weeks of marriage, to go looking for gold in Honduras. How he abandoned his second wife to go off to Europe with an actress (the formidable Carlotta Monterey).

How appallingly he treated his children. How one son took to drugs and another killed himself.

Piling on the agonies of the O'Neills, Mr Bowen finds evidence of a "curse" on several branches of the family tree. The ex-husband of the dramatist's third wife shot himself. The step-father of his daughter-in-law murdered her mother. And so on.

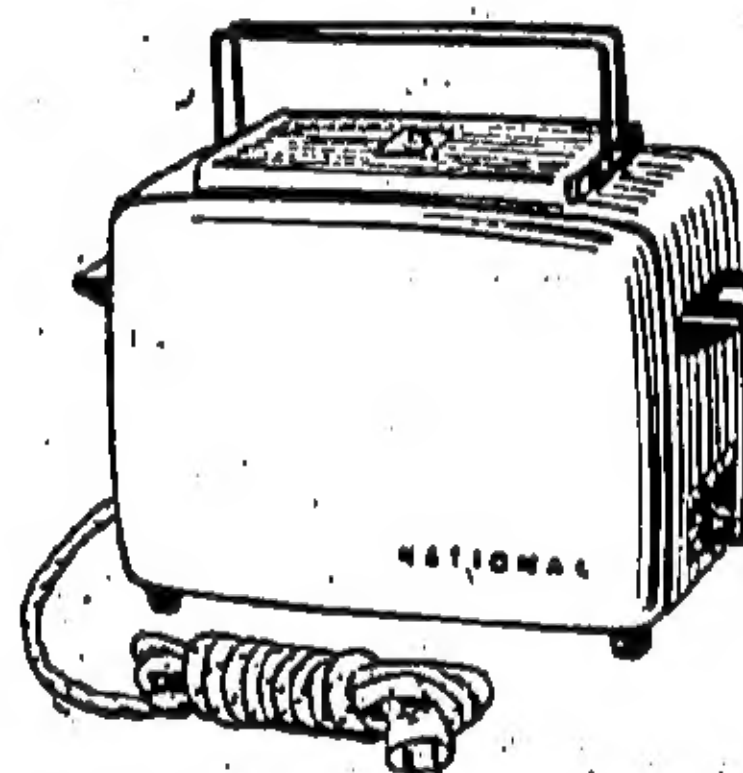
As a guide to O'Neill's life Mr Bowen is fatally superficial, unable to separate fact from fantasy, allowing O'Neill's surviving son, Shane—whose "assistance" is acknowledged on the title-page—to hog far too much of the space. And as a guide to O'Neill's plays he is absurdly inadequate.

But *The Curse of the Misbegotten* does contain a mass of fascinating information about a writer whose wonderful, intractable plays are still child-heartedly ignored in general by our stage.

John Clarke

—(London Express Service).

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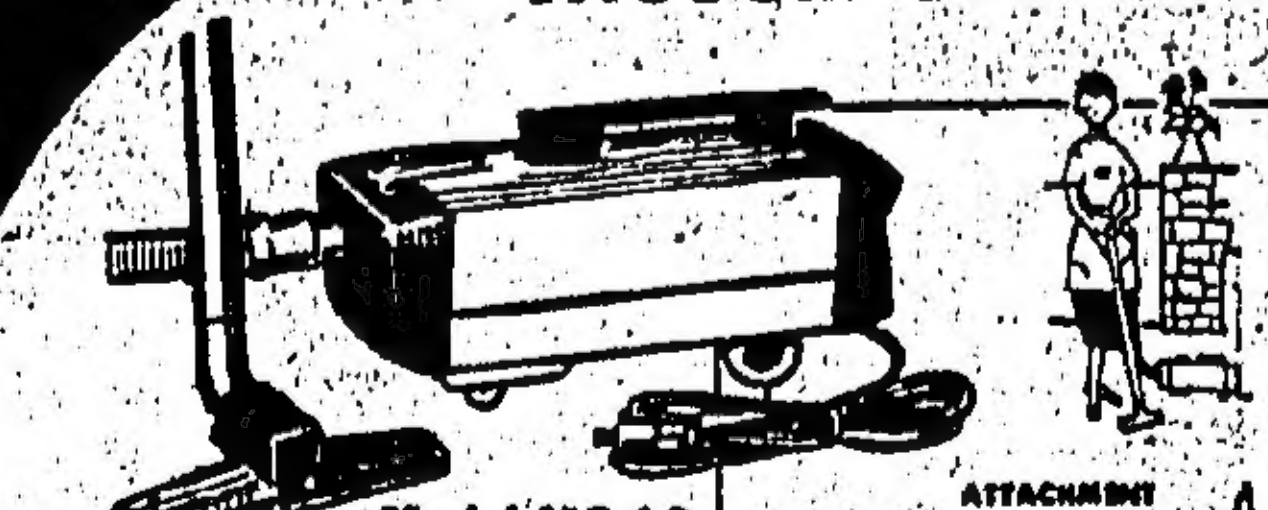


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THE ROUND-THE-WORLD SAILOR PREPARES FOR HIS MOST EXCITING TRIP Into battle—and the enemy is Cape Horn

WEST INDIAN roads are narrow. I was in the front passenger seat of the big American car as it plunged into the ditch. I was lucky my world cruise did not end then and there.

Even so, it was three hours and nine stitches later before I could row back to Sea Wanderer in Nelson's Old Dockyard at Antigua. Maybe the land is not all that safer than the sea.

Because of the resultant aches and pains, little work has been done for the past week on my 10-ton ketch to put her in trim for her journey to the South Atlantic and her pending battles in the Roaring Forties. For I am going round Cape Horn.

Way down there, in Coney Corner, as the windjammer sailors used to call it, the so-called summer is reputed to be whither than the winter. The wind is often of hurricane force.

"Why go down there?" you may ask. "And if you want to reach the Pacific, why not go via the Panama Canal?"

Simple

The answer is simple. To begin with, I am bound for Valparaiso to visit relations, and this port is some two-thirds way down the west coast of South America. The voyage from Panama would be a long and weary enough process against a prevailing wind and contrary current.

But, above all, this route would mean missing a part of the world in which there are more uninhabited islands than anywhere else. And islands to me are as flowers to a bee.

Besides, what true adventurer, given the chance, would not want to have first-hand experience of the difficulties of that persevering Portuguese, Ferdinand Magellan, who discovered the Strait now named after him, or the doughty Dutchman, Willem Schouten, who was the first man to discover and round Cape Horn?

Some of the places I hope to visit may be difficult to reach;

by EDWARD ALLCARD

—reporting from Antigua, in the West Indies, where his ketch, Sea Wanderer, is being made ready for the Roaring Forties

but some hardship and discomfort make one appreciate more the good things of life. I want to sail to countries which interest me most, rather than merely see the lands which happen to lie on the easier routes.

What about special preparations for this sort of caper? Sea Wanderer is now 40 years old and was nothing much more than a derelict when I bought her for a song in New York 10 years ago.

By patching her up and by a major refit I have made her stronger than when new, and she has taken me safely on voyages to Morocco and the West Indies.

Nevertheless, just because she has now been sailed twice across the Atlantic and spent the last year or so sailing in the fresh winds of the Caribbean, it does not mean that I can blithely set off round Cape Horn without special preparations. For look at what happened to other small vessels which penetrated these perilous southern latitudes.

Overboard

There was the case of *Tau Hang*, which was turned over end. Masts, deckhouse, and owner's wife were swept overboard. They managed to reach Chile, and refitted to make another attempt to round the Horn. But she was again dismantled.

Columba had a similar experience but lost a man. The yacht

was wrecked on Tristan da Cunha.

Les 4 Vents was turned upside-down twice on one day in the Straits of Le Malin.

Anahita was rolled right over but sustained no serious damage. But imagine the mess below.

Legh II was rolled over several times on her fantastic run down the Roaring Forties.

One or two yachts have come back without such alarming tales to tell. One or two others have not come back. But with the right precautions and a bit of luck.

Rebuilt

One must expect to be rolled right over. So I have rebuilt my hatches. The cabin top is to be strapped up with steel angles.

My masts are short and stout. There is no inside ballast to shift. Heavy objects like batteries, water and fuel tanks, and spare anchors will all be bolted to the hull. I would hate to be chased round the cabin by a 100lb anchor or my coal stove! My two major sails, the mainsail and mizzen, have been made of heavy flax; the smaller headsails I am now making myself handsewn.

Enough spare canvas will be carried on board so that I would be able to make new sails at sea if necessary.



What true adventurer would pass up this chance...?

My twin staystays for down wind sailing are made of Terylene. Halyards are of wire or Terylene rope.

In order to pass quicker through bad areas and to allow me to sleep, I am fitting a second rudder entirely separate from the main rudder.

This second rudder will be controlled by a plywood wind-vane which will, within reason, keep the vessel on a course at any chosen angle to the wind.

Thus, I will be able to sail at maximum speed day and night without having to spend countless hours at the helm, and it will give me the opportunity to dodge out of the rain or snow to prepare hot food.

Discarded

In the strong winds and fierce tides, rising up to 45ft. between high and low water in South Argentina, anchorages are not all that safe. So I have renewed my worn-out anchor chain with 45 fathoms of heavier cable. Also I have 50 fathoms (300ft.) of 2in. circumference Terylene line for the second anchor.

At sea I rely mostly on my sails, but when in dangerous

rocky areas a reliable auxiliary engine, is the best insurance. My diesel has never let me down, yet, but I will decommission and give it a thorough check-over before I depart.

On ocean passages I only use the engine to keep the batteries charged, although I might use it to help me across the doldrums as I approach the Equator.

Generally, I am discarding standard yacht fittings and removing them with something more robust—the sort of thing you would see on a fishing boat. Things like fairleads. For instance.

Those are U-shaped fittings on the deck edge, which take the rub on anchor chain or line.

Normally they are secured by two screws and get ripped off under a heavy strain. I am fitting heavy rubber farneds welded to a steel plate secured by bolts through the deck.

Exciting

It is an exciting business to be re-fitting for such a voyage. I plan to be off in October at the end of the hurricane season.

Meanwhile, the stitches are out of my torn face, headaches almost gone, and I am back at work as painter, engineer, rigger, and sailmaker.

A single-handed sailor has to be a jack-of-all-trades and master of some.

—(London Express Service).



"Even if it is my old beat, Dr. Butchie, can't you see I'm fully occupied keeping order here!"

London Express Service

The Wild BY Patricia Lewis

One talks...

PM 100 OUTSIDE, BUT INSIDE PM TWO YEARS OLD AND SCREAMING

London. THE invasion from the East is consolidating rapidly. Treading on the well-heeled heels of Messrs Mankowitz, Wesker, and Bart comes bitter-sweet Georgia Brown—the latest show-business success to erupt from London's Jewish East Enders.

Born Lillian Klot of Whitechapel some 24 years ago, Miss Brown gets her first real, long-deserved break with the part of Nancy in Lionel Bart's hit musical "Oliver".

An arresting-looking girl with huge dark eyes, heavy black hair, and a liking for beatnik clothes and the more colourful swearwords, Georgia began her career singing jazz at 15.

She was betting her heart out at a Jewish wedding when night-club owner Al Burnett heard her, changed her name, and signed her up for the Stork Room.

Old days

"It was the old, Berkeley-sing, place in the days of Roscoe Collette, and all that bit," she explained in her curious mid-Atlantic accent. "But it got me a job on television... I sang 'St. Louis Blues' and the critics went out of their minds."

"My next booking was a drag, though. The producer had a genius for miscasting, and he dressed me in a bare-midriffed rumba outfit to do 'Polka de la Rue'." He did it up real good, baby! I ran away."

"She 'ran' all over Europe and the Americas singing. At a cabaret but came back eventually to play Lucy in 'The Threepenny Opera'."

"Yeah! It took me ten years to be accepted by the public, she said, stubbing out a cigarette violently.

"It took me ten years to be able to walk through a room of people and hang on to my own personality. Then she brightened. "Crazy! I was taken to Anthony Quinn about the other day and he had the same problem—so when you think that he's 40 and I've looked 20 maybe I've not so bad, huh?"

Now that "Oliver" starts for a year's run before moving

to Broadway, Georgia Brown feels at last in a position to build something solid out of her, so far, drifter's life.

Own home

"I must get a 'pad' of my own," she muttered. "I've never thought about tomorrow as long as I've lived. But I know now that my roots are here, and though I usually stay with my parents down in Whitechapel I guess it's time I had my own home, my own paintings, my own kitchen."

Possibly Georgia's wanderings have purged a little of the gipsy from her soul, but I still don't read this as a sign of settling down to convention.

She's a wild girl who lives on her nerve-ends, and if someone isn't giving the sort of party that starts on Friday and finishes on Monday then she'll throw one herself.

"I've seen her so abandoned in a crowd you'd think she was high—but that's the way it is when she's happy."

I've seen her hunched on the floor at dawn fearful of facing a new day alone.

And always she seems to be searching for someone, some place or some job to provide the ultimate peace of security.

"It's gotta be a great big 'guy' to understand that I'm 28 years old and 100 outside," she says when people ask why she doesn't marry.

"And inside?" she chuckles. "Inside, I'm two years old and screaming."

We were talking in her dressing-room backstage at London's New Theatre. The first act was half-way through. It was nearly time for Nancy to go on. Suddenly a great burst of applause came over the loud-speaking system. Georgia threw a shoe at the speaker.

"I've got that at last," she said. "But as I look out over the footlights at all those heads clapping I ask myself: 'Is this

my man? my baby? my home? Is this all I'm going to get?"

One of the friends who best understands Georgia Brown is Lionel Bart.

He even wrote special lines into her number "It's a Fine Life"—"Not for me the happy home, happy husband, happy wife. Though it sometimes touches me, for the likes of such as me, mine's a fine, fine life!"

I can't find any words that capture better the troubled temperament of this original and exciting new British star.

BLOW AFTER BLOW...

JUST-DIVORCED British actor Sir Cedric Hardwicke has a plummy wit.

New York restaurateur Michael Pearson tells of the luncheon he gave for an Englishman to celebrate the latter's becoming an American citizen.

"You know, Cedric," said the actor, "it's been a most upsetting and emotional day for me. After all, I've renounced the Mother Country."

"Dear, dear!" chuckled Sir Cedric. "First India—now you."

BUT NO MAN AROUND

THE champagne is flowing again at Mrs. Michael Wilding's lavish bachelor-gift flat overlooking Green Park. Suddenly, following the happy collapse of the bridegroom, the bride is holding a small cocktail party.

"They're just intimate gatherings to render acquaintance with old friends," she told me the other night as guests admired the silvery wallpaper and shocking-pink drapes of the living room.

The old friends included Mr. Leon Goodman (he's big in advertising) and his wife, Viscountess Olga Tashat, Chan Canasta (who protested that he never normally goes to cocktail parties); and the Earl of Kimberley, with his constant date, actress Delphi Lawrence. Susan poured the champagne and passed the canapés herself—in the absence of a man about the house.

WHAT, NO POOL?

FRANKIE VAUGHAN must be the house-agent's nightmare from coast to coast.

In Brighton, where he is now appearing, he asked for "something quiet and remote with at least four bedrooms." He eventually settled for a house miles away, perched high on the Downs at Worthing.

"That's nothing," says Frankie, "when I was filming 'Let's Make Love' in Hollywood. I insisted on a house without a swimming pool. Believe me, asking for a house without a pool in Hollywood is like asking for a house without a bathroom. But I was frightened the kids would fall in!"

In the end Frankie found it easier to teach his kids to swim.

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

I INTERVIEWED Robert Bolt in 1957, the day after his first play, "Flowering Cherry," had opened.

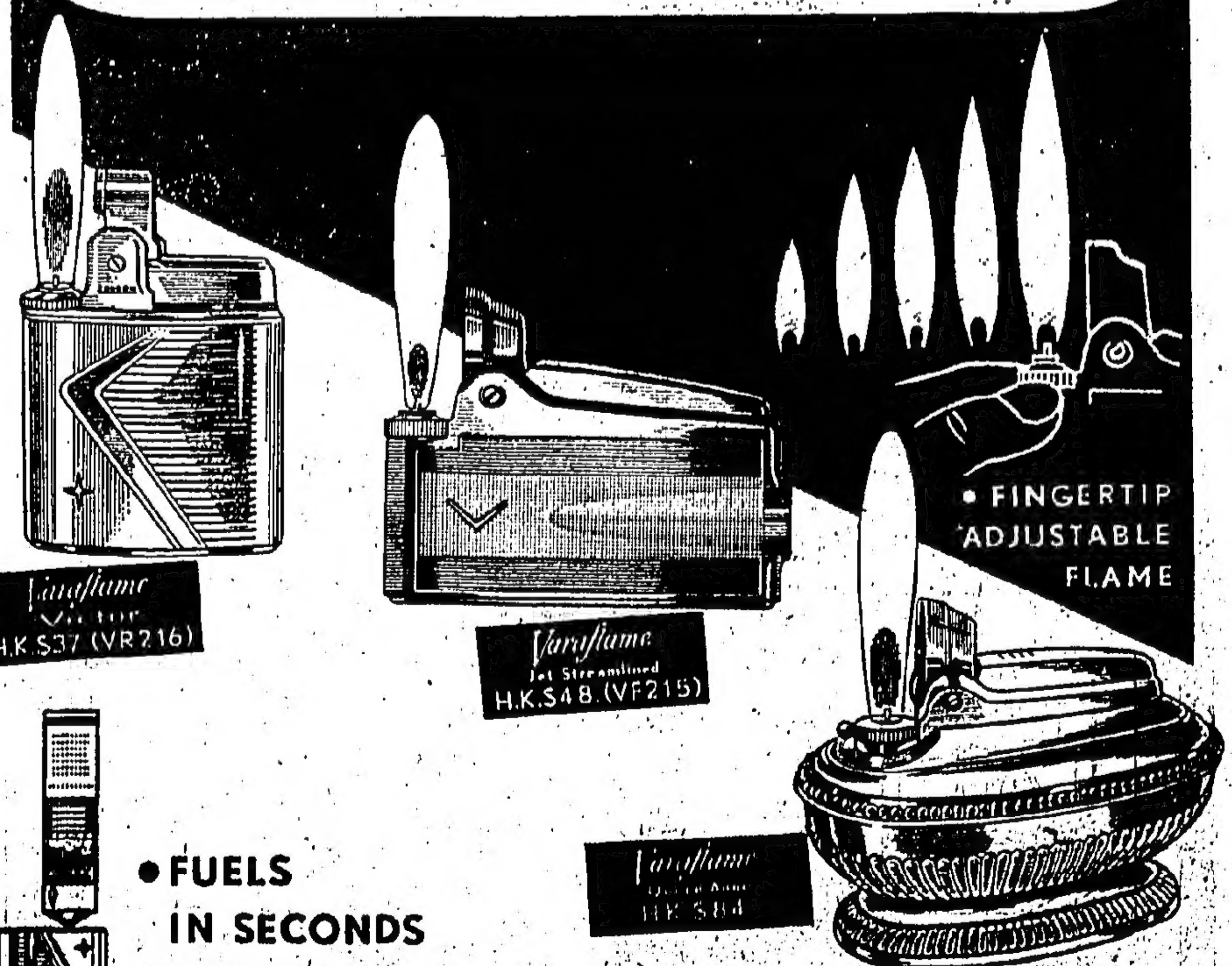
He said: "I don't like the idea that British writers are necessarily subservient to Americans. If one is alive and one has a brain, a heart, and an experience of suffering, then all you need is a theatre and a tradition... which we have in this country."

With two hits ("The Tiger and the Horse" and "A Man For All Seasons") running simultaneously in the West End I think Mr Bolt has proved his point.

MADAME NICOLE MILINAIR was banting before her wedding to the Duke of Bedford. Her diet? Nothing but unsalted, unbuttered potatoes for every meal three days a week. So far she's lost 10lb.

Incidentally, William Abbey, the Duke's seat—welcomed its two millionth visitor last month. She was, appropriately enough, a French student, Miss. Franchette Viviani. —(London Express Service).

NEW RONSON VARAFLAME GAS



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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

An inside look at American football

By I. M. MacTAVISH

(Writing from California, U.S.A.)

A few days ago I stood almost in the shadows of Pennsylvania State University's massive new 50,000-seat sports stadium and watched 60 aspiring footballers prepare for the 1960 gridiron season which officially opens today. It was an occasion I shall never forget.

For two-and-a-half hours the leather-harnessed, rubber-padded, helmeted gladiators went through a scrimmage training schedule which, for sheer primitive toughness, would have sent our soccer or rugby players racing for the shelter—and protection—of the dressing room.

I have never seen anything like it.

The crash of helmets and harness resounded around the training field but it was continuously punctuated by the more familiar crack of flesh and bone on kindred substance.

Injuries were frequent and expert medical treatment readily available—but still players crawled, hobbled or were carried out of the "game" with astonishing regularity.

While scoring touchdowns in the aim of American football the essence of it—and the fact which really gives the fans their biggest thrill—is the desperate physical yard-by-yard battle for territory.

Great popularity

The game is currently enjoying a wave of tremendous popularity and the new American Football League has given the professional code a timely fillip—but my visit to Penn State gave me an excellent opportunity to find out something about college football. It was a chance to ask leading questions and receive frank answers.

No doubt through the medium of the cinema and popular magazines you may have many preconceived notions about the game. Of how losing coaches are "shot at dawn," of how star players are drafted into college as footballers when it is no secret that they do not

have the accepted academic qualifications—and of course there has long been the accusation of shambolism.

Let me tell you what I found out at Penn State.

Huge organisation

I found a huge organisation behind the College football team. They have a director of athletics at the top of a staff which boasts a business manager and his assistant, a physician, a supervisor of equipment, and a team trainer who has three assistants. There is also a director of information.

However, the pulse of the team beats in the coaching staff and in this department Pennsylvania State University is proud to have Rip Engle, currently President of the American Football Coaches' Association, as head coach.

Engle, who has seven highly qualified and specialist assistants, took over the job 10 years ago and, contrary to popular thought, he is very much a part of the fittings at University Park.

The rules of NCAA which controls College football permit only two weeks of pre-season training but the amount of work and effort mounted into that period has to be seen to be believed. The coaching staff is relentless and the players, working in graded groups, are switched from "skill" to "skill" through a long morning session and an equally gruelling late-afternoon period. . . . and one is naturally prompted to ask—what's in it all for the University—and what's in it for the players?

Pours gold

As far as Penn State University is concerned football pours gold into the exchequer and virtually finances the entire sporting activities; it also provides a get-together medium for the University alumni, and finally the team, particularly when it is winning, is a wonderful boost to morale.

And what of the players? No one at Penn State tried to hide the fact that the annual search for suitable high school talent is a pretty thorough, extensive, and often "cut-throat" affair, but everyone is adamant that no matter how good a footballer may be he must first satisfy the academic standards of the University or be rejected.

The University offers sports scholarships to suitably qualified students with football talent, thus often enabling youngsters of humble means to enjoy a college education. In addition,

the players enjoy considerable personal popularity while at University and later they find many big commercial and professional organisations willing to give them a good start in a career after graduation.

US\$100,000 gate

At Penn State a full house produces a gate of better than US\$100,000. Other Universities have even bigger stadia than the new all-steel Beaver Stadium which I visited and as the teams share the net takings on a 50-50 basis it is easy to see the wealth involved in a 10 or 12-game season.

The detailed coaching organisation, like the business side, is most impressive. Having stood with head coach Engle on the playing field within touching distance of the grunting, grinding, grotesquely padded gladiators having watched the intensity of their practice, and having seen the physical hazard and ordeal involved in the game I have formed a completely new sense of appreciation of the young college men who play American football. Whatever their rewards they deserve all they get—and much more.

★ ★ ★

Finally this week here are one or two tidbits I encountered in American sport this week.

Last weekend in Los Angeles I saw a strange "sporting" event glorifying in the title of "The Demolition Derby." Maybe you've already guessed it was a stock car racing event. And what an event! Seventy cars were demolished in the craziest, crashing, bashing affair I have ever seen.

Cars continued to be mobile long after commonsense and the ordinary laws of mechanics wrote them off as finished. How they kept going I'll never know—but it was quite a spectacle.

During the week I had a drink in a golf club where the weekend playing order is fully booked until the end of October and reserve waiting lists are also over-subscribed!!!

The bowling alleys are doing tremendous business these days and all-night alleys are packed right round the clock. Losers pay for breakfast?

It is indeed a varied and exciting world of sport I am seeing—but it will be wonderful to get back to good old soccer, rugby, cricket—and even minor soccer in Hongkong again.

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



London Express Service.

FAMOUS SPORTS STARS I HAVE MET

By ARCHIE QUICK

The dictionary description of a typhoon is "a violent hurricane." It is a sudden, frightening thing, and that is what Frank Tyson, dubbed "Typhoon", was when he burst upon the Australians in 1954.

Just as quickly the storm has died to almost a gentle zephyr, and at the early age of thirty, the balding Tyson is passing into the shadows, together with other great cricketers like Alec Bedser and Wilf Wooller.

Contrary to some reports he is not yet emigrating to Australia—he married an Australian girl—for he has decided that his future lies in school-teaching, and although he is a Bachelor of Arts, he has not yet completed a sufficient number of terms at Northampton Modern Secondary School as a history master to entitle him to the highest salaries when he eventually goes to Melbourne to settle down.

Meanwhile, he will play for Todmorden next summer in the Lancashire League. He told me this quite recently. Strange, is it not, that another famous English Test fast bowler also lives in Australia now. Harold "Lol" Larwood, of immortal memory.

"Because he" started his career with Durham County in the Minor Championship it is a general belief that Tyson is a Geordie. This is not so. He was born at Farnworth in Lancashire and lived most of his early life at Middleton. So he is really going home after a meteoric career with Northamptonshire. Strange, too, that he should have succeeded in reaching the heights when most of his bowling had to be done at the notorious batsman's wicket at Northampton.

England's Under-23 soccer XI

London, Sept. 15.

The England Under-23 team to play East Germany on Sept. 21 at Manchester is: Gordon Banks (Leicester), John Angus (Burnley), Michael McNell (Middlesbrough), David Barber (Barnsley), Brian Labone (Everton), Robert Moore (West Ham), Torrance Faine (Southampton), Frederick Hill (Bolton Wanderers), Joseph Baker (Hibernian), David Burnside (West Bromwich), and Robert Charlton (Manchester United). Reserves: Brian Harvey (Newcastle United), John McGrath (Bury) and John Farnham (Sheffield Wednesday). —China Mail Special.

Dawn Watch wins the Ayr Gold Cup

Mr W. Kendrick's Dawn Watch won the Ayr Gold Cup, run over six furlongs here today.

Mr N. E. Wheldon's Faint Hope was second with Mr R. C. Galloway's Whistling Victor third.

Twenty-three ran. Official starting prices were: 100-9 Dawn Watch, 9-1 Faint Hope, 8-1 Whistling Victor, 7-1 Radiopole started 7-1 favourite and finished fourth.

Dawn Watch won by two lengths with a neck between second and third.—Reuter.

Fastest bowler

Not until 1952 did he make his first-class debut, so his county and Test career has lasted only eight short years. He was hailed as the fastest bowler at all times, which made old-timers snort when they recalled Kortright and his contemporaries, and he made his Test debut against Pakistan in the Final Test at the Oval in 1954. Straight away, he was sent to Australia. There was some surprise expressed and his first Test Down Under cost him 100 runs for one wicket!

Then came astonishing success. At Sydney he took four for 45 and six for 85, and followed with seven for 27 in the Australian second innings at Melbourne.

His record for the tour—including the visit to New Zealand—was 39 Test wickets at an average cost of 17.25 runs. That was the apex of his attainments.

He has achieved many fine performances since, has this quiet modest man, who always realised that the life of a fast bowler was a short one. His has been shorter than most, although he did play in seven Test matches in all. He has lost a lot of his fire in recent years, and his wicket haul has gradually decreased. Nevertheless, he earned himself a niche in the cricketing Hall of Fame if only for that astonishing effort of seven for 27 at Melbourne.

Tsiang, Virinsky win Open Pairs Bridge title

George Tsiang and Victor Zirinsky won this year's Colony Open Pairs Bridge Championship for the Chinese Club Cup at the final session played on Tuesday at the Chinese Club.

They won from a field of 35 pairs in the tournament—the premier pairs event in the Colony, sponsored by the Hongkong Contract Bridge Association.

Tsiang and Zirinsky were members of the six-man Hongkong team which won the Far East Bridge Championship in Taipei, Formosa, last year.

Runners-up were T. Y. Ho and Lam King. The Hongkong University players David Mok and Nelson Hsi, placed third. Sixteen pairs took part in the final session of the event here, the other 19 pairs having been eliminated in the qualifying round.

The championship was played on four days over a period of four successive weeks. The standings of the 16 finalists were:

	Points
1. V. Zirinsky and G. Tsiang	300.5
2. T. Y. Ho and Lam King	330
3. David Mok and Nelson Hsi	334.5
4. Dodge Chen and H. D. Hoffman	331
5. C. Y. Chan and Y. L. Chung	328.5
6. W. Wong and L. Ozorio	326
7. Andre Ouan and H. Kwei	325.5
8. Mr & Mrs L. L. Sung	325
9. P. T. Huo and S. S. M. T. Tang and Y. T. Fong	313.5
10. Y. M. Chu and M. C. Siu	311.5
11. T. W. Liang and K. T. Ho	304.5
12. Fong	298
13. Y. F. Young and C. Chwang	290
14. T. Y. Chang and S. Bard	292
15. E. Maltz and A. Pollak	281
16. Y. F. Fung and H. Fu	274.5

Sports Diary

TODAY

Bowls

1st Division: TC v HKFC (at KCC), CCC v KCC, KCC v Rocco (at KCC).
2nd Division: HKCC v KCC, USRC v PHC, CCC v IRC "G", IRC "B" v HKFC.
3rd Division: HKCC v KCC, HKFC v HKCC, USRC v FC, SC v KCC, IRC v CCC.

Football

"Battle of Britain" Cup: Combined Chinese XI v Far East Air Force XI at ECAA Stadium, 2.30 pm. Athletic: Novices Championship at HK Stadium, 2 pm.

St Paddy may race in France

By JOHN RICKMAN

A jubilant Sir Victor Sassoon told me at Doncaster after his St Paddy had become one of the easiest St Leger winners on record: "I should love St Paddy to take on some of the best French horses in France next year."

"I should like to send him over for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe" he went on, "but first I shall have to persuade my trainer that it is a good idea. He does not like taking my horses out of the country while they are in training."

Sir Victor, who paid a warm and sincere tribute to the skill of Noel Murless as a trainer, then proceeded to pull Noel's leg.

Sir Victor said: "Of course, once my horses go to be trained, I don't own them any more—the trainer does!"

"I am allowed to breed them. I'm allowed, under pressure, to name them. After that, my trainer takes command and very well he does it, too. However, I do hope I can persuade him to take St Paddy over for the Arc de Triomphe if all goes well with the colt next year."

Sir Victor told me:

"I am not terribly keen on the Ascot Gold Cup, so I think that St Paddy's programme next year is likely to be the Coronation Cup at Epsom, the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot, and the Arc de Triomphe."

It will be noted that all these are 1½-mile races.

It is possible that the colt's first race of the 1961 season will be the Ormonde Stakes at Chester in May.

Sir Victor, who like Lester Piggott, was enjoying his first St Leger triumph, first ran a horse in the Doncaster classic in 1927. That was Hot Night, running-up to Book Law.

Lester Piggott, at 24, has now won every classic except the 1,000 Guineas, and is clearly growing out of the "Golden Boy" stage.

After watching Lester and St Paddy treat their opponents with a mixture of indifference and disdain in the closing stages of this £20,378 race, I say that the crown of "Cheekie Charlie" Smirke can be passed on to Lester.

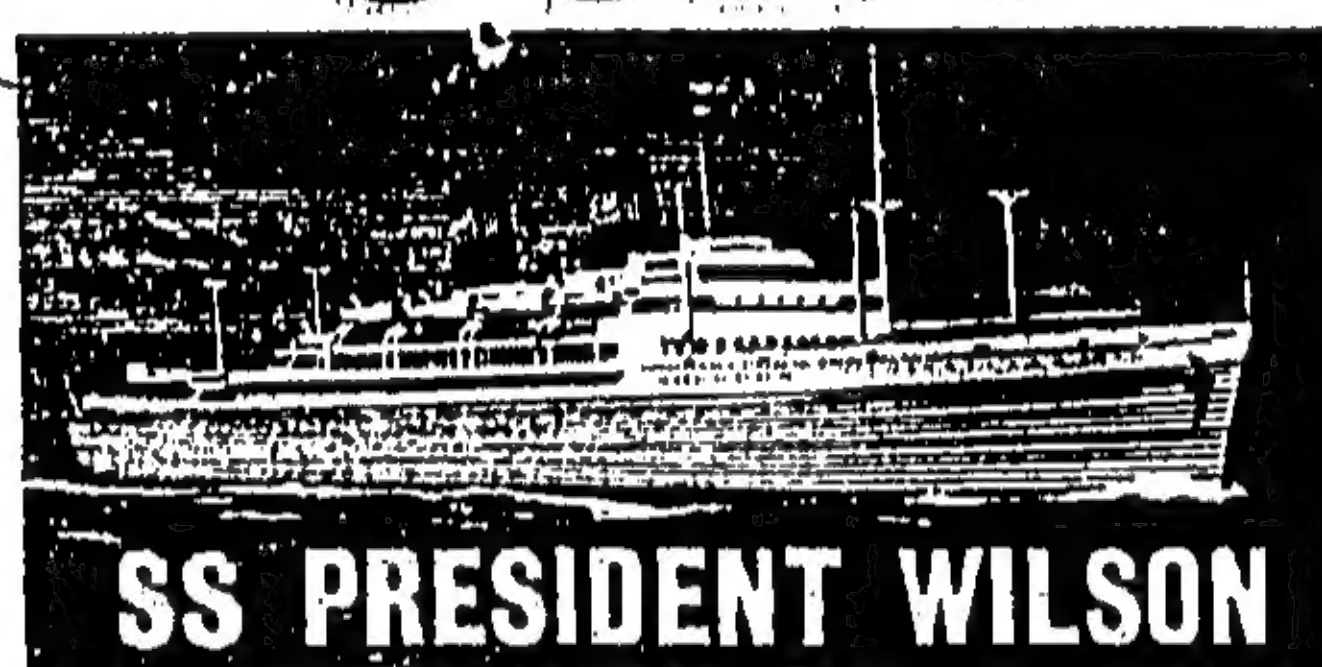
Noel Murless has thus, once more, topped £100,000 in a season, with the stakes he has won for his patrons.

After St Paddy's triumph, Noel's figure stands at £113,340.

The Queen, too, will be delighted with the result, for St Paddy is by her stallion Aureole, who will undoubtedly top the list of sires for the season.

He has had 23 winners of £89,815 in stakes.

SAILING OCT. 1



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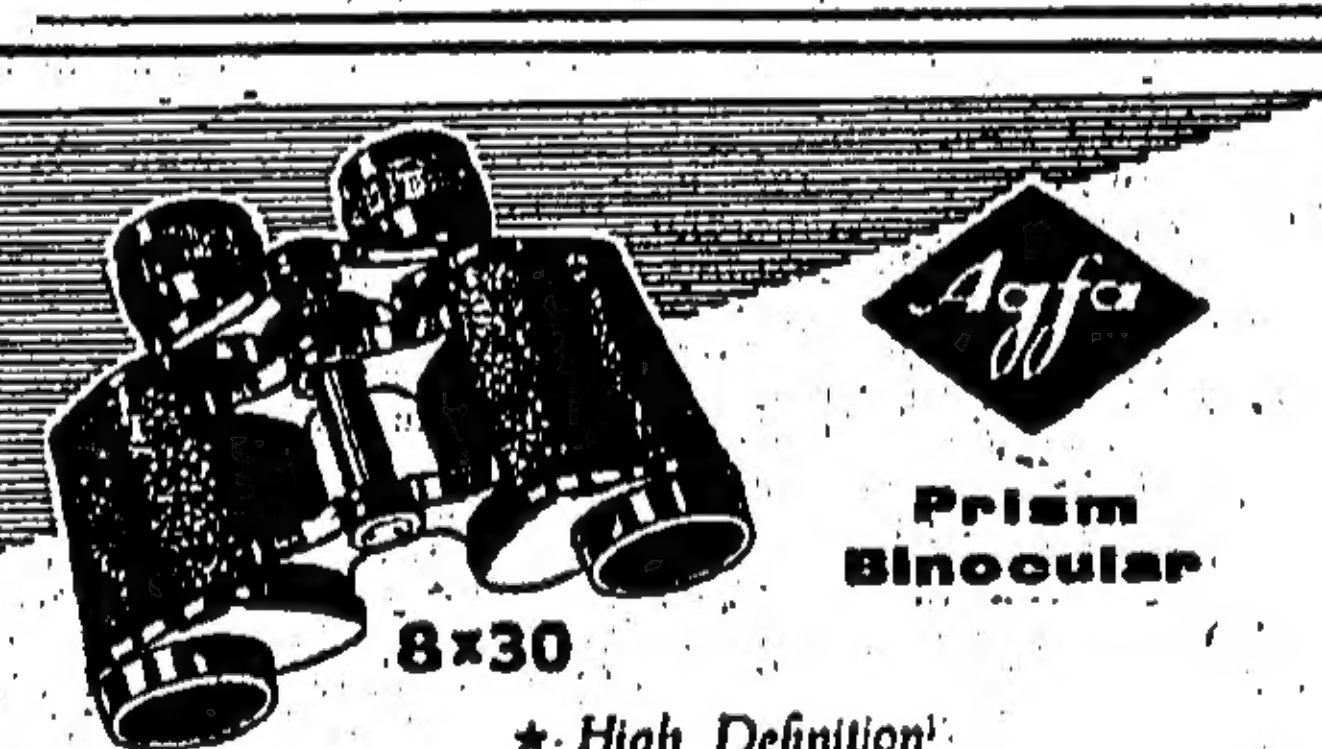
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MORPHY RICHARDS

Pro tennis title for Hoad and Trabert

Paris, Sept. 16. Lewis Hoad of Australia and Tracy Trabert of the United States won the French professional tennis doubles title when they beat Australia's Ken Rosewall and Frank Sedgman 6-4, 6-0, 6-1 in the final here today. In play-off matches Ashley Cooper (Australia) defeated Pancho Segura (Ecuador) 6-0, 12-10 and Andrea Gimeno (Spain) beat Mal Anderson (Australia) 9-7, 9-4—AP.



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COLONY RUGBY PREVIEW

Participation of Portuguese team highlights another interesting season

By 'PROP'

From Llanelly to Tokyo, from Twickenham to Singapore, boots are being inspected, shorts mended, and elbows exercised. Another Rugby season is about to start.

Here in Hongkong a large number of zealots have already progressed some way towards attaining a reasonable standard of fitness for the coming season. Captains do not seem to be having too much trouble whipping up enthusiasm among prospective players.

The most outstanding of all the varied pre-season activities has been the emergence of an all-Portuguese side. A small group of addicts at the Club de Recreio distinguished themselves at the end of last season with their plucky effort in the Blarney Stone Sevens.

Leung and Dennis Dwyer, all of whom have experience with first-class sides in the United Kingdom.

The numbers present at training sessions would seem to indicate that Club should have little difficulty in keeping two full sides on the field all season.

Added to this is the fact that fixtures have been so arranged that both "A" and "B" sides will play in the same ground each Saturday, or as near as possible. This will provide not only more Rugby for the spectators, but also a chance to improve Club spirit.

Police have plenty of confidence for the coming season. Last season the Police were hampered by the lack of a really good scrum-half. This continues to be their outstanding problem (as opposed to Club, who would seem to have a glut of outstanding No. 7's). However, I understand John MacDonald is to be given an extended trial in this position.

One big name in Police Rugby has arrived in the Colony. He is Jo Fidler who has made appearances for both Lancashire Police and All-England Police. His home club is apparently Fylde.

The team's weakness would seem to be the lack of height and weight amongst the forwards, coupled with a general lack of experience. However, as we saw in the Sevens, given a dry ground and a little of the ball, these boys will run hard and extremely fast. Let us wish them luck in their venture.

The Hongkong Football Club have high hopes for a most successful season. Digby Bennett has certainly whipped up a great deal of enthusiasm judging by the numbers that have been attending the pre-season training sessions.

Some of the more familiar faces will be absent this year. The "Tank" will be off on leave very shortly and John Whitley will also be missing. Rumour has it that stout stalwarts are Hector Ross, Harry King and Brett Penman are talking about hanging up their boots. Many folk would be sorry to see them go.

As usual there are plenty of newcomers. Prominent among these are Kevin Phillips, Jack Wilson, Trevor Bedford, Bill

Chicheam, from South Africa is expected to bolster up the Police pack.

Allstar McNiven will not be available, but Peter Scott is expected back shortly. Roberts will captain the side, with Calderwood as his deputy. An encouraging start has already been made to the season, a Trial Match played between two wholly Police sides having already been played. In this match a half-dozen or so enthusiasts were forced to wait for their turn.

This season will see a difference in the composition of the RAF team as Little and Wan and Kai Tak will combine into one side.

This, it is hoped, will strengthen the airman's representation in Colony Rugby. Mike Dickson continues in charge of the side who will have a full-back of much experience in Deacon. There is

One newcomer to be welcomed is Norman Roberts, the ex-Johore State and Malayan player, a very talented centre who earned the plaudits of the Filipinos in Malaya.

This welcome should, however, be tinged with sympathy for I hear that he has just undergone an operation for appendicitis.

Let us hope that they give us good, fast, open Rugby and then they will not only have enjoyed themselves but given enjoyment to many others.

Trials will herald the start of the season proper, and addicts could do much worse than attend either Boundary Street or the HK Football Club Stadium on Saturday afternoon when the Club, Whitefield Wanderers and Police can be seen in action.

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Off again



6.30 pm last Monday—and Olympic gold-medallist (50 km walk) Don Thompson, home for only 5½ hours. is shown already setting out on a training walk. For 27-year-old Don shortly has an important date—an attempt to retain the London-Brighton walk championship, which he has won for the last six years.—London Express photo.

Farewell

The Navy hope to have at least one side playing regular fixtures this year. Their idea is, however, to run two sides as regularly as possible. A nucleus from last season remains, and the side should not want for weight in the pack or, so it seems, pace outside it.

News from the Army this season starts with a farewell to three forwards who have made a large contribution to Colony Rugby.

Since the end of last season "Splice" Winn has left the Colony, and Charles Muntz and Terry Cleary are due to leave shortly. No more will the other sides in Hongkong have to think of ways of lacking the "terrible twins", and Terry Cleary will be sadly missed by Whitefield Wanderers, and in Macao.

However, prospects remain bright. Garrison. Among new faces to be seen this season I hear that Smith (Kent triathlete), Hutchins, and Anderson should be worth watching. Old hands still available include Williams, Fitzgerald, Simpson, Thomson, Edwards, Mason, Jackson, MacLean and Hope.

It would seem that Garrison have a useful nucleus on which to build.

Ex-Sandhurst

The Brigade side will show many changes from last season, for of the five sides at their disposal from which to choose a team for the Hexagonal Tournament, four are newcomers to the Colony.

It is likely that three ex-Sandhurst three-quarters will appear for them, and they should therefore be interesting to watch behind the scrum. As Brigade are such an unknown quantity, it is rather hard to give an opinion of their chances in the Tournament.

Let us hope that they give us good, fast, open Rugby and then they will not only have enjoyed themselves but given enjoyment to many others.

Summing up, this should be a most interesting season for Colony Rugby and one which as to fans should enjoy to the utmost. Let us hope to see them there in large numbers.

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U.S. take 2-0 lead in Davis Cup zone final

Cleveland, Sept. 16. Barry Mackay and Bernard Bartzen came through with one-sided victories today to give the United States a 2-0 lead over Venezuela in the American zone Davis Cup final.

Bartzen defeated Ivo Pimental, 6-0, 6-1, 6-1, after Mackay had beaten Marcos Gambos, 6-1, 6-1, 6-0, in the opening match.

Mackay and Bartzen displayed widely contrasting styles as they gave the U.S. a commanding lead in the play with three matches remaining.

Earl Buchholz and Chuck McKinley, a pair of 19-year-olds from St. Louis, will face the Venezuelans in the doubles tomorrow.—UPI.

AWARDS FOR RUSSIAN SPORTSMEN

Moscow, Sept. 16. Medals and orders have been conferred on 317 Soviet athletes and coaches for successful performances at this year's Summer and Winter Olympics and also in recognition of outstanding sporting achievements.

The highest distinction, the order of Lenin, was awarded to distance runner Pyotr Bolotnikov, weightlifter Yuri Vlasov, speed skater Yevgeny Grishin, cyclist Viktor Kapitonov, long jumper Vera Kricheva, shot putter Tamara Press, high jumper Robert Shavlakadze, rower Antonina Serdina, gymnast Boris Shakhlin and soccer goalkeeper Lev Yashin.—Reuter.

Chic Calderwood wins on points

London, Sept. 16. Chic Calderwood, the United Kingdom and British Empire light-heavyweight boxing champion tonight defeated American Willy Pazsere on points in a ten-round bout.

The fight counted as a world championship preliminary.—AFP.

Fraser and Laver to play off U.S. tennis singles final today

Forest Hills, Sept. 17. Neale Fraser and Rod Laver, a couple of left-handed Australians, meet for the twice-postponed U.S. National singles tennis title today.

Originally they were supposed to play for the title last Sunday, but rain forced a delay until Monday. Then hurricane Donna struck the West Side Tennis Club and the courts were inundated.

"These things happen all the time."

"It's a long while to put off a championship match," shrugged Laver, "but it gave both of us more time to practise."

As the defending champion, Fraser is favoured.

The mixed doubles final between Fraser and Mrs. Margaret Dupont of the U.S. and Miss Bueno and Antonio Palafox of Mexico will also be played.—AP.

Confidential proposal to MCC by Australian Board to ensure harmonious tour

Sydney, Sept. 16. The Australian Cricket Board of Control announced today that it is sending a confidential proposal to the MCC in an attempt to ensure that Australia's 1961 tour of England may "proceed harmoniously."

A statement issued by the Board after their meeting here referred to the "throwing" controversy between England and Australia, and said the proposal had been sent because "despite the highest motives and goodwill, it would be impossible for the board to guarantee to the MCC that the action of every bowler sent to England in 1961 would meet with the approval of English umpires."

The statement said there was a difference of opinion between English and Australian umpires as to what constituted a fair delivery by a bowler and although the recent definition of a "throw" formulated by the Imperial Cricket Conference at Lord's provided a uniform de-

Here's to a full recovery, Captain Roberts. Hope to see you in action soon.

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DEATH

REMEDIUS—Aida Maria Baste Remedius, beloved wife of J. M. D'Almeida Remedius and mother of Leonardo Remedius, passed away peacefully at St. Theresa's Hospital, Kowloon, at her residence, Funeral Service at St. Theresa's Church at 10.30 a.m. on the 17th. Will pass the Monument at 4.30 p.m. today. No flowers by request.

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YOUR OPPORTUNITY for getting used speed boats at bargain prices. One 10 ft. runabout with 25 h.p. Gale 1960, one 12 ft. with 35 h.p. Evinrude 1962, one 14 ft. O.P. 14 sailing boat. Contact Outboard Marine Service Ltd. Tel. 71120.

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